



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

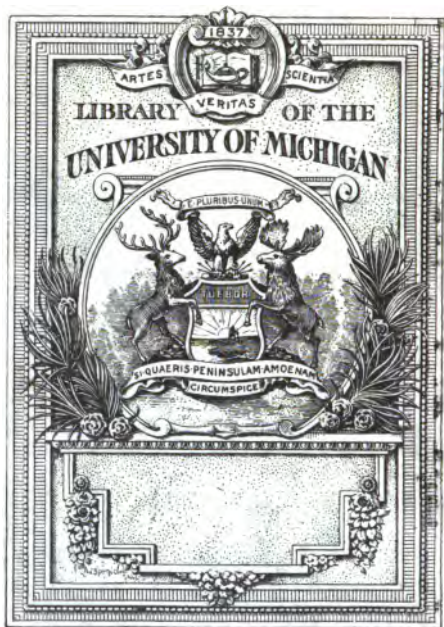
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

BX
9459
S 14
H 63
1722



THE
HISTORY
OF
MADAMOISELLE
De St. PHALE.

Giving a Full Account of
The Miraculous Conversion of
a Noble *French* LADY and her
DAUGHTER to the Reformed
Religion.

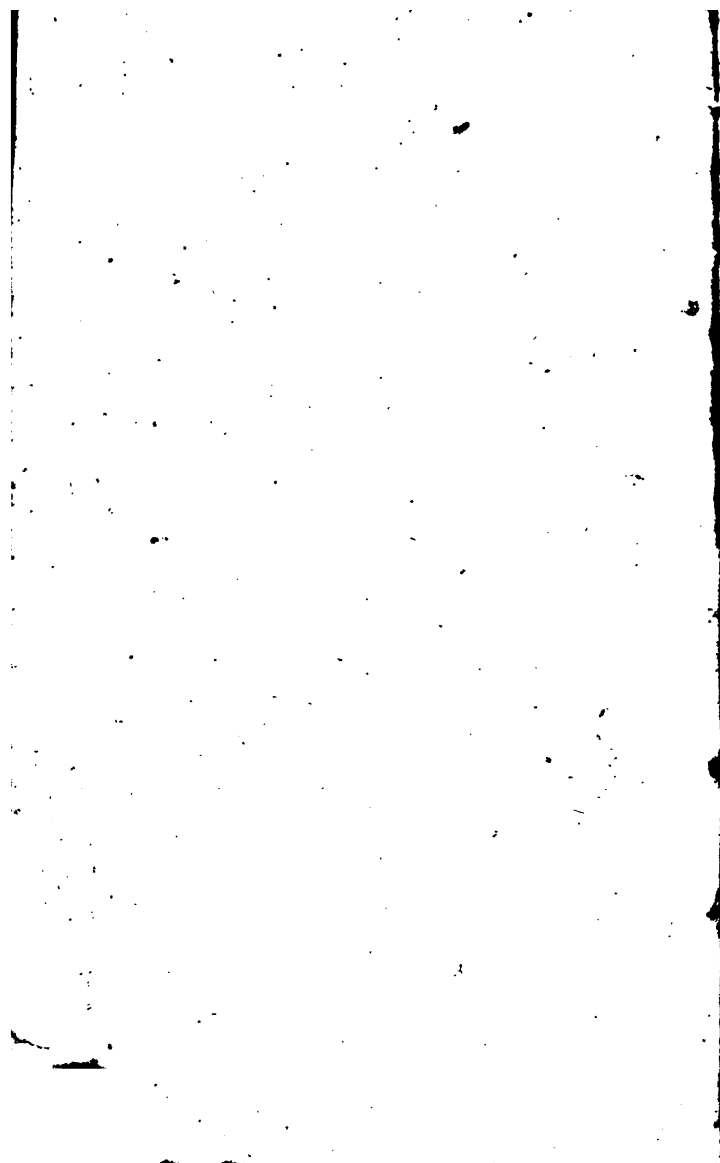
With the Defeat of the Intrigues of a
JESUITE their Confessor.

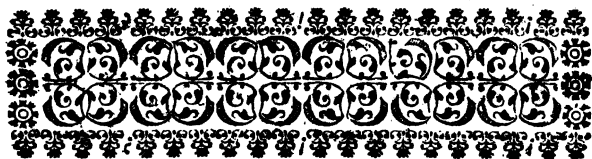
Translated out of *French* by B. STAR,
late of *Topsham* in *Devon*.

The Sixth Edition Illustrated with Copper Cuts.



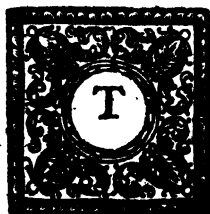
L O N D O N:
Printed for EDMUND PARKER, at the *Bible*
and *Crown* in *Lombard-Street*. 1722.





TO
M A^d D A M
Gerthrude Rodd,
OF
W A R E near E X O N.

M A D A M,



THE Satisfaction you were pleased to express on the perusal of some Sheets of this History, hath emboldened me to present you with the whole. Nor could I put it into better hands than yours, who so exactly Harmonize with its Illustrious Subject, in the best parts of her Character. And if a Conformity in Dispositions,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

itions, be the Ground Cement of Affection, I know none with whom she may find a surer Protection or a better Welcome than with you. I confess, Madam, the Dress in which the following History is cloathed, and some Passages in it, have somewhat of the Air of a Romance, and I may possibly be censured for busying my self in Translating, as its Author was for Composing a Piece of such a Nature; but as this was my Imployment, or rather Diversion, during an undesirable Leisure from more serious Work, so, had I not been well assured of the Truth of the material and substantial Passages in it, I should never have been induced to have taken Pains about it, much less have presum'd to present you with it. Its Author is a Person that hath gotten some Reputation by his Writings, which I can hardly persuade my self he would willingly Hazard, by imposing Fictions on the World: And that Sincerity he hath discovered in his other Works (by which he hath Exposed himself, not only to the

the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the Rage of a Party; as malicious as powerful, but to the displeasure of his Friends, by that just Severity and Freedom he useth in reprov- ing their Miscarriages,) may sufficiently secure us, against the Apprehensions of Falshood in this. The Author indeed confesseth he hath made use of Feigned Names, which he was obliged to do, because some of the Persons concern'd had resolv- ed a Journey into France incognito, to recover, if possible, somewhat of their Estates, which had been raviſht from them by the unparallel'd Ty- ranny of their King, and his bloody Counsellors the Jesuits, and of which they had chosen Ship- wrack; rather than of a good Conscience.

Having given this Account of the Piece it self, I beg the Liberty to give you, and by you, others, an Account of the Motive that induced me to make it Publick in our own Language: Besides, the earnest Requests of some Friends at whose desire I first translated it, the Consideration of the good Effect it had

The Epistle Dedicatory.

whilst in Manuscript, in opening the Hearts and Purses of many to the bounteous Relief of those Poor, but generous Confessors of Christ, the French Refugees (whereof I could produce several Witnesses in this City,) hath been my Encouragement. If it hath the same Effect from the Press, I shall judge my self abundantly recompensed for the Pains I have taken in it: However this Advantage I shall have by its Publication, an opportunity to declare my ardent Vows for the Blessing of God on your self and Family, and to assure you that I am,

Exon. Sept.

19. 1692.

M A D A M,

Your most Humble Servant,

B. S.

T H E



T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F

Mademoiselle de St. PHALE.

C H A P. I.

Gentlemen and Ladies,



YOU may possibly Promise your
selves a great deal of Pleasure
in the Account of my Life, but
lest I should frustrate your Ex-
pectations, I must assure you,
you'll find but little that's di-
verting in it, it being almost
wholly made up of such Acci-
dents as are sad and tragical: This I thought fit to
inform you of, that you might not reproach me
afterwards with having deceived you.

The History of

I was born in the Dutchy of *Burgundy*, of a Family that had professed the Reformed Religion for above 150 Years, whose Nobility was sufficiently Antient. My Father's Name was Monsieur d'*Ombreval*, who had been Camp-Master, and enjoyed many Offices, and might, it may be, have been advanced to the highest, had he been, as many others, less scrupulous about Religion. He was generally accounted as eminent in Prudence, Wisdom and Piety, as most in *France*: he had performed such things as made him considerable; yet none excelled him in mildness and sweetness of Carriage in his Family. My Father had never but one Sister, for whom he had always an extraordinary love, and this Sister is stiled *Madam de Presses*, who is here with me; and tho' my Mother were still living, yet I am more obliged to my Aunt than to my Mother, as you will hereafter see.

Love, which sometimes delights to shew its force on the wisest Spirits, made my Father himself do what he would have certainly disliked in another. For he fell in love with my Mother, who was in her time one of the handsomest and compleatest Ladies in all the Province, and was besides of a very Noble and Rich Family; but that would have made no Impression at all on him, had his Mind been free. At first he only lov'd out of *Gallantry*, that he might not differ from all other young Men, who have always some *Inclination*; but at length his Love got such a Victory over him, and made him so earnest in his Suit, that he engaged my Mother's Affections towards him, who heard him universally commended, and their Marriage was discoursed of.

Love

Love hath indeed in it somewhat very wonderful, it finds expedients for all things, and easily surmounts the greatest Difficulties. My Father was always, even to his Death, so resolute an *Hu- guenot*, as that the Flames were not capable of altering him. My Mother was a most obstinate *Catholick*: both were so far from embracing each other's Religion, as that they would fain have had each other take up their own. But at length some Mediators (whereof Love was the chief) made up an Agreement between them on these Three Conditions, *viz.* That they should be married first by a Priest, and afterwards by a Minister. That they should never discourse of Religion. And, That of the Children they should have, the Sons should be educated in the Religion of their Father, and the Daughters in that of their Mother. All these Articles were very punctually observed on both sides, especially that of *silence in matters of Religion*, out of Prudence to prevent Contentions and Heats, each knowing the other to be resolved in that Point.

The first Year of this Marriage gave Birth to the only Brother which I have, and the fourth to me; there were other Children, but God was pleased to take them all away in their Infancy. My Father took a great deal of Care in the Education of my Brother, especially to get him well principled in Matters of Religion, and to this end got him a Tutor, who instill'd the Principles of Religion into him as he learnt to read and write. My Mother was as careful of me, to get me educated in the *Romish* Religion, and provided a *Governess* for me that was an *accomplish'd Hypocrite*. My Brother from his Infancy discover'd a great aversion and abhorrence of the *Romish* Religion,

and although he most tenderly lov'd me, could not sometimes forbear calling me *little Idolater*: Once he got into my Closet, where I had divers Pictures of Saints of both Sexes, on which he made Beards, Asses-Ears and Horns; sometimes he would play a thousand tricks with my Beads, throwing them from one end of the Chamber to the other, and making such sport with them, as had the Father *Maimbourg* seen it, he would certainly have cried out, *See how the Spirit of Heresie shows it self in his Childhood*: I might quarrel with him as long as I would, but were sure to get nothing by it, till at length he was surpriz'd by my Mother in the disguise of a *Jesuit*, who so dealt with him, as that he durst not come thither for three days after. In a word, one would have thought, that how young soever he was, he had a design to render the *Catholick* Religion contemptible to me.

These first Follies of his Childhood being over, he profited so well by the Instructions he had receiv'd, that at Twelve Years of Age he could read, write, speak the *Latin* and the *German* Tongues indifferently well, so that my Father being fully satisfied with his Inclinations, and his Tutor's love, resolved to send them both to *Saumur*, with a Servant to wait on them, where I shall leave him to speak of what concerned my self. My Mother Educated me exactly according to the Prescriptions of her Confessor; I shall not relate all that was daily done and said to me, nor all the Arguments nor Stories that they made use of to Prejudice me against *Calvinism*. My Mother often entertained thoughts of placing me in a Convent, paying for my Table; but knowing that I could learn nothing there suitable to my Quality, she laid that Design aside.

I shall not spend more time in giving an account of what befell me 'till I came to the Age of seventeen, when I attained the Stature I now have, and were a very passable Catholick. 'Tis true, I begun to have many Doubts, which I durst not reveal to any, both about the Eucharist, the Merit of Works, Purgatory and Auricular Confession, and though I did all that I could, I found it impossible to submit either to the Authority of the Church or of the Curate; and my Mother knowing me to be somewhat curious, and fearing least my Curiosity should lead me to know more than was convenient for those of the *Romish* Religion, thought it necessary to find some Employment for my Spirit, she therefore caused me to learn to Dance, Sing, play on the Claricorda or Harpsicals, and to Draw; made me read Romances, Comedies, and Poetry, and suffer'd me to wait on her in all the visits she made to such as were most eminent for quality near our House. After this my Mother gave me leave to take a Journey to *Paris*, my Father consenting to it, to see all the Curiosities that the Court afforded, I returned with my Aunt and Cousins about the beginning of Winter, and my Mother seeing me have a more free and genteel Carriage than before, loved me the more, and made me her Confident in a matter sufficiently pleasant.

My Brother having been six Years at *Sampur*, where he had made a good Progress in the Languages and Philosophy, my Father resolved to send him to another Place, where he might learn to ride the great Horse, and be exercised in Feats of Arms, and also get an insight into the Mathematicks: My Brother, became accomplished in these things in six months, after which he desired leave

of my Father to go into the Army; who knowing that should he deny it, he was of sufficient Years to take it himself, granted his desire; and having given him Money for his Expences, sent him away with one of our near Relations, who gave him many good Instructions, which my Brother so exactly followed, that in a short time he was accounted by the whole Army to be a Man of Courage, Vertue, Honour and Merit.

My Father had constant News brought him of the Reputation my Brother had gotten, and of the offers that were made him of an Office, very honourable for a young Man, on condition he would change his Religion, which my Brother generously refused; but our Relation doubting least he might be at last overcome by the Violence of the Temptation, sent him back to his Father. Thus my Brother returned home after ten Years absence, and you may easily guess at the joy and satisfaction we had to see him adorned with the many excellent and genteel Qualities he had acquired. My Brother also discovered an obliging surprize to find me what I were, and we soon renewed that affection to which the nearness of our Blood obliged us, which was much increased by a mutual esteem we had for each other.

On the other hand my Brother was very exact in his Carriage towards my Mother, which was full of singular respect and tenderness. 'Twas here that I found that the Love of Mothers is more towards their Sons than their Daughters, for my Mother could hardly endure my Brother out of her sight, but conversed with him with the greatest familiarity and freedom, yet durst not speak one word to him about Religion, for fear of violating the agreement made with my Father, and of discouraging

couraging him by her example to do the same thing to me; yet this extorted some sighs from her, as I observed when I was with her about 15 days after my Brother's return, who at that time humbly withdrew.

The Familiarity of my Mother with me, embolden'd me to demand the Cause of her Affliction: I am, said she, one of the happiest Women in France, I only want one thing, which yet is not impossible, but I dare not hope it. Madam, replied I, this is so mysterious a Riddle, that I can't comprehend it. I believe so, said she, but I'll tell you its meaning: You know how tenderly I love your Father and Brother, and indeed their excellent Qualities command the Affections both of a Wife and of a Mother; but when I think that they are both *Hereticks*, and have no part in the *Catholic Church*, out of which there's no Salvation, and that if they die in the State in which they are, they are eternally damned, it breaks my very Heart, and my Compassion is augmented by the Consideration of their Merit and Vertue, so that I could wish them less good than they are, that I might be dispensed with from loving them as I do, for then the Affliction would be less sensible and grievous to me: As for your Father, the Assurance that I have of his Obstinacy in his Error, doth in a great measure silence my Complaints, but is there no way left to draw your Brother, who is yet young and tender, out of this Gulph in which he is? And a little after, fixing her Eyes earnestly upon me, Will not you, said she, assist me in this matter, and speak to your Brother? For neither your Father nor I dare violate the solemn Oaths that we have made, though my *Confessor* hath often promised me a *Dispensation*. But Mother,

ther, said I, my Brother is learned, and should I discourse with him about this, we must come to a Dispute, in which he would soon put me to a non-plus. Enter not, my Daughter, said she, into a Dispute with him, but only propose to him some Worldly Advantages, and you'll see what he'll say to you.

Though my Mother was a Woman of Spirit, yet she did not penetrate into the Consequences of this business, which were yet visible enough, for by my urging my Brother to change his Religion, I gave him opportunity to make me the same Proposals, and he had this advantage over me, in that I could speak what he knew (for he had diligently studied both Religions) which I could not do, because they had taken more Pains to fill my mind with Prejudices against the *Huguenots*, than to fortify me with solid and powerful Reasons against them. The same day we had a singular Conversation, for my Brother, who conversed familiarly only with my Mother and my self, spent whole days in our Company, and if I were in my Chamber, would come thither to seek me, where we either plaid at Chess or discoursed on variety of Subjects; for, as for my Father, his Gravity and Seriousness was such, that we durst not familiarly converse with him. My Brother found me reading over my *Horace*; What are you doing Sister? Said he. I am, (answered I,) *Praying God for your Conversion*: That's well done indeed, (replied he), there's a good Sister that takes Care of her Brother's Salvation: but, added he, with a kind of mocking Smile, In what Language is it, good now, that you pray? Is it in *Latin* or in *French*? and taking my Book out of my Hand, he found that all my Prayers were indeed in *Latin*; whereupon he said, I doubt not, Sister, but you speak

teak *Latin*, since you read it; and sell a speaking of what seemed to be perfect Gibberish: Despite and Shame hindered me from returning any answer, for I must confess, that this Praying in an unknown Tongue, was the first abuse that I took notice of in the *Roman* Communion, and could never get my self heartily to approve of it.

I would (said I) pray God for your Conversion; but I know that 'twould be an offence to the Divine Majesty to pray for a Scoffer, for which reason I forbear it as a great Sin. My Brother saw well enough that I was displeased with him, yet this did not hinder him from proceeding in his jocosé manner. My dear Sister, said he, I am obliged to you for your Care for my Salvation, yet beware least while you imagine, you are endeavouring the Salvation of my Soul, you do not ruine it? but I hope God will not hear such Requests, as should they be granted, would prove fatal to me. But, Sister, continued he, that I may not for my part show my self defective in Charity, I earnestly beg God that he would touch your Heart, that you may no longer persist in the Superstitions in which you have been bred. He spake these last words with so much seriousness, that I had no Power to reply, nor did he give me time to do it.

I must, added he, speak freely to you, as to a Sister whom I dearly love, What do you mean in Praying to God in *Latin*? think you that he is better pleased with this Language than with your own Mother Tongue? Why was it that our Saviour caused his Holy Spirit to descend on his Apostles in the form of Tongues of Fire; but to shew us that his Name might be invoked, and his Praise sung in all Languages? what then makes your dotting Doctors prescribe us a Model of Prayers, and

a form of Worship all in *Latin*; certainly the *Jews* have better reason than the Catholics, for they say their Prayers in *Hebrew*, which is the Holy Tongue which God himself used; but as for the *Latin*, we have no reason in the World to believe it better pleasing to God than any other Language.

I see Brother, said I, that I am far from Converting you, and yet (added I, smiling) this Task is imposed upon me. And who imposed it, (said he?) She that gave you Life, (said I) and would fain give you Eternal Life if it were possible. 'Tis then my Mother, (replied he) who disdaining to imploy her own Learning against me, thinks it enough to send her Daughter to convince me: But Sister, added he, laughing out aloud, take Courage, execute the Commission that hath been given you; quote me the Explication of the Fathers on the Scripture, the Decrees of General Councils, the History of all Ages; bring *Aristotle* and *Descartes* into the Field, and if you will, all the Schoolmen; shew me by convincing Arguments that your Church is the true Church, and I shall account it my Honour to obey you.

At these words my passion grew so violent, that I could not master it, and striking him a smart blow on the fingers with my busk, I'll teach you, said I, to jeer me. Well done, Sister, said he, bursting out into a Laughter; I see well that you have learned to imitate the Persecutors of our Churches, who when their artifice and cunning fails them have recourse to force. This gentle reproach filled me with Confusion, which might easily be read in my Countenance. This is nothing, said he, I pardon you with all my heart, but you must tell me plainly all that my Mother said to you. My Mother (replied I) believes that you may one day be-
come

come a good Catholick, provided a little care be taken of you: And what, said he, could induce her to think so? That which you have said your self, answered I, that too many of the Ceremonies were laid aside in the Reformed Church, and this makes her believe that you are most disgusted with the Religion of *Calvin*. Alas, good Woman! (cried he) how fast her imagination hurries her! how easily doth she believe what she desires! But (added he) did she command you to urge me in this *Point*, and did you Promise her to do it? I promised that I would speak to you about it, and that I would not amuse my self to dispute with you. You intend then Sister, said he, to make me yield without an Engagement, which I'll never do either in Temporals or Spirituall. You may dispute against me if you please. I'll not dispute at all, (said I) I had rather leave you in your Error. Ah! (said he) if you will not dispute with me, I'll dispute with you, and therefore now prepare to defend your self.

Immediately, without giving me time to answer, he took up a little Crucifix that was on the Table, what do you intend to do with this? Of what use is it? It brings my Saviour (replied I) to my mind. Is it possible, (answered he) that you need such helps as these to mind you of your Saviour? Can't you think on him without having a Crucifix before your Eyes? indeed your Devotion must needs be at a low ebb, if you can't mind God unless you have this before you. But you know (said I) that our mind is apt to be distracted, and to run out after variety of things, and that we must often reduce it to its proper Object by the sight of such things as fix its thoughts. I shall turn (said he) your own argument upon your self. 'Tis the Crucifix

cifix that you look on, that distracts you in your contemplation of Jesus Christ: For, Sister (added he) when you behold the Crucifix, you cannot chuse but say in your self, there's the Image of Jesus Christ, and when you think on the Image you think not directly on Jesus Christ. And, as you know, it is impossible at once to look upon a Man and his Picture; so 'tis impossible to have an Image before your Eyes, and yet to think only on the Original. If you cannot think on Jesus Christ unless you have a Crucifix before you, 'tis a plain Evidence that your Piety is very miserable, since it owes its support and maintenance to such wretched means. 'Tis as much as if you had said, that you stand in such absolute need of an Image, that you cannot awaken your Zeal without it: But if you pretend that your spirit is carried out after your Saviour, that you do not at all mind the Image; of what use then is it? Could you not without it do what the word of God Commands, (*viz.*) *Worship God in Spirit and in Truth?* Think you that a Marmouset, or Image can inspire you with such thoughts as are necessary for your Salvation? and han't you reason to expect from converse with God in Spirit by means of Prayer, such blessings as are much more great and singular? Come then to your self, and be ashamed of using what Christ never approved of, and which disturbs the mind in, and turns it from its best Meditation.

Such things as are the Objects of sense, and have an Eternal resemblance given them, which depend on the will or skill of the Painters or Engravers, are far more capable of sinking men into vain and frivolous Imaginations, than of freeing them from them: Thus we see that most Catholics do insensibly suffer their Devotion to run out
after

after the Image rather than the Original. You say what you please Brother, (said I) and charge us with such things as are very remote from our true sentiments; I'll charge you (said he) with nothing but what I'll prove. Is it not certain, that amongst all the Images of Jesus Christ and Crucifixes, some are more honoured than others? You see great Crucifixes in Churches, before which every Body prostrate themselves; these are great Lords in comparison of the poor Crucifixes, that are on Bridges and High-ways, who are happy enough, if one amongst a thousand moves his Cap at them.

If all Crucifixes serve to represent to you your Saviour nailed to the Cross, they have all one and the same dignity; nor ought you to show more respect to some, than to others; seeing their dignity results not from the matter whereof they are made, nor the skill of the Workmen, who gives them what Figure he pleaseth; why then do you make so great a difference between them, that you'd scarce vouchsafe some of them so much as a look, when you fall on your knees before others? what answer will you make to this? I say (replied I) if we make any distinction between these Images, 'tis because some of them do more naturally and lively represent our Saviour, than others do, and consequently are more capable of warming our Zeal. So that (replied he) scoffingly, your Zeal depends in part on the hand of a Carver or Painter; I believe (added he) you your self would laugh at such reasons: But know, that if it be good to make use of Images, as helps of Devotion, according to your Principles, the same honour must be rendred to all: To those whose workmanship discover least skill as well as others; because,

as I said before, their dignity results not from their Matter or Figure, but from the Original, whose Image they are, or rather from the End men aimed at in setting them up, to represent Jesus Christ : So that if you make any difference between Images, either as made of more excellent materials, or with greater Art, and if you honour some more than you do others, you thereby show that your mind is more fixed upon the Images, than on the Original, and consequently can't free your selves from being guilty of a kind of Idolatry.

Idolatry, said I, (interrupting him) I am not yet so ignorant, but I know the difference between Images and Idols; and I believe none can justly charge me with Idolatry, for having before me the Image of my Saviour, when I adore him. They are Idolaters who believe there is some Deity in the Images themselves; but for such who regard them only as representations, and whose mind tend only to the Original, they certainly can't deserve this Name. Many Catholicks, (replyed my Brother) yea even most, believe that there is an hidden Vertue in some Images, whether Crucifixes or others, which work Miracles, which others don't do. Every Body runs after these Miracle working-Images, whereas the others are comparatively but little regarded, I ask you now, whether such as flock to these Images, don't indeed believe that they have some Divine Vertue, or else reverence them only as simple Images? If they say that God hath chosen these Images to manifest his Power by rather than others. God looks on Images only as wood, stone, or any other matter, and 'tis injurious to his Infinite Majesty to make him accompany with his efficacy dead things, the works of Mens Hands, and such as Mens Hands

can

can also destroy: And whence (said I) come the Miracles which are wrought by them? Most of them (answered he) are meer cheats, as I might prove by innumerable Examples: and as for others, God suffers them to happen as Evidences of his wrath against a People given up to a reprobate Spirit, and the Efficacy of Error, as he suffered the Magicians of *Pharaoh* to work miracles: I am willing to believe that some Crucifixes have wept, others have spoken, others have laught, and others have bowed their heads. The Devil is the Author of all these operations, and not God; for when God discovers any miraculous work, he makes no use of Images or Idols made by men, unless it be to cause them to fall to the ground, as he did *Dagon* before the Ark of the Covenant: But he shows his power on men themselves, making them according to what they are, whether proud or humble, the objects of his terrible Justice, or else of his Infinite Mercy.

'Twas been always the Devils great design to establish Idolatry in the World, and this design he manageth according to what he finds men to be, whether more refined, or gross and blockish. At present seeing that men are grown more subtile than ever, he proposeth to them an Idolatry more delicate and disguised. I scruple not to affirm, that the Guides of the Church of *Rome*, concur to promote the Devils works: For what do they so earnestly press the People to the worship of Images, but only to hinder them from forming an Idea of a Religion that's purely Spiritual; For according to their Maxim, Mens minds must be kept low, that they may be the better governed, and may the more quietly and without contradiction bear the Tyranny of their Spiritual Rulers:

And

And this is the Devil's Maxim too. And seeing that People are grown more refined than ever they were, he would not offer them so gross an Idolatry as reigns among the barbarous Pagans, but a subtle Idolatry, which is acted under another Name, and in different ways, and consists in the worship of Images, as 'tis practised in the Church of *Rome*: For the Spirit of darkness very well knows, that the Spirit of Man is too weak of it self to attain to a Spiritual Worship, and that on the contrary, 'tis easie to make it embrace a grosser Worship, by disguising things under other shapes. And 'twas for this End, that he introduced the worship of Images, pretending at first that he only offered them as helps, whereby men might be enabled to serve God the more easily, but he well knew that Images would certainly prove a stumbling block; so that men would insensibly pass from the adoration of God, and from his worship, to the adoration and worship of Images, directly and simply, without ever minding the Original.

The Church of *Rome* dealt with the People, just as Nurses do with Children, busying them with Babbies and Poppets. Thus it amuseth the People with Images, as though there were some Deity inclosed in them, or that God chose to manifest his Power by such Organs. And indeed those Bigots of both Sexes that are mad after these follies, deserve to be dealt with as Children are. Oh my Sister, (added he) did you know how God acts by his Word, and how it raiseth our Souls up to Heaven to seek Christ, who reigns there eternally, you would not delay one moment to burn your Crucifixes, and all your Images.

Burn them! (said I, startling at the very expression) that's Devilish advice indeed, and well becoming

coming an Heretick ; who ever spake of burning the Picture of him whom he honoured, respected and loved above all others ; what greater Affronts to Jesus Christ than this ? Yes, Sister, added he, burn 'em, I say, burn 'em, and let not this alarm you. Ought we not to get rid of that which knits and tyes our Spirits to Matter, and so to get rid of it, as never more to see it ? Hath not our Lord said, *If thy right hand offend thee cut it off, and if thy right eye offend thee pluck it out ?* Much more ought we to cast away those Stones of Offence, if they are any wise the Occasions of Sin ; and we need not fear offending God in so doing, under pretence that the Images we destroy are his, for God never commanded us to make these Images, or to worship him by them ; Men have made them according to their own Fancies and Imagination, and have set them up, not for the Glory of God, but for their own secret designs, and we ought to destroy all that is contrary to God's Glory.

You have doubtless heard of that wonderful brazen Serpent, which God himself caused to be made for the cure of those that were bitten by the fiery Serpents : for upon their looking towards it, all that were bitten were immediately cured. This Serpent had three great Prerogatives, which none of your Images ever had ; for first it was made by God's expresse Command, which can be said of no other Image ; then by means of it many great Miracles, indubitable Miracles were wrought in the sight of all the People, after an easie and effectual manner ; for 'twas but to look upon it, and they were immediately cured of what was in it self very painful and grievous, and would otherwise have been in its consequences very fatal. The finest Crucifix that ever was made, can do nothing worthy

thy to be compared with this. Lastly, 'twas a Type of Jesus Christ himself, by looking on whom by Faith, we are delivered from the real fiery Serpents: For thus saith St. *John* in the 14th Chapter of his Gospel, *As Moses lifted up the Serpent in the desert, so must also the Son of man be lifted up.*

These Reasons seem to plead strongly not only for its preservation in Memory of the past Miracles, and to be an Image of him that was to come; but also for its being-reverenced. And the People of *Israel* seemed more excusable in adoring it, than you are in adoring your Crucifixes, because 'twas to them an Image of him of whom they had a very imperfect Knowledge; whereas now Christ is come, and we have a much more perfect knowledge of him than the Ancient *Jews* had, and therefore have no need of a material Image to represent to us our Saviour. But what became of this brazen Serpent? *Herodias*, who was a good Prince, a Prince fearing God, seeing that the People offered Incense to it, broke it and stamped it to Powder; had he done ill, he would have been punished, or at least reproved; whereas on the contrary, his Reign was very happy, and blessed of God; because without amusing himself with the scruples of the Vulgar, he had taken away from this People the subject or occasion of Idolatry. We may learn hence how good 'tis to destroy all that may cause us to err, not sparing it on any reason, or specious pretence whatever.

* God was pleased to manifest his presence in a peculiar manner in the *Ark* of his Covenant; so that he caused the wonders of his Majesty to appear where ever it was carried; he divided Rivers, threw down the Walls of Cities, caused the Idols to fall before it, smote thousands of those that
durst

durst look into it, afflicted the *Philistines* with grievous and shameful Distempers, slew such as presumed only to touch it, and blessed those with whom it was lodged: Yet that he might remove every thing that might occasion any breach in the true Devotion of his People, especially when the Gospel was to be preached, he suffered this Ark to perish in the burning of *Jerusalem*, that the *Jews* might not have any thing to hinder them from embracing the Gospel.

Yet Sister, (added he) I don't say these things to persuade you to burn your Crucifixes and Images, but only to justify the expression I made use of; for 'tis unreasonable to burn any thing, unless we have reason to fear it may cause our fall; we may keep them as things that are indifferent, and I cannot approve of the indiscreet Zeal of some *Huguenots*, that busie themselves in breaking in Pieces all the Images and Statues they meet with. True Piety shows not it self outrageous, it contents it self with withdrawing its own foot, without scandalizing the weak. 'Tis true, God often inspired his People to cast away such things as might cause them to err, according to the Prophecie of *Isaiak*, ch. 2. v. 20. *In that day a man shall cast his Idols of silver, and his Idols of gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the Moles, and to the Bats.* This Prophecie was fulfilled when the darkness of Paganism began to be dissipated; I may also say, when the true light caused the shadows of Popery to flee away.

My Brother seeing that I took a singular delight in hearing him, and that I were somewhat touched with his Discourses, was about to have continued; when we heard a noise at our Chamber Door, at which I looked pale with fear; for had my Mother

heard us, I must have paid dear for our Discourse, and perhaps my Brother too. But he being more bold than I, went to open the door, and found that 'twas my Father, who came into the Chamber with a smiling Countenance; I confess, my Children, said he, that I made you very much afraid, but I am not come to disturb you, nor to break off a Conversation with which I am extremely delighted. Afterwards turning to me, I am, said he, very well pleased with your Brother for what he hath said, and with you for hearing him; I shall only add this one word: If God by his means touch your Heart, don't kick against the Pricks, nor be obstinate against the Holy Spirit, when he speaks to your Conscience. Your Brother doth what I ought to have done, were it not for the solemn Oath I have too rashly taken, Never to discourse of Religion with my Daughters, with which I might well dispense, did I not consider that God hath given me a Son who hath Knowledge and Zeal enough for the performance of this Duty.

Indeed Father, (said my Brother) you may well allow me this Liberty, seeing my Mother commanded my Sister to tempt me to change my Religion. Then you conspire, *Justine*, with your Mother (said my Father) to seduce your Brother; I am very glad I know it, we will make use of Reprials: But, my Children, use more Prudence another time when you discourse, for had your Mother heard you, as she might have done, there would have been a dreadful ado, and *Ferdinand* would have had no more reason to boast of his Mother's Favour. After this my Father retired, leaving us to discourse in quiet; in the mean time my Brother placed the Chess-board on the Table, with some Verses which he took out of his Pocket.

This

This precaution was not needless, for my Mother had her Spies, who informed her that both my Father and my Brother were in my Closet; she who was distrustful enough in matters of Conscience, feared least in attempting to gain my Brother she should lose me, and therefore came to listen to our Discourse; but my Brother having left the Door of my Closet open, I could easily Discover all that came unto my Chamber; and seeing my Mother, I gave my Brother notice of it by signs, who seemed engaged in Play. My Mother seeing that she was discovered came into my Closet, and said to us smiling, Ah Youth, youth, can you find nothing wherewith to imploy yourselves but Plays and Trifles? I believe (answered my Brother very readily) that you have made an agreement with my Father to chide us. And why, did he chide you? (said she). He blamed me that I did nothing but lose my time; and told me that in three days he would send me to the Army. Did your Father say so, replied my Mother, but he shall not be Master of his own Resolutions. I have but one Son, and have been ten years without seeing him, and would he, now he is but just returned, snatch him again out of my Arms? I swear he shall never do it; and I would fain know what he intends you should do in the Army, unless have your Brains knockt out. Indeed your Father is very unnatural.

Ah! *Ferdinand, Ferdinand*, your Mother loves you far more tenderly; she would not only have you live to be her Comfort, but would willingly give the better part of her blood, that you might obtain another Life that endures for ever, which you can never hope for, while you remain what you are. I thank you, Mother (said he) with all

heart, for the Charity you discover towards me; 'tis enough my Mother, that 'tis by you I enjoy this Life, as for the other I expect it from him who hath formed my Soul: But, Son (said she) you are not in the way to obtain it. I understand you Mother, replied he, you would persuade me that the Roman Religion is the only Religion that leads to Heaven; but how can you desire me to believe it, since it ordains all Catholicks to be in a perpetual doubt of their Salvation. I can never believe, that that will bring me to happiness, which requires me to doubt whether ever I shall partake of it.

Here my Mother was struck dumb, and though she was a Woman of Spirit, yet she could not carry off this stroke. And my Brother, who saw that he had spoken too freely, began to mollify what he had said, by telling her that he would not absolutely condemn the Catholick Religion, in which were many things that he approved of, though they were much disliked by other Huguenots. On the contrary, said he, the Religion of *Calvin* seems to me a little too naked and void of Ceremonies: Hereupon some came to call my Mother, who then only said, I pray God and the Holy Virgin to enlighten you, and so left us. Yet seeing it was somewhat late, we were forced to break off our Conversation for this time.

I thought fit, dear Ladies, said *Mademoiselle de St. Phale*, to rehearse these things at large, to show you the means which it pleased God to make use of to bring me to the Knowledge of his Truth; what I have further to tell you, is more curious than the beginning. I perceive, said *Mademoiselle Leonora*, by what you have already said, that the History of your Life must have somewhat very singular

Father perceiving my Design, would not suffer it, but embraced me most tenderly, gave me his Blessing, and some serious Advice.

Immediately after this Mystery was finished, my Mother entred the Chamber, and pleasantly seem'd to blame my Father with having fallen into the same fault for which he had accused her, in not being able to part with his Children. My Father made as tho' he had not heard her, and said to her, will you Madam, that I take my leave of you this Night or to Morrow Morning: To Morrow Morning, said my Mother, for we'll Break-fast with you before you go. Be it so, answered my Father. Thus he left his House, to give my Mother the opportunity of doing what he very well knew, tho' he seem'd to be ignorant of it.

My Father was not a Mile off, when my Mother sent for her Confessor, who whilst my Mother, my Brother and my self, were in the Garden, came to us. Brother, said I, look well to your self, I doubt you will not be able to hold out against an old Man, who hath spent his Days in Disputations and Books. Why should I not be able to do it; (reply'd my Brother) *David* who was but a Youth, and had nothing but a Sling and Stones, smote down *Goliath* who was a Giant compleatly armed. This one Example is not enough to make a Rule, said I, 'tis a rare thing for the weak to overcome the strong, but 'tis very ordinary for the strong to vanquish the weak.

My Brother would have answered me, but the Jesuite prevented him, by coming to salute him; there were abundance of Civilities pass'd between them, and the Father, who was well skill'd in Flattery, spake the most obliging things in the World to my Brother, who returned a modest Answer:
But

But when his turn came, he fell upon the Praises of the Father in so curious a manner, that the Jesuit judged from that time, that his Conversion would cost him more Pains than he at first imagined. My Mother seeing that the Place in which we were, was not proper for our Discourse, caused us to enter a little Summer house, in which were Seats and a Table of Slate: She placed her self on the one side with the Jesuit, and my Brother and I on the other. This was the Order of our sitting in this famous Conference.

My Mother, as soon as we were settled in our Places, addressed her self to the Jesuit; Father said she to him, here's my Son, whom I bring to you as a sick Man to the Physician, for the recovery of his Health. I believe (said my Brother) I am not sick in mind, and as for my Body I am, as you see, by the Grace of God very well. There is no Distemper, said the Jesuit, more dangerous or contagious than Heresie, which intirely infects the best Spirits, and hurries them into Damnation. I understand your meaning, said my Brother; you would prove that I am fallen into this horrible sickness of the Soul, *viz.* Heresie, and would have me believe that you are able to deliver me from it, by bringing me over to your Party. As for the former, I can't see wherefore you call me Heretick; Do I believe any thing that is not conformable to the Holy Scripture, or that is Condemned by it; Neither I nor any other of the Reformed could ever be Convicted of this.

You must not think (said the Father) that Hereticks are only such whose Sentiments are Condemned by the Scripture, but also such as forsake the Faith of the Church; for the Church is the Sovereign Judge of Hereticks, and the Scripture is a
dead

dead thing which Hereticks wrest, giving it what sense best agrees with their own Fancy, and out of which sometimes take Pillars to support their most pernicious Opinions. But as for the Church, it is living, it makes Orders and explains them her self, and whoever departs from the Foundations which she hath laid, is an Heretick, and out of the way of Salvation.

I see Father, said my Brother, that you are of the Opinion of all Roman Catholick Doctors, and that the Holy Scripture not being favourable to you, you will not accept of it as a Judge, but will ravish its Authority from it, to give it to your Traditions, which after all are nothing else but Mens Inventions. Hereupon the Jesuit made a long Discourse of Traditions, and the unwritten Word; he endeavoured to prove that the Scripture was not perfect, and to this end quoted the Scripture against it self; *Jesus wrought many Miracles which are not written in this Book*; and again, *There are many things which Jesus did, which had they been all Written, I suppose the World it self could not contain the Books that should be written*: Hence he passed to the Citation of the Ancient Doctors of the Church, as *Tertullian, Cyprian, Hieron*, and divers others: He proceeded so far as to say, that the Church was above the Scripture, whose Books are only Authentick, said he, because she hath declared them so; from whence he came to draw this Conclusion from the Principle he had laid down, That if the Church had Power to Authorize a Doctrine, to distinguish it from what is Apocryphal or Prophane, and to give it all its Force and Vertue, much more hath she a right to interpret it, and therefore there needs no other Interpretation of the Scripture than what is found in the Church;

Church. The Father urged so many Arguments to prove what he said, that I cannot remember them, but as for my Brother's Answer, which I heard with a great deal of Pleasure, and which he afterwards gave me in Manuscript, so that I often read it, I have it now almost by heart.

Father, said he to the Jesuit, you have spoken as much as you please, nor have I at all interrupted you in your Discourse; I now beg the same Liberty. I protest (said he) against all the things that you have said, and maintain that those Holy Books in which the Word of God is written, are the foundations of Salvation; and the Church ought to draw all its Instructions out of this Fountain, as having in themselves and of themselves sufficient Authority to decide all Differences and Controversies. I shall say more, that the Scripture carries with it its sole and true Interpretation, which 'tis not lawful to seek any where else: This, Father, I intend to prove by Authority, History and Reason, after which you may draw what Conclusion you please.

God himself spake thus in *Deuteronomy*; *You shall add nothing to the Word that I have Commanded you, neither shall you take away any thing from it: All that I have Commanded you, you shall observe to do it; you shall neither add nor take away any thing.* Certainly these are terrible Words, and hath not your Church acted against them? the Doctors of the Church of Rome have great cause to hang their Heads, and to be covered with Shame and Confusion, when they see that their Predecessors had added not only one *Iota*, not a single Article, but a Third Table to the Law of God, and have composed a Fifth Gospel, and for one single Passage have Canonized such Books as are Apocryphal, and contrary to the
the

the Holy Spirit; but let us hear how this Divine Spirit expresseth it self in St. John; *He whom God sent, declared the Words of God, for God gave him not his Spirit by Measure.* And Jesus Christ saith in the same place, *I receive not Witness from Men*; which Passage, as a Canon-shot, overturns at once, all that can be said in favour of Traditions. See also what our Lord saith after *Isaiah* the Prophet, *This People draweth nigh unto me with their Mouth, and honour's me with their Lips, but their Heart is far from me: In vain do they worship me, teaching for Doctrines the Traditions of Men*: Which shews, that 'tis not only now that Men endeavour to bring Traditions into the Church, but they have always been rejected. I remember that I have read an excellent Word in the *Proverbs* on this Subject; *All the Word of God is pure, 'tis a Buckler to all that hope in it; add not to this Word, lest the Lord reprove thee, and thou be found a Liar.* And what will you (Gentlemen) who are Advocates for Tradition, say to that *Anathema* of St. Paul, who writing to the *Galatians*, saith, *If we or any other Preach any other Gospel than what we have preached, let him be Anathema*? Must we say here that the Doctors of the Church have greater power than St. Paul had, for they Preach another Gospel than this great Apostle of the Nations did? 'Tis in vain to pretend that St. Paul Anathematizeth such as preach a contrary Gospel, for he only saith, *Another Gospel*; that is to say, a different Gospel, as those do who relate Miracles, and ascribe them to Jesus Christ, although we find no mention at all of them in the Gospel. In fine, St. Peter whom you qualifie with the Title of Prince of the Apostles, and to whom you pretend the Lord gave a Supream Authority, saith, that *the Prophecie came not of old time*

by the Will of Man, but Holy Men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. This, Father, is expresse, this is clear and plain, and this great Apostle was persuaded that what was pronounced by the Holy Spirit, could not be Authorized by Men, as some pretend to give Authority to the Scriptures, by their Glosses and Approbations.

'Tis notoriously evident, that the Apostle never believed, that 'twas lawful for Men, how many, how Learned and Wise soever they were, to add to the Scripture; certainly, if the Doctors have this Privilege, the Apostles who were the Basis and Pillars of the Church had a far better pretence to it; yet they never claimed it, but look't on such an Attempt as both impious and sacrilegious. How guilty then are such, who coming after the Apostles, and having neither the Dignity nor the Measure of the Spirit, which the Apostles had, have yet made bold to carry their Follies into the Sanctuary, and joyn human Imaginations to the Holy Word of God! There's no Man in the World who is able to keep Servants, that will suffer them to add to, or take from his Commands as they please: and yet, methinks, you would have us believe that God did not well mind all that he ought to have said for our Salvation; and that in his Law he forgot some Articles, which he afterwards left to Mens good Inclinations. Is this, Father, to be suffered? The Holy Spirit saith, that *All the Wisdom of Man is but Folly before God*; that God hath confounded it: And yet God it seems suffers this humane Wisdom to interpret and add Traditions to his Word, and to judge sovereignly of it,

There are no Doctors in the World, how Learned soever they are, that can shew a reason
for

for all the Perfumes, Sacrifices, and Purifications, which are at large expressed in the Ceremonial Law, and yet these are but the smallest matters: How then can we who are utterly in the dark about the least things which God hath commanded, presume to dispose of those that are the greatest? For the Roman Church published these Traditions only to enlarge her Power, and so establish what she pleased; for having gotten this Point, she built an Infinity of things upon it: For she disposeth of the Habitations of Souls after Death, puts a Price upon their Punishments, sets Salvation to sale, and offers Paradise to him that bids most for it; and all this, because forsooth it pleaseth us, and we have thus invented it; we must have the Holy Scriptures, spite of them, confirm and ratifie.

The Disproportion between the Sublimity and Excellency of the Holy Scriptures, and the Weakness of our Understandings, is so great, that we can find nothing in the World to parallel it: *Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? it is higher than Heaven, what canst thou know! It is deeper than Hell, what canst thou do?* This is spoken in the Book of Job, concerning Divine Providence; I may say the same thing of the Word of God, which we ought not to pretend to penetrate, much less to judge of it.

I have often been astonished at that Impudence and Blasphemy, which our Enemies are guilty of, in saying that the Word of God is not perfect. I will only produce two Examples to show its perfection, the one taken from the Law of Rigour, the other from the Law of Grace. The first are the Ten Commandments contained in two Tables,

the second is the Lord's Prayer, contained in six Articles. What Man amongst all the Church of Men durst pretend to authorize this? For we plainly see that God alone could be the Author of such a work, and that were all the Legislators of the World together, they could never have composed a Law, consisting only of Ten words, and comprehending all the Sins of the World. And all the Doctors of the Universe together could never have composed a Prayer, in which in six Articles are contained all the Desires that can enter into a reasonable Soul; and whoever heard that the greater received his Authority from the less?

I know you'll plead that the Church is inspired by the Spirit of God, and therefore may judge what Books are Canonical, and what are not: But Father, that which you call the Church is not always animated with the Divine Spirit; and though it were, yet this would not prove her Power of judging the Holy Scriptures sovereignly, so as that there should be no Appeal from her Judgment; the Spirit was not given her for this end, but that she may with reverence submit her self to them. The Spirit is given her properly to prevent private Persons from judging whether a Book be Authentick or no, for in this Case we must submit to the Judgment of the Church, who distinguisheth the Books that were dictated by the Spirit of God from those which Men would add to them, which are called Apocryphal, and which she rejects. This is all the Authority which the Church can have; nor must we ascribe to her a power of adding to the Scriptures, but only of teaching the People which are Canonical, and which are not: And this Authority is much the same with that of our Parliaments, who receive the Letters-Patents of
his

his Majesty, and know his Signing and Seals; they publish them abroad to be really the King's Letters, and declare their contents to the People. But they do not compose them, they do not sign or seal them, they dare not add any thing to them, whether contrary or different: But some Men do that with respect to God, which no Council durst do to its Prince.

Tell me, Father, cannot Goldsmiths distinguish Gold from Copper; yet they cannot make Gold to be Gold, for 'tis so already of its own Nature, without their assistance. They may indeed mix Silver or Lead with Gold, but they can never make this Silver to become true Gold, because mixed with it. Thus the Church may indeed know what is the true God, the real Word of God, and what is not; but she cannot make a new Word of God: Men may also compose Writings, and have Impudence enough to add them to the Word of God; yet it doth not follow that by so doing they give them the Character of the Word of God.

They preach amongst you, Father, with a great deal of earnestness, that the Church gives Authority to the Scriptures, and consequently that she must be above them, so as to have Power to add her Traditions to the sacred Writings: But when all's done, the Church hath only Authority to declare to the People, that what is called the Holy Scripture is indeed the Word of God: For as Gold would not cease to be Gold, though there should be none to say this is Gold, so the Holy Scripture would not cease to be the Word of God, and Authentick, tho' there were no Church to tell Men, that *this Word which you read is the Word of God.* Moreover I say, that the Canon of the Holy Scripture being owned and declared in the first Councils,

we ought without any hesitation or difficulty to receive their determinations ; nor are we to question in the Church the Authority of the Holy Scripture, but to submit our selves to its Decrees, which are Truth and Righteousness it self.

Indeed, Father, if the Church hath Power to judge sovereignly of the Doctrine contained in the Holy Scriptures, it must be supposed that in the Church there are, and always will be Men that are as full of the Holy Ghost as those that wrote these sacred Books, which is utterly false ; for the weakness, blindness, ignorance and malice of those that oppose the Holy Scriptures, shows that they have not the least spark of that Divine Spirit ; So that it belongs not to Men to judge of the Doctrine, or to interpret what is contained in those Holy Books. If you say, that such as have received the Holy Spirit may do it. I answer, that all those that have received the Holy Spirit in these latter times, show it by submitting themselves humbly to the Word of God.

But, Father, I have other Arguments of greater force than those already urged ; what likelihood is there, that Men who know themselves too weak to be sav'd, should yet have Power to give Authority to those Books, in which are contained the means of their Salvation ? hath God, who is jealous of his own Glory, given Men his Word to be abandoned to their Discretion, to be controuled and contested, and to have what they please added to it ? Is it possible, or is it lawful, that such as are ignorant should judge of Knowledge ? Is it proper for those that are born blind to discourse of Light ? Would not every Body laugh at them should they attempt it ? Much more ridiculous is it for such as are blind and ignorant, to pretend to judge of the
Heavenly

Heavenly Light, and of the sublimest of all Sciences.

Is it not certain, Father, that under the Old Testament, God spake once to his People, but 'twas only to give them his Law; so that this Law being once given, 'twas not left to the People to add new Points to it, but they were obliged to yield obedience to it. 'Tis true, the Levites preached this Law to the People, but how did they do it? they consulted the Law it self to explain it, without seeking Interpretations in their own Brains, as they do amongst you. And although this unbelieving Nation was often assured of the Truth of God's Promises, and God had to this End sent them many great Prophets, which were his Ambassadors to bring them word of the coming of the *Messiah*, yet there was never one that said to the People, *Do this or that more than the Law requires; because in it self it is no sufficient Remedy*; but this is what they said, *Keep the Law and the Ordinances, which the God of your Fathers gave to Moses his Servant*. These great Men were all extraordinarily inspired, yet they never undertook to contest the Law of God, nor to forge any new Commandments, but they pressed Obedience to the Law only. I say this to answer those that say, that the same Spirit which spake by the mouths of those that spake, and guided the hands of those that wrote, doth now also animate the Doctrine of the Catholick Church, enabling them to pass a right Judgment on the Doctrine of the Faith contained in the Holy Scripture; for methinks they owe the same respect to the Word of God which the Prophets shewed it, who never durst touch a thing so sacred, nor ever presumed to add any thing new to it.

I may say the same thing of the Gospel; God having spoken by his Ambassadors, and by them revealed his Will to the People, hath withdrawn his Spirit of Revelation, as well as the Power of working *Miracles*, and hath left us only the Spirit of Obedience: For God knew the wicked Disposition of Man too well, to leave him the liberty of diminishing, adding, or changing what he pleased. 'Tis certain, that though there are many Heresies in the World, there would be infinitely more if Men had liberty to give Authority to the Scripture, seeing they now have falsified it, corrupted it, and made such Glosses on it as are contradictory to the Text.

'Tis true, Father, the old Church of the *Jews* had a Tradition, *Eleazar*, *Phineas*, and all those who had been Eye-Witnesses of the Wonders which God had wrought by the hand of *Moses*, inform'd their Children of them; and these things were handed down from Father to Son, in those Families that kept the true Worship of God; but this Tradition had nothing new in it, nothing more than was contained in the Law and the written Word of God. Were the Traditions of the Church of *Rome*, of the same Nature with respect to the Gospel, they would not have been so much disliked, as now they are; yet, as Men cannot long handle any thing without fouling it, the *Jews* abused this Tradition of their Fathers, and added to it their own inventions; so that 'twas extremely corrupted in the time of our Lord Jesus Christ, for which we find he often blames them in the Gospel.

The Catholick Doctors do in my mind exactly imitate the Ancient Rabbins, Scribes, Pharisees, and *Jewish* Doctors; and as they boasted that they served God, not merely according to what God had

had ordained in his Law, which they judged too light a matter, and too easie a means to be saved, and had attained that pitch of Presumption, that they thought it the greatest perfection to obey God according to their Traditions; so according to the Doctors of the Church of *Rome*, 'tis a small matter to embrace the Gospel, in which many material things were omitted which they have added, and thereby rendred that work compleat which *St. Paul*, *St. Peter*, and all the other Apostles, yea, Christ himself left imperfect. *What impious Absurdity is it, to cry down the Holy Scripture, and proclaim it imperfect, only to give the greater reputation to Tradition!*

My Brother intended not to have ended so soon; although the Father would often have interrupted him: But my Mother, who could no longer dissemble her displeasure against my Brother, discovered it, by crying out, must you have all the Discourse? must no Body speak but you? No, Madam, (said Father *Matthew*) let him say what he pleaseth, we will answer him afterwards: For my part I seemed asleep during all this Conference, which lasted from Noon till near four of the Clock, in which my Mother was very well pleased; fearing least I should have been taken with my Brother's Discourse; and to speak ingeniously, I never in all my life heard any thing that pleased me better, which (methought) was too learned for my Brother; but I do not much wonder at it, when I consider his love to Learning, the excellency and vivacity of his Parts, and the Care my Father took to get them improved. Thus, Ladies, if I seem more learned than Virgins usually are, ascribe it to the Happiness of my Memory; and not to the strength of my Judgment.

The Father believing thereby the better to accomplish his design on my Brother, told my Mother, that he would fain discourse with him in private: As much as you please, said my Brother, and thereupon they both arose, and spent two large hours in their Conference. In the mean time my Mother remaining in the Summer-House with me, said to me, Is't possible *Justine* (said she) that you should hear nothing of the Conference? A little, Madam, (answered I) of the beginning, but I desire no more to be present at it, because 'tis none of my Business. You have no reason (answered she) to speak ill of it, for methinks you have slept well enough at it. I know not what to think of your Brother, (added she) his Discourse doth not accord well with the hopes he had given me; besides, your Father hath, in my mind, made him study so hard, as though he intended him for a Minister. Mother, answered I, smiling, my Brother is too good a Soldier to be a Minister, but Learning does no injury to any but Women, whose Brains it hurts.

I endeavoured by Discourses of this Nature to allay my Mother's Displeasure against my Brother, by reason of his freedom of Speech, but the return of the *Jesuite* spoiled all, who drew my Mother aside, and discoursed with her for near half an hour. In the mean time my Brother gave me an account of the private discourse he had had with the *Jesuite*, which he concluded, saying, we shall have a fine rattle by and by. Nor indeed was he mistaken, for my Mother having conducted the *Jesuite* to the Gate of our House, returned immediately to us with a Countenance that bespoke Fury. Her Face was successively red and pale. I trembled to see her in this posture, but her words

much.

much increased my displeasure. Let us go into the House, *Justine* (said she) and I forbid you ever more to discourse with your Brother; and I forbid you *Ferdinand*, ever to come into my Presence as long as I live; you have unhappily deceived me, and this is the least Punishment that your treachery against me deserveth.

Tho' these were very bloody Reproaches, yet my Brother seem'd not much surpriz'd at them, but without answering a word, respectfully retired. The same Evening he lodged at a Farm, which belonged to my Father, about a League from us, and spent most of the next day in Hunting, not returning to our Castle till the Evening, to play a Stratagem which had good Success.

My Mother when the first burst of her Anger was over, began to be troubled for her Deportment; for the Affection she had for her Son was so strong, that it soon got the victory over all other Passions. Do you know, said she, what your Brother doth? He went thence on Horse-back, with a Servant and a Lacquey, and they have taken the Dogs with them, I believe he intends to hunt in the Country. 'Tis very well, (said she) seeming to be much better pleased than indeed she was. We supped together without saying any thing one to another, only she continually sighed, and for my part, my Head was continually working on variety of Subjects.

I spent this Night in a great deal of Trouble. You may easily imagine that 'twas impossible for one of my Sex, who had entertained so great a Design, that was like to have such troublesome Consequences, not to be very much astonished, when I saw my self deprived of all that was my support. My Mother had her disquietudes as well

as I; she would fain have had my Brother make application to her first, but she had forced him away, and 'twas not likely that he would expose himself to the danger of a new affront, and she judged it a condescension much beneath her to seek after him; she continued in Pain all the day. As for my Brother he returned to our Castle in the Evening, with his Servant, and instead of coming into the Dining Room, went immediately to his own Chamber. My Mother sent me thither as she had done the Day before, I found him in his Chamber with his Servant, his Boxes and Mails all open, his Linnen and Cloaths taken out, and he cloathing himself as though he designed immediately for the Army, whilst his Servant assisted with a Lacquey, was packing up such things as he intended to take with him. Well, said he, as soon as he saw me, I was troubled to think how I should take my leave of you, but now you are here 'tis well enough. How Brother, (said I hastily) what do you intend to do? You'll see that (replied he) by and by. Ah (said I) will you leave us? And immediately I went down to carry the News to my Mother, towards whom I never fail'd of respect in all my Life till now. Well, Mother, (said I to her) you now see the Effect of your Passion, my Brother's going, what will you say to my Father when he shall require him at your hands, who charged you to keep him with you till his return? You have broken the promise you made my Father never to extort his Son to change his Religion, which when you could not prevail on him to do, you have cruelly driven him from your Presence. Ah! my Father hath far more religiously kept his promise, for he never spake to me of his Religion, or mine.

My

My Mother, whilst I uttered these reproaches, seemed rather dead than alive. I should have spoken more bitterly; but she was not in a Capacity of hearing them. Immediately some came to call me, telling me, that my Brother desired to speak with me. At my return I found his Servant that carried his Mail and Pistols, just about to mount his Horse. Friend, (said I) don't make so much haste, stop till I have spoken with your Master. Do what I bid you, cryed my Brother to his Servant in a seeming Passion: Hereupon I went up into his Chamber, and found him accoutred for his Journey, and that he only staid to speak with me. What do you mean Brother (said I) by this? are you resolved to leave us? be persuaded to change your Mind, I'll make your Peace with my Mother. You brag of more than you are able to perform (said my Brother) with a kind of impatience, I know my Mother too well to hope for so sudden a Change. You know, Sister, that I gave her no provocation to speak what she hath said to me, or to treat me as she hath done: But, Sister, you see 'tis late, I pray God to bless you (added he, embracing me) and not being able to speak a word more, he shook me off from him, who could not hold him, and immediately left the Chamber. My Mother, who heard him, called him, *Ferdinand*, said she, come hither to me. He presently obeyed her, and my Mother looking on him, In what Equipage is it that I see you (said she?) whither are you going? I am going so far (answered he) that you'll have no reason to fear my coming again into your presence, or that you'll ever more have your Eyes offended with a sight that's odious to you, though I have not deserved to be so. Dare you then (said she) go away without your

your Father's consent. My Father (answered he) will easily pardon me when he knows what moved me to it, and will readily give his consent that I leave these Parts; as for yours, you have given it already, and that in such a manner as pierceth my very Soul, for you have driven me from your presence with reproaches. I have therefore nothing more to do in this Castle which will henceforth be more dreadful than a Prison, seeing I have lost the Affection of my Mother, and it may be the love of my Sister. If you'll grant me one Favour, give me leave to kiss your hand, 'tis the last I shall ever ask of you.

No, said my Mother, pretending very unseasonably that she was much more displeased than indeed she was, Ah! Mother (said he) do you refuse me so small a matter? Yet continued he, I beg God to take you always into his Holy Protection, and to inspire you with more tender sentiments for my Sister; but I dare swear it will not be thus, and that she will live very miserably with you. Yet, Mother, Heaven will one day require of you an account of your Children: Having said this, he embraced me a second time, who was not able to speak one word, and having made a profound reverence, he withdrew and went down into the Court. 'Twas then that my Mother, who sitting on a large Chair, abandoned her self to her Grief, being able to say nothing but, O my God! what shall I do? You are (said I) one of the happiest Mothers that live, in having such a Son, and are in a little time like to become the most miserable and wretched. You know, Mother, that you have not done well, why should you refuse him that small Favour of Kissing your Hand? At any other time I durst not have spoken so freely, but I was
now

now reduced to that pass, that I did but little value my Mother's Anger. I did not stay for any Answer, but ran down into the Court, to use my last endeavour to stop my Brother. My Mother arose hastily out of her Chair to the Window, where she saw my Brother on Horse-back, sitting his Stirrops, and cryed out to the Servants, Shut the Gates, hinder him from going. My Brother, as though he had not heard my Mother, said with a menacing Voice, if any one dares to oppose my Passage, I'll trample him under my Horses Feet. By this time I was come into the Court, and laying hold on the Bridle, it shall be me then (said I) that you shall thus deal with, since I am resolved never to let go my hold. Ha! my Sister, my dear Sister, said he, shedding some Tears, let these Tears suffice you; judge you whether I can possibly remain in this Castle. In the mean time my Mother came down into the Court her self, her Face covered with Tears, forgetting all her Resentments; Are you not very unnatural, *Ferdinand*, said she, to leave me for a Word I spake to you in my Passion? God's my Witness (said he) that I leave you with the greatest regret in the World; but, Mother, you have very unjustly driven me away only for speaking according to my Conscience.

'Twas on this delicate Point that this agreeable Narrative was interrupted by the Master of the Ship, who obliged us to go to Supper; for these sort of Men do not abound with Complaisance. We waited for the next Morning with a great deal of Impatience, but the Consideration we had for *Mademoiselle de St. Phale*, made us vanquish our Curiosity.



C H A P. III.

THE next Morning, as soon as *Mademoiselle de St. Phale*, and the rest of our Company were met together, she continued her History in this manner. I left off last Night at the Answer which my Brother returned my Mother. If you, continued he, would not have had me answer the Father *Matthew*, you should have told me so, and then I would have been silent; but you gave me liberty to speak freely, believing that he would easily stop my Mouth, but he failed of this, and I made good my Ground against him, and this is all my Crime. 'Tis only for this that you reproach me with having deceived you; and betrayed you; 'tis for this, that you have forbidden me your Presence, and all Discourse with my Sister, as though I were the greatest Criminal in the World. And indeed, Mother, 'tis for ever that I leave you, that I leave this Land, that I renounce all my pretensions in *France*, of which I now take an Eternal Farewell. Grant me only the Favour of kissing your Hand, which I cannot forbear to beg, though you have already refused it me. My Mother fell not now into the fault she had committed before, but held forth her hand, saying, my Son, you have overcome me; may not she who hath driven you away, call you back? Is it not possible for me to soften your hard Heart? Intend you to seek a Reparation of your Honour on her that bare you, or would you have her beg your Pardon on her Knees? She had hardly finished these Words before my Brother leapt off his Horse, cast himself at my Mother's

ther's Feet, bedewed them with his Tears, and embraced them, without being able to say any thing; but my Mother soon raised him from the ground, and embraced him. All those of the Family that were in the Court could not forbear Weeping any more than we that were immediately concern'd. We thought that the whole business had been at an end, and I who had all the while held the Horse by the Bridle, delivered it to a Servant, commanding him to return it to the Stable: Stop, cryed my Brother; Why so? Said my Mother; what means this? I must, answered he, either leave this House for ever, or the Father must; chuse which of us two you will retain, and which you will banish.

You urge me too far, *Bertrand*, said my Mother, altering both her Voice and Countenance: Insolent that you are, dare you propose that I drive away my Confessor? You abuse my tenderness and tears, but you shall not always abuse them. And I, said my Brother, should I not leave a Mother that puts no difference between a pernicious Jesuite and an Obedient Son? Ah! I have staid too long in this House, said he, as he remounted his Horse. For my part, I despaired of any agreement, when I saw how my Mother dealt with him, and therefore I let go my hold on the Bridle. Go Brother, said I, your resentment is just; be gone from the Place where you are so unworthily treated, for my part I'll not be long behind you; I'll soon be in a Convent. No, Sister, (said he) do you stay to be a Comfort to my Father; It may be my Mother becoming sensible of her fault, will not deal with the Daughter as she hath dealt with the Son. Farewel my Friends, said he to the waiting Gentlewomen, and Serving Men, and Maids, and Lacqueys

queys, who all fell on their Knees before the Horse, and made so lamentable a cry, that I never heard any like it; for my Brother was very well beloved. Be gone, Children, (said he) I should be sorry to hurt you now, having never done you ought but good; my Horse may chance to injure some of you. Be gone, (said I in a Passion) would you have my Brother stay to be daily affronted, whilst a damnable Jesuite is here absolute Master? When I spake these Words, my Mother earnestly lookt upon me with Eyes that discovered that her Soul was divided between two contrary and violent Passions. She called me to her, and I, though I doubted not but that she would deal severely with me, yet went to her, *Justine*, (said she) I Pardon what you have said, but Counsel me, What shall I do? I do not hesitate between your Brother and the Confessor, as though I knew not which to chuse, but Daughter, I know no Confessor alive can better direct me in the way of Salvation than this Father can. On the other side the Voice of Conscience and Nature make the most cruel Reproaches for suffering my Son to depart for so slight a matter. I will not advise you Mother, (said I) but if you please I'll whisper my Brother what you say. it may be it may winn upon him. Do (said she) what you think fit. My Brother came the second time off his Horse, and went to my Mother and discoursed with her in private, none being admitted to hear it but my self.

You know, Son (said she) how delicate I am in what regards Conscience, you would have me to banish immediately either my Confessor or you: I would fain keep you both: But *Ferdinand*, you will have me declare my Resolution: The Voice of Nature pleads for you, and the Voice of Conscience

science for the Father. Advise me what to do, *Ferdinand*; I have asked your Sister's Advice, but she refuseth to give it me; speak to me as a disinterested Person, as though you were not concern'd, and speak rather as a Friend than as a Son. Mother, replied he, to conform my self to your Will, I shall tell you, that in the general 'tis better to hear and obey the Voice of Conscience than that of Nature; but as it often happens that Conscience is guided by prejudice rather than Justice, so 'tis often more safe to hear the Voice of Nature than that of Conscience.

To come to the Father *Matthew*, you would retain him because he seems necessary for the Direction of your Conscience. Certainly the Condition of Men must be very miserable, when they believe that their Salvation depends on the Will of certain Men, and on the Careless that they make them. There are some sick People over whose Spirits their Physicians have gotten such an absolute Empire, that they believe their Life or Death lies in their hands: We may justly term such Physicians as these the Tyrants of the Sick, as we may most Confessors the Tyrants of the Conscience. The Father *Matthew* is one of those, he hath got the ascendant of your mind, so that you receive his sayings as so many Oracles, and you are afraid of falling out with him, because you imagine him to be God's great Friend and Favorite.

But Mother, (continued he) if you will give me leave to speak, your Conscience ought not to be entangled for a Man who himself hath no Conscience at all. For besides that he is a Jesuite, which very word contains a multitude of Mischiefs: Was it not he that suggested part of what you said to me, and advised you to banish me your Presence?

To

To sow Discord between a Mother and her Son is the true Work of the Devil; so that, Mother, you will find, that your Conscience, if you will consult it as you ought, will exhort you to rid your Hands of so dangerous a Person: And if you'll be advised by me, take for a Confessor one that is no Jesuite, for these Gentlemen are never satisfied, till they have imposed an intollerable Yoke on Mens Consciences, which is all the good Fruit of your Auricular Confessions; because knowing all that a Person doth or thinks, 'tis easie for them to turn him to their Pleasure, and to impose on him what burdens they think fit.

Whether my Mother was really convinced by my Brother's Arguments, or only seemed to be so, is uncertain; yet she promised my Brother to turn off the Father *Matthew*, and at the same time sent to him to acquaint him with this Resolution. In the mean time we returned to the House, where as soon as my Brother had pluckt off his Boots, he came to us; my Mother, who knew no bounds either of Hatred or Love, caressed my Brother at such a rate as far exceeded his Expectations: And as for you, *Justine*, said she to me, I remember all that you have said, and methinks you ought rather to have taken Part with your Mother than with your Brother, but I Pardon you for his sake.

During all the Supper my Brother entertain'd my Mother with Discourse concerning the Mischiefs wrought by Confessors in Families, Cities and Kingdoms. I must confess said he, that the Confession of Sins and Infirmities in the Ears of a Priest was used in the Primitive Church, but 'twas abolished almost throughout all the East by *Nectarius* Patriarch of *Constantinople*, because of a Deacon, who hearing the Confessions of a young Widow,

dow, and knowing her Infirmities, took occasion thence to seduce her: Nor is there any reason to doubt, but a Woman who discovers all her Sins and Passions to a Priest, is in a ready way to be seduced by him. On the other hand, Confessions serve to draw what the Priest will out of Families for the Building of Religious Houses, and the singing of Masses, and many other things of the like Nature, as also the Prying into the secrets of Kings, which the Confessors use for their own advantage. My Mother was well enough satisfied of the Truth of what my Brother said: If you will, Mother, added he, follow my Advice, though I am your Son, and of a contrary Religion, Never make any *Jesuite* your Confessor more, but content your self with the Curate, as many others, who have tried both, have at last done.

Here the Discourse of *Mademoiselle de St. Phale* was interrupted by the coming of several Gentlemen into the Room where the Conversation was held, she not being willing to give an Account of her Life before so many Witnессes.





C H A P. IV.

ALL the Company whom *Mademoiselle de St. Phals* honoured with the History of her Life, being again met, she thus continued her Relation.

My Brother's discourse had made such Impression on my Mother, that she was almost perswaded to make choice of another Confessor. And had he but pursued his design, he had certainly accomplished it; But Love, which at this time seized on his Heart, made him neglect so advantageous an Enterprize, and the Consequence of this Neglect proved very mischievous and fatal, and hath forced me out of *France*.

My Father having in fifteen days finished his business at *Dijon* to his Satisfaction, wrote us the Day on which he resolved to leave that Place, and out Castle being but three good days Journey from it, we expected him on the fourth: But he neither coming then, nor the fifth, nor the sixth, nor the seventh, my Mother and I began to be very much concerned, and my Brother resolved to ride to seek him. But on the eighth day, my Brother having rode out Early in the Morning, we saw both him and my Father enter the Court about Noon, at which we very much rejoiced; and I leave it to you to judge, whether for my part I had not reason, considering the dispositions of my Spirit. After our Caresses were over, my Mother desired to know the Cause of his stay. He told her that at *Dijon* he had met with one of his old Acquaintance in the Army, who living but a short days Journey from



M. de Roche-Blanche, &c. visit M. d'Ombreval.



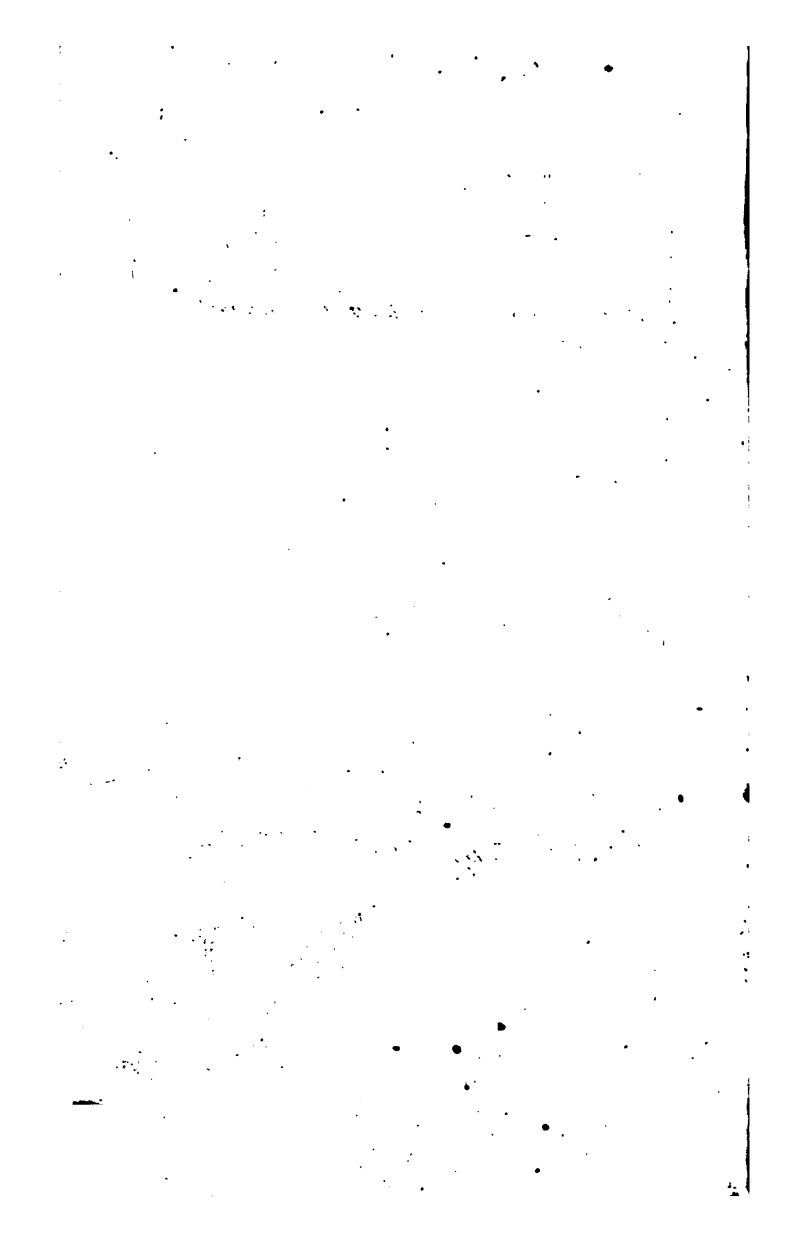
M. de Ponsins and M. de Haut-Cour meet their Mistresses.



M. d'Ombreval Dying, takes leave of his Wife and Children.



M. S. Phale sent to a Monastery.



from *Dijon*, and being better acquainted with the ways than I were, said my Father, undertook to be my Guide, and in one day we came to his Castle, and he earnestly pressed me to lodge there which at length with some regret I consented to. He seeing that I were somewhat unwilling to stay with him, said, I'll shew you somewhat that you have seen before, and which you will not be troubled to see again. The Castle was well seated adorn'd and furnished, so that I was much pleas'd at the sight of it. This is not, said Monsieur *De Roche Blanche*, (for so was this Gentleman named) what I intended to shew you; and being inform'd that his Wife was in the Garden, and desiring to surprize her before she had any notice of our coming, we went thither together.

We found her in a Walk that had Maples on both sides of it, with her Son, and three of her Daughters. I confess, I was much surprized to see her so Fresh and Beautiful, having Children which were marriagable, but much more when I saw somewhat in her Face, that I fancy'd I had seen before. For her part, she beheld me with the same attention, and it may be with the same surprize. Monsieur *de Roche Blanche*, laugh'd heartily to see us viewing each other with a profound silence which at length my Father broke: Monsieur *de Roche Blanche*, said he, had reason to promise to shew me that which I should never repent having seen. The Lady answered that Gallantry with a great deal of Civility, and her Husband, after having sufficiently entangled both of them by the Interview, and diverted himself, resolv'd to tell each of them, who the other was. Ah, Sir, said he to my Father, is it possible that you have forgotten *Mademoiselle de Grassans*, and you M
dan

dam, Monsieur *De Popsins*, (which was my Father's Name in his Youth, and my Brother's also, which he left but eight or nine Months since, to take that of *Ombreval*,) these words awakned both *Mademoiselle De Roche Blanche* and my Father out of their surprize, so that presently knowing one another, they began to embrace and Compliment each other; but my Father was interrupted by the Civilities of the Son and Daughter of Monsieur *De Roche Blanche*.

To explain this Mystery, you must know, that my Father during the Wars in *Catalonia*, where he performed his first feats of Arms, being in his Winter Quarters, fell acquainted with *Mademoiselle de Grassans*, who was then one of the most eminent Personages of the Religion in all *Guyenne*, and who not to speak of her great Estate, had without dispute a perfect Beauty, with other wonderful Qualities above her Sex. My Father loved her, and it may be his Love would have been accepted if this Lady had not disposed of her Heart before to a Man of great merit. Yet she still retained a great deal of Esteem and Friendship for my Father; which length of time could not destroy, as she had often told her husband, who knowing how acceptably it would be to her, brought my Father to his house, to renew this Ancient Friendship. For although Monsieur *de Roche Blanche* was of *Poitou*, yet he came to live in *Burgundy*, because of a great Estate which his Uncle had left him, who made him his Heir. And the Reason why my Father and he were not acquainted, as Gentlemen use to be, especially when they are of one Religion, was because that they had both changed their Names.

My Father was nobly entertained in this house four days, nor was this Journey without any effect, for he was so much taken with the Son and Daughter of *Monsieur de Roche Blanche*; that he resolved on somewhat in their favour, which yet he did not declare, because he expected to see them at his own house. For *Monsieur de Roche Blanche* resolved in a short time to visit a Kinswoman, whose Lands were but two Leagues from ours, and to carry his Son and Daughter with him, and at their return promised to be with us.

My Brother, in a short time was more in favour with my Mother than ever, and was still urging her to change her Confessor. I had also now much more liberty than before, for I spent whole days in my Father's Closet, who fully perswaded me to renounce the Romish Superstitions, in which he proved unanswerably there was the greatest Folly and Impiety; and seeing that I delighted much in reading, would often give me the Key of his Closet, where I used to read whole days together, in the Books of Martyrs, my Mother thinking all the while that I played at Chess with my Father and Brother, which indeed I sometimes did. The Book of Martyrs fixed me in my design of embracing the reformed Religion.

My Father perceiving me very earnest one day in the reading of this Book, said to me, You may there see admirable Examples of Constancy, not only in Men of Age and Resolution. but God hath also perfected his Praise in the weakness of Women and Children. Young Virgins, such as you now are, who it may be have been more tenderly educated than you have been, and of higher Quality, have joyfully endured the most cruel Deaths; neither the heat of Flames nor the sharpness of

Swords could overcome the magnanimity of their Hearts: Would you, were you called to it, be as constant as those Young worthy Ladies were? Father, answered I, I confess I look upon Death as somewhat most dreadful and horrible, especially a Death in the midst of Flames; and there's no Heart so Generous, or Spirit Philosophical, but must needs tremble at the thoughts of such a Punishment: 'Twas not therefore by their own strength that these young Virgins conquered Death and all its horrors, but by the Assistance of the Holy Spirit; so that, Father, said I, how weak and fearful soever I am, yet I firmly trust in our Lord, that if he call me to such sufferings, he'll give me strength to overcome them all. Yes, my Daughter, answered he, your reply is very good, for we have seen that most learned Doctors and Bishops have basely fallen, when poor Peasants, Women and Children have stood it out. For the former presuming too much on themselves, and their own strength, being left to themselves have fallen, whereas the others trusting only on their Saviour, have been maintained and strengthened, because they were built upon a Rock.

'Tis good, continued he, to be prepared for the most cruel sufferings, for besides that when we are prepared for the greatest evils, we shall find them less and more tolerable when they are come upon us, than we imagin'd; we shall also be thereby the better enabled to bear those lesser evils, which would appear very great and dreadful if they found us unprepared. I foresee that you will be exposed to great temptations, you will be attacked on the one hand by the Flatteries, Caresses and Tears of a Mother that loves you, and on the other hand by the Persecutions of your Relations,
Miseries,

Miseries, Imprisonment, or Banishment, and it may be Death it self, for all these things are the Lot of new Converts. You will leave those Crosses of Gold, Silver, Wood and Stone which you now adore, to bear the true Cross of the Lord, the Afflictions and Reproaches of this World. I hope, said I, that God who hath wrought in me this Holy Desire, will not leave his Work imperfect, but will carry it on to his Glory and my Salvation. This was all the Conversation we had at that time, only my Father told me, that he wisht that he could Discourse with me again about these things; but added, that he could not be able to do it so soon as he desired; for, said he, I am concerned for your Welfare more ways than one. Here-upon I withdrew, without making any reflection on these last Words. The mean while the time passed away very insensibly, till the day came, which to me proved very fatal.

One day the Weather being very fair, my Father and Mother went to walk in the Garden, and invited my Brother and me to Accompany them, which we did; and as my Father and Mother were discoursing of some new Knots and Beds to be made in the Garden, we not much minding this Discourse, left them, and went to Walk in some of the shaded Allies; and after having talk't of divers things, the heat growing insupportable, we went towards a Summer-House that stood at the lower end of the Garden, which my Father had been very careful to adorn with variety of curious Pictures, and in one Frame there was my Brother's Picture in the habit of a Warrior, and mine in that of an *Amazon*; nor could any Pictures be more exactly drawn than these were. We were just about to have entred the House, when we heard

two Persons discoursing together, but their Voice was unknown to us. Our Curiosity led us to hearken, and we immediately heard the Voice of a Man saying, don't you remember the Painter that lodged at our House, that told us he had drawn *Monsieur de Ponsins*, and *Mademoiselle de St. Phals*, like a Warrior and an *Amazon*? What say you, Sister, of these Eyes, of this Mouth, of the Majestick air of all the Countenance? If your liberty, (answered a most charming Voice) be lost by the sight of a Picture, what will become of you when you have seen the Original, I believe you'll certainly dye at the first view of it. But observe also the Picture of the Brother, which is no less worthy to be taken notice of than that of the Sister. I believe, answered the Man's Voice. the Picture of the Brother hath had no less influence on you, than that of the Sister hath had on me; and if you die not at the sight of it, you'll at least be shrewdly wounded by it. You are not too wise, replied the other Voice, they are both in the Garden, and it may be hear all that we say. let us go hence, least they surprize us busie about trifles. You should never, answered the Brother, draw me from this lovely Picture, if I were not sure to find the Original in the Garden; after which they immediately left the House, and we made as though we had not heard a word of what passed.

In the mean time my Brother and I had a great desire to laugh and rally each other on what we had heard; we went not into the house as we at first designed, but continued our walk, at length we perceived at the end of another Alley, a Young Man leading a Damsel, both very richly clad, and of a most illustrious Gate and Carriage? This surprizing rencounter, though at a considerable distance,

distance, caused us all four to stop for some time, being under a great Astonishment; after which we went forwards, and the nearer we approached each other, the more lovely the new Comers appeared to us; at length my Brother and the Strange Gentleman doubled their pace, and leaving us both behind them, met in the midst of the Alley, where admiring each other, a thousand Caresses and Civilities passed between them. In the mean time the Lady and I also met, and the more I look'd on her the more beautiful I found her; and she also considered me very attentively, but we were interrupted, she by my Brother, and I by hers, who came to salute us. What was said by these Gentlemen, was spoken with so much disorder that we easily perceived it; but for the Ladies part and mine, we accosted each other, though with much tenderness and sincerity, yet with more readiness of Spirit.

'Tis easie to divine, that these two were *Monsieur de Haut-Cour*, and *Mademoiselle de Garisolles* his Sister, the Son and Daughter of *Monsieur* and *Madam de Roche-Blanche*. I shall say nothing of these two Persons, but only that *Mademoiselle de Garisolles* is the true Picture of her Mother, in Beauty, Spirit and Vertue. As for the Brother, besides that he is a very neat Person, having nothing in his Carriage but what is very Noble, and is loved and esteemed by all that know him; I believe that we shall see him at *Hamburg*; for which reason I shall not give you a more exact Description of him, and it may be should I do it, you may judge me guilty of partiality.

We continued our Walk, without minding the heat, which was then extream; My Brother, who at the first rencounter, was smitten with the most

violent Passion in the World, as he since confessed, entertain'd himself with *Mademoiselle de Garifolles*, as *Monsieur de Haut-Cour* did with me; we had hardly begun a Discourse, before a Lacquey came to call us to the rest of the Company: I can't express the Caresses which *Monsieur* and *Madam de Roche-Blanche* made me, nor the Civilities that passed between 'em and my Brother. My Mother was extremely ravished at the sight of such admirable Persons as *Monsieur de Haut-Cour* and his Sister were; this latter she kissed an hundred times, and spake the most obliging things in the World, to which *Mademoiselle de Garifolles* always replied like a Person of Spirit and good Sense.

Never was there more joy, or greater Union among eight Persons, the Fathers and Mothers laying aside their Gravity, return'd to the old Pastimes of their Youth, such as Dancing, Musick and Plays, and by an Emulation, which one would have thought concerted, but it was not, *Monsieur de Haut Cour* endeavoured to insinuate into my Mother's Favour, and succeeded, and my Brother was very much respected by *Madam de Roche-Blanche*, with whom he had much Discourse in private. As for *Monsieur de Roche Blanche* and my Mother, they were presently great Friends, by the knowledge which they had in the secrets of Nature. *Monsieur de Roche Blanche*, who had been a great Traveller, and had read much; and had also a very penetrating Spirit, informed my Mother of many curious Secrets; so that they resolved to maintain a Correspondence by Letters to impart their secrets to each other, and resolve the Doubts that might arise about them; My Father also and *Madam de Roche Blanche* had many long Conversations together: So that there was none of

of us but was well employed, and took a great deal of Pleasure to be so.

I shall not give you a particular Account of all the Diversions we had for an whole Week together, nor of the Masque that we played, in which Monsieur *de Haut Cour* and his Sister appeared under the Figure of *Apollo* and *Diana*, the first in Cloth of Gold, and the latter in Cloth of Silver : My Brother represented the God of *Mars*, and I the Goddess of Arts and Sciences, for we had those Habits in our house as fresh as they were the first day they were made, though that were in the days of *Henry* the 4th. And my Father whom I had always seen very Grave, was the first that put us upon these sports.

Yet were not the Hearts of all so filled with joy as to hinder my Father, and Madam *de Roche-Blanche* from contriving something in which we can never be too serious, which Mademoiselle *de Garifolles* and I thus discovered : Our two Brothers and Lovers, I may well term them so, one day rose very early in the Morning to ride a Hunting, so that we saw them not till towards the Evening. In the mean time my Father intended to regale his Guests in a Grotte which was in the Garden, where my Mother with Monsieur *de Roche-Blanche* were, whilst his Wife was with my Father in a green Cabinet on the other side. Mademoiselle *de Garifolles* and I walking by chance near the great Cabinet, I distinctly heard my Father's Voice, and she very well knew that of her Mother. A sudden Curiosity of hearing their Discourse seized us both at once, and being in a private Place we silently listned and heard my Father speak thus.

As for my Son (said he) I have no reason to be dissatisfied with him ; he hath Judgment and Spi-

rit enough, and his Inclinations lead him to Justice and Vertue, and to confess the Truth, I would fain see him provided for as soon as possible, both because he is my only Son, whom I would have married during my Life: And because I fear least the Relations of my Wife engage him in a Match I should not approve of. You know Madam with what Passion I once loved you, but Divine providence hath otherwise disposed of us, but it may be it will bless and prosper what I am about to propose, *viz.* The Marriage of my Son with *Mademoiselle* your Daughter: Your Proposal replied Madam *de Roche-Blanche* is too advantageous, not to be accepted; and I believe you will find a great deal of comfort in having her with you. Yes, Madam, answered my Father, the Vertues of the Mother shine forth in the Daughter; and this is what hath made me desire her to be in my House, and the inseparable Companion of my Son. It may be, Madam, in these times of Misery you were at a loss how to find out a suitable Match for her. You are in the right, (answered she) and you have freed me from a great deal of Care and Trouble, the Lord bless our good Intentions; and hereupon they struck Hands in token of Agreement, which Madam *de Roche-Blanche* engaged her Husband should ratifie: And my Father promised the like for his Wife: And shall we not, said my Father, discover this to our Children, who are the Parties concerned? I believe, answered Madam *de Roche-Blanche*, they are more troubled how to get our consent, than they will be to find that we have engaged them without discoursing them about it.

During this Discourse, which *Mademoiselle de Gariſolles* and I distinctly heard, she blush'd extremely,

treably, which much added to her Beauty, and fixed her Eyes on the ground, being ashamed to look me in the Face: But I drew her out of this surprize, by embracing her, saying, My dear Sister let me give you the first kiss, she also embraced me, but with some confusion. But the Curiosity we had to hear the rest of *Madam de Roche-Blanche's* Discourse, obliged us to break off our Carresses for the present.

You have made me one Proposal, continued she, I'll now make you another, about another Marriage. I understand what you mean (said my Father) and consent to it with all my Heart; 'tis of Monsieur your Son, with my Daughter, but in this Business we must use a great deal of circumspection. My Daughter is, as I have told you, of the Reformed Religion in her Heart, but her Mother is a bigotted Roman Catholick; I expect only a favourable opportunity to make my Daughter declare her felt, and in this I beg you to help me as need requires with your Counsel and Assistance. The Relations of my Wife are powerful, and she is almost Mad in the Point of Religion, but it may be we may find means to get her Consent. Although you did not engage me, replied *Madam de Roche-Blanche*, by the hopes you give me, yet I were obliged to this as a Christian, and let *Madam* your Wives Relations be as powerful, and have as much Authority as they will, they shall find that neither *Monsieur de Haut-Cour* nor I will show our selves base in this matter, and here they struck hands again.

Well, my double Sister, said *Mademoiselle de Garifollas* to me, we have nothing now wherewith to reproach each other, and you blush as well as I; these words were followed with a second Em-

brace, after which we found so strange an Inclination to laugh, that we were forced to leave the Place we were in, lest we should be discovered by the noise. As soon as we were gone a considerable distance, and were in full Liberty, we had a hundred pleasant Discourses on what we heard. In the mean time our two Brothers being returned from Hunting, came to seek us in the Garden, where they found us. As soon as we saw them, we had much ado to forbear breaking out into another laughter, however we conquered our Inclination for the present, and promised each other to discover nothing of what we knew; which Promise you may easily guess how well we kept.

My Brother taking *Mademoiselle de Gariselles* by the hand, walked into another Alley, and left me with *Monsieur de Haut-Cour*, who looking earnestly upon me. You are very pleasant, *Mademoiselle*, said he; how happy should I be, if you could communicate to me a little of that Joy that shines in your Eyes! Ah! *Monsieur*, answered I, I cannot communicate this Joy to you only by seeing me: If this were possible, (said he, interrupting me) I might also Communicate to you what passed in my heart, but you are so happy, and I so miserable, that you cannot partake of my Melancholly, nor I of your Joy. But (said I) since my Joy hath no other Foundation but a Trifle, it may be your Melancholly is occasioned by somewhat of no greater Importance; so that you may have no reason to judge me very happy, nor your self very miserable. I feel (answered he) mine own Misery, and none besides can be sensible of its Greatness. Yet (said I) you are jocular, you sing, you dance, you hunt, you perform a thousand pleasant Actions; your Melancholly must either be very bath-
ful,

fake, which I would not were he to Marry any other.

I being much entangled by this Discourse, was willing to divert it, and to speak in favour of my Brother. You have no need, said Monsieur de Roche-Blanche to speak for him; and I am extreamly pleased with the Passion he hath for my Daughter, and I wish my Son were in as fair away for the Establishment of his Happiness as my Daughter is; but I have too long pryed into the secrets of your Heart; but this was not the chief Reason that made me desire to discourse with you; but this, Your Father having informed me of your Good Inclinations to reject the Romish Errors, I offer you my Person, my House, my Estate, my Family, and my Son for your assistance in this matter; make as soon as you can an Abjuration, which cannot but turn much to your Advantage. After this we had much other Discourse, and he gave me a great deal of good Counsel, for which I was very much obliged to him. At length we joyned the rest of the Company, and immediately after Monsieur and Madam de Roche-Blanche, my Father and Mother, left us, to Discourse among themselves, at which none of the younger Persons were at all troubled.

I shall not repeat all that passed between us four, nor what Monsieur de Haut-Cour said to me, but I must not pass over in silence a Discourse I had in the Evening with my Mother, when every Body was retired to their Chambers. Well, Justine, said she, Monsieur de Haut-Cour loves you, and without doubt hath not failed of declaring it to you. My Mother had a mind to try whether I would not be moved at so close a Question, but I had this day heard things so new both to my Ears and Heart, that

at nothing was capable of putting me out of countenance. Monsieur de Haut-Cour (said I) is a Man both Gallant and Handsome, and thinks it his Duty to show his Gallantry to all those of our sex. And what Answer did you give him, said she? An Answer (said I) so little serious, as assured me that I was none of those Girls that suffer themselves to be easily transported with Flatteries. You replied my Mother) give me a Character of Monsieur de Haut-Cour quite different from the Idea I had of him. I judged him wise and honest, and found in him by that discourse I have had with him all the Characters of a Man of Spirit and Parts, and you would have me believe by the picture you draw of him, that he is one of those impertinent Fools that Court every one they see; am sure you now speak against your own sentiments. Such as he is, (answered I coldly) are wise with the wise, and young with the young. My Mother return'd no answer, but only shook her head and smiled. I took my leave of her, and was about to withdraw, which she seeing, said, I have one word more to say about Monsieur de Haut-Cour, whom I find so honest and so well qualified; that were it not for his Religion, I should wish him for your Husband above all others in France. Mother, said I, don't you remember that you have disposed of me already in favour of your Cousin's son? Ah, replied she, if Monsieur de Haut-Cour could but turn Catholick, my good Kinsman of whom you speak, should soon be forced to look out for another Match. At that Instant an untoward Fancy took me to abuse my Mother, which succeeded well enough. I'll tell you one thing, Mother, added I, Monsieur de Haut-Cour is indeed a Man of worth, and hath an extream Passion for me,

me, and would do any thing to get me, even what is in its self most difficult, and I have a great esteem for him, but I neither can, nor ever shall be able to love him, though he should turn Roman Catholick for my sake: It may be I might have loved him, but my knowing that you destined me for your Relation, makes me very indifferent as to any other Man but him: You have declared your Resolution, that I should in this be Obedient to your Will, nor can my Inclinations turn as the Wind doth. What say you, Mademoiselle *Fustine* (reply'd my Mother in a rage)? know, insolent, that I'll teach you to conform to my Intentions; Get you out of my Presence, least I make you feel to what degree you have enraged me. Which I did, without returning a word of Answer, for I knew her well enough.

Immediately I went to Bed, having my mind filled with the Ideas of those things that this day happened unto me: I shall not relate all the Motions of my Heart, the principal of which was Love, to which my Soul now began to yield. The admirable Qualities of Monsieur *de Haut Cour* made an impression on me; the Knowledge that I had of my Father's Will; and of my Mother, the Passion of my Brother, all these things together made me entertain an affection, which otherwise I should not so soon have done: Besides, I saw that as Affairs stood with me at present, I must dispense with some forms of Love: Nevertheless, I had indifferent good rest this Night, the multitude of my thoughts did not disturb my sleep, which they would have done, had I been under the power of one single Person.

I was but just awake when I saw my Mother come into my Chamber; Mother, said I, I believe

lieve you are come to chide me for being so sluggish: No, *Justine*, said she, I would have you lie still, and having commanded my waiting Gentlewoman to leave the Chamber; Yesterday said she, you put me into a little Passion, but let that pass; you spake somewhat concerning Monsieur de Haut Cour, which I have thought on all this Night, you said that he loved you passionately, and would do any thing to get you. Do you think (said my Mother) that the Love he hath for you is capable of making him to embrace the Catholick Religion? I cannot (replyed I) give you a positive answer in this matter, but I know that his Love is as fervent as ever any was; and that he is not so obstinate an *Huguenot* as my Father or Brother; I can assure you that he is one that will hearken to good Counsel. Well Daughter (said she) seeing it is so, would you not be glad to be Instrumental in saving so illustrious a Person as Monsieur de Haut Cour is? How meritorious will it be in the sight of God, to be engaged in bringing him into the true Church. On the other hand, how happy will you be in having such a Husband as he is. Have you no Eyes to see that Monsieur de Masse (that was the Name of her Relation) hath nothing that comes near Monsieur de Haut Cour? I have considered all these things said I; but the Opinion which I had that you designed me for Monsieur de Masse, makes me look on him in another manner than I did to any other Man: But now I know your mind, favour me so far as to tell me how I may please you. Ah! Daughter! (replyed my Mother) this is not the Insolence that provoked me Yesterday. This therefore is what I would have you to do, to carry it so towards your Lover, that he may never lose the Love he bears you; so that to get you, he may

may do whatever you would have him. Go, think well of what I have said, and be sure keep it secret: Having said thus, she embraced me, and left my Chamber.

My Brother was gotten into my Chamber I know not how, and hid himself behind the Hangings from whence he came forth as soon as he perceived my Mother had left the Chamber. And is it thus, Sister (said he) that you are an Instrument in perverting of Souls? Know, that what you are ordained to do is but the part of a Spiritual Bawd, 'tis so indeed; but what Name shall we give it, when the Spiritual Bawd must deliver her self Corporally, or to speak out, must be Married to him whose Mind she hath Debauched from the Truth? Stay (Monsieur Impudent, said I) till I am up, and we shall then see whether you'll dare talk as now you do, in the mean time leave my Chamber: Ha, Sister, (said he) he that did not know you, would think you very Angry, but I am not come hither to quarrel with you. Methinks knowing my Natural Temper, you should have put a better interpretation on my words, than to take them as though they had been spoken out of Malice. I am come to take you for my Confident, and to be yours. We'll Discourse of that by and by, said I, this Chamber is not proper for such a Conversation, do you be in the lower Hall, and I'll meet you there in a short time: My Brother hearing this went out of my Chamber the same way that he came in. Immediately my waiting Gentlewoman came to dress me, after which I went down to the Hall, where I found my Brother expecting me.

As soon as he saw me, he said, I must confess that since the coming of Monsieur de Roche Blanche and his Family, I have found a great alteration in
my

my Perlon. I believe (said I, smiling) 'tis only Madamoiselle *de Garifelles* hath wrought this change, her Father and Mother having contributed nothing to it. 'Tis true, said he, but do you think that 'tis only the Beauty of this charming Girl that hath captivated me? her Spirit, her Humour, and a thousand other rare Qualities which she possesseth, have conquered me; and so conquered me too, that if I am not united to her in an indissoluble Bond, I shall never enjoy any Contentment in this World. As far as I see (answered E) I know more good news relating to you, than you do your self. And why, said he, wicked Creature that you are, did you not tell it me? And why, said I, are you grown so proud, that since you have had a Mistress, you disdain to remember that you have a Sister? and immediately I told him all that I had heard in the Garden. And Madamoiselle *de Garifelles*, said he, was she with you? Yes, Brother, said I, she was. And what said she (said he, with a kind of Transport)? Madamoiselle *de Garifelles*, said I, heard all the Discourse, as a Person of much Merit and Vertue.

I had no sooner spoke these last Words, but she came into the Hall with her Brother; Ah (said she,) I have surprized you both in a very earnest Conference. 'Tis true, said my Brother, my Sister hath told me some things so pleasant, and in which I am so much concern'd, that any other besides your self would have very much disoblighed me to have interrupted me. Then we'll withdraw again, said she. No, Madamoiselle, by no means, (reply'd my Brother) I must impart our Secret to you, though you knew it long before I did. You have done amis, said she to me. I have done like a good Sister, said I, who could no longer forbear

to

to assure a Brother whom she loves, of his Happiness ; my greatest Trouble was how to do it conveniently. But (said Monsieur de Haut-Cour, interrupting us) I have a Sister as good and faithful as Monsieur de Ponsins. Mademoiselle Garissoles and I looked on each other, and should possibly have reproached each other, had we not been both guilty : At length we judged it the best way to pardon each other mutually. We renewed our Amity, and our Brothers swore an eternal Union : For my part I could no longer conceal my Sentiments for Monsieur de Haut-Cour. And the beautiful Eyes of Mademoiselle de Garissoles spake so plainly in favour of my Brother, that 'twas ease for him thence to judge of the Motions of her Heart.

I shall not relate all the Discourse that passed this day, which was the last of Monsieur and Madam de Roche-Blanche's abode with us. My Brother had a private Conference with Monsieur de Haut-Cour, concerning the Method they ought to take to deceive my Mother: He was with her about an hour and half in the Afternoon, and she seemed very well satisfied with the Conversation she had with him. We all of us went into the Garden, but were nothing so chearful as formerly, the thoughts of a separation spoiling all our Mirth. My Mother had another Discourse with Monsieur de Haut-Cour, and one with Monsieur de Roche-Blanche. My Father entertained himself with Mademoiselle de Garissoles and me, and my Brother with Madam de Roche-Blanche ; what passed is not worth relating. The next Morning being come, our dear Guests, after many tender Adieus, took Coach to return, and left us very well satisfied with their Company, but very much afflicted at their Departure.

My Brother having acquainted my Father with my Mother's Designs on Monsieur de Haut-Cour, he judg'd the Conjuncture very favourable, and that 'twas fit to amuse her with some such Hopes, with the doing of which I were intrusted. My Brother had communicated his Thoughts to Monsieur de Haut-Cour, who acting in concert, wrote me such passionate Letters, as though he would have stuck at nothing to obtain me. My Brother on the other hand, although he was assur'd of my Father's Consent with respect to Mademoiselle de Garifelles; yet he pray'd my Mother to speak of it to my Father, who return'd a favourable answer. In a word, all things went well enough, when I found my self utterly stript in a moment, of all that Tranquility which I enjoy'd, expecting a favourable opportunity to make my Declaration.

This Stroke so sad, that I have reason for ever to lament it, was the Death of my Father, with whom I may truly say, all my Joy died too, and all my pleasures are buried. He fell sick some days after the departure of Monsieur de Roche Blanche. This Distemper was so sharp and violent, that we begun to doubt of his Life almost as soon as he complain'd; and the first day that he took his Bed, he foretold that he should never rise more. His sudden and violent Sicknefs so overwhelmed my Mother's Spirit, that we thought she would have accompanied my Father, who in the height of his Distemper, discours'd always with the same Moderation and Judgment that he had us'd when he was in perfect Health. My Mother was so weakn'd, that she could be carried but twice to see my Father, and that with all imaginable Inconveniencies; yet she would have me always with him, to serve him; and I believe that
God

God ordained it should be thus, that I might have opportunity to Discourse more familiarly with my Father, who spake such things as I shall never forget. Particularly on a certain day when he saw me by his Bed-side, he spake thus:

My dear Daughter, I should Joyfully leave this Life, if I saw your Body out of the sink of Superstition, as your Mind is. I always thought God would have made use of me in so good a Work, but I now see that in his Eternal Council he hath decreed to finish this great Work by another hand, for which I bless his Holy Name, as indeed we ought to bless him for all things: And because I feel my Life stealing away by little and little, and that in a short time you'll see me only a dead Carcase, take care to remember and profit by what you shall now hear.

Never had any one the design that you have, and persisted in it, but found himself surrounded with a multitude of Calamities. When men resolve to embrace the Truth, they must also resolve to enter into a vale of Tears, and into a Path covered with Thorns; that is to say, they must resolve to bear such hard and cruel Tryals and Afflictions, as that 'twere impossible to bear them without the special Grace of God. This hath made many who began to walk in the way of Truth, withdraw upon the sight of the many Labours, Miseries, and Reproaches wherewith they must encounter, and return to their old course of Mirth and Pleasure, whose End is yet weeping and gnashing of teeth.

How many things must you suffer, before you can put your good design in Execution! It may may be it will be discovered; it may be your Mother when she hears of it, will cause you to be carried

carried by force into a Nunnery, besides other severities which she'll use towards you. It may be also your Relations will try by all imaginable Flattery and Kindness to turn you from your Resolution, and will not have recourse unto rigour, till they find all their promises and allurements ineffectual. Try your self, *Justine*, whether you are able to resist this variety of Temptations; for if you find you cannot bear those Tryals, 'twere better for you to abide what you are, than after having embraced the Truth to Apostatize from it, by which you would far more grievously scandalize Men, and offend God.

But suppose you escape all those Miseries and Violences wherewith you are threatned by the Papists, yet you must undergo others from the Reformed, which are no less terrible and inevitable: Don't expect that the Integrity of their Manners should always correspond with the Holiness of their Religion. You'll find amongst them neither that Piety nor Charity, nor Modesty, nor Patience, nor Weanedness from the World, which you may fancy they have. Very few amongst them will take Notice of what you have done; and such as do, will yet do it with so much feebleness, coldness, and as it were constraint, that you'll be in great danger of being scandalized to see their Hearts so destitute of Zeal as they are.

You (my Daughter) have been tenderly Educated in your Father's House, of a very Ancient and illustrious Family in *Provence*, nor were you in likelihood to have left your Father's House, unless to enter into that of an Husband worthy of you: But alas, I fear you'll find it very hard to be forc'd from your own Country and Inheritance, to go into strange Countries, where you may be attack'd
with

with Misery or Sickness, or the Persecutions of your Relations, or it may be with all these Evils together. Can your Heart, which hath been used to Grandure, Delicacy and Pleasures, endure to be in Contempt, by reason of that Want and Indigence to which you may be reduced? Will it not regret the Onions and Flesh-pots of *Egypt*? Have you Resolution enough to bear the being thrown from the highest Prosperity into the lowest Abyss of Adversity in a moment? Speak, *Justine*, are you resolved to bear all these, and it may be such Evils as are yet more terrible, which it may please God to try you with?

One of the first Reflections (said I). that I ever made after I began to read the Holy Scripture, was, That I must prepare to bear the Cross of the Lord Jesus, if I would follow him; and although I represented to my mind all the Tribulations which may befall us, under the most terrible Ideas in the World, yet they could not hinder me from desiring to be joined to our Lord's invisible and Catholick Church.

God strengthen you (continued my Father) in this Holy Resolution, and support you by the Efficacy of his Holy Spirit. If you earnestly pray unto him, he'll bestow on you such Consolations as will make you regard all your Afflictions as light and easie. Remember, Daughter, that nothing can be more honourable than to abandon the Poms and Pleasures of the World, to follow Jesus Christ in Reproach and Shame; and nothing can be so excellent and lovely as to range your self under his Conduct in a time when such as are his seem about to leave him. Let no Difficulties Discourage you, and though your whole Life should be spent in Contempt and Misery; yet your Trou-

bles are but for a Moment, compared to that Glorious Immortality that waits for you.

I represent these things to you in their blackest Colours, to prepare your Spirit for Constancy under the most terrible Afflictions; but it may be God will graciously prevent your being exposed to them; yet 'tis good to be prepared for whatever may happen. You have often found a great deal of Pleasure in reading the History of the Martyrs, 'tis the best Book you can read next the Holy Scriptures. Continue still to read it, you'll therein find what will instruct and confirm you in the Truth; you'll also find Examples of all sorts of Persons to help you to persevere in the true Religion to the Death.

During this Discourse of my Father, I fell on my Knees and kissed his Hands, not being able to speak a word: But my Father went on, and laying his Right Hand on my Head, gave me his Blessing in these Words: My Daughter, said he, God who bestows excellent Favours on such dying Persons as he loves, hath in a manner, absolutely incomprehensible to Flesh and Blood, revealed to me, That he will accomplish all my Hopes concerning your entire Conversion, and your Perseverance in that Truth which you have already internally embraced; wherefore I beseech our good Lord, abounding in Eternal Mercies, that he would bless you with Spiritual Blessings, through Jesus Christ our Lord; that his Power may shine forth in your Infirmities, and his Praise in your Weakness; that he would make you victorious over all the Stratagems and Ambushes, and all the open violences of your Enemies; that he would be your Father, and his Holy Spirit your Guide in all your ways, to the end that you may finish your Life to
the

the Glory of your God. Heavenly Father (*said he, lifting up his hands.*) I recommend to thy Protection this poor Sheep, which thou hast begun to draw to thy self. Deliver her from the Mouths of ravenous Beasts; she is thy Creature, she is thine Image; she hath been redeemed by the precious Blood of thy well beloved Son, leave not thy work imperfect. but vouchsafe her an entrance into thy Spiritual Sheepfold, that she may have an assurance of entering thy Glory. Hear, O Lord, the Prayers of thy dying Servant, who calls on thy Name through the Merits of thine only Son our Saviour.

When my Father had ended, I again kissed his hand, and had only Power to say thus. Monsieur, *said I*, I will not (*said he*) have you call me thus, I am your Father. Father, then *said I*, I am so entirely resigned to your Will, that I am ready to obey you immediately, without any farther delay or precaution, happen what will. No, my Child, (*said he*) you must know that true Piety doth not make Persons rash in their Actions: I'll give your Brother such Direction as I judge fit; do you, obey him, and you'll do well enough.

At this very instant my Brother came into the Chamber: I am very glad to see you, *said my Father*, to recommend your Sister to your Care, to whom you must for the future be a Father, whatever it cost you. Monsieur and Madam *de Roche-Blanche* will assist her in making her Abjuration, which as soon as she hath done, take care to send her into *Germany* to our Relations there. I know your Mother will be mightily enraged at it, but 'tis better to obey God than Men. Use such secrecy in what you do, as a business of this importance requires; especially let none know which way your Sister is gone, nor where she is: I have taken

Care that you shall be sufficiently provided with Money for this Expedition ; In other things follow your own judgment. Above all, beg God that he would direct you to such means as are most proper for the accomplishment of this Design. As for other Affairs, follow my Directions ; especially shew all imaginable respect to your Mother, as your own Duty, her Virtue, and that tender Love she hath for you requires.

My Father would have continued his Discourse, but was seized with a fainting Fit, without doubt occasioned from his speaking beyond his strength. I was so affrighted at it, that I cry'd out so loud that all the Srevants of the House ran to our assistance. At length he revived again, and required that a Minister might be called. I have (said my Brother) sent for one, but he cannot possibly be here this Night : Well (said my Father) this shall not hinder my dying like a good Christian. He desired to see my Mother, and I went to call her, and she came into my Father's Chamber so pale and disorder'd, that I thought she would have Died before him. Madam, (said he) this is the time, the Moment of our Separation, after having lived a long time very happily together : I desire to see you for two Reasons, the one to thank you for the Care you have taken of me, and that Affection you have shown me ; and the other that you might be a Witness of my Death, and that you may judge whether it be possible that such as die in the Lord, as I am sure thro' Grace I shall, should be damn'd, as your Confessors oblige you to believe.

My Mother could not hear these sad words without sinking down on my Father's Bed, through Grief. Alas, Sir, said she, may I not die with you !

you ! What should I do in this World, having lost you, after having lived so sweetly with you ! I Conjure you, Sir, (said she) if I have failed in serving you according to your Merit, that you would Pardon my Ignorance. I have, Madam, (said my Father) no reason at all to complain of you ; on the contrary, I have been very happy in you, and therefore I Command my Children to obey you to the Death, (saving in Matters of Conscience) and if they do otherwise, they shall be deprived of my Blessing. But, Madam, I must end this Discourse to think on what is much more important, for time is very precious ; and remaining silent for some time, and having taken a small draught of a Cordial Portion, he with an intelligible Voice, Prayed thus, after he had desired my Mother to be attentive to it, and not to be displeased with his Words.

A *Lmighty God, and Merciful Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly prostrate my self before thy Divine Majesty, to thank thee for the many Favours and Protections thou hast vouchsafed me during the whole Course of my Life ; so that I have nothing else to say, but O Lord, thy Blessings are upon me, what shall I render thee for all thy Mercies ? and yet, O my God, I have offended thee a thousand ways, my sins exceed the Hairs of my Head in number ; my whole Life hath been a continual series of Iniquities ; I have sinned against thee, O Lord, even against thee, and have deserved to have languished under the severest strokes of thy rigour ; if thou shouldest deal with me as thou in Justice mightest do ; I must necessarily bear in my Body and Soul the marks of thy most dreadful Anger and Wrath : Yet though my sins have abounded, thy Grace doth much more abound, and hath surpassed thy Justice : Where-*

The History of

*what terror soever my sins cause in me, yet I trust
it through Jesus Christ my Saviour, they shall all be
done, and remembered no more; that the Blood of
Son shed on me shall cleanse me from all my filthiness,
that I shall with boldness appear before thy Throne,
which will be to me a Throne of Grace, and my Heart
anticipating my Deliverance from this Prison of the
ty of Death, flies towards thee.*

O God of Hosts, how pleasant are
The Tabernacles of thy Grace!
How full of most refreshing Joy,
Lord, is thy glorious Dwelling place!

My Soul doth long, yea fainteth for
The Courts and Dwellings of the Lord,
My Heart and Flesh cry after thee,
The living and the Holy God.

*break those feeble Bonds, O my God, that bind me
to the World, raise up my Soul to thee, and let the
ed Inspirations of the Holy Spirit accompli---*

He would have gone on, but could not then:
only said to my Brother, *Ferdinand*, read the
17th. Chapter of *St. John*, with the 25th, 26th,
27th Psalms, in prose, and as my Brother read
the words of the 27th Psalm, *Seek my Face, saith
Lord, my Father rendered them in Verse after
1:*

My Heart, O God, runs after thee,
I humbly beg thy Grace;
Then seek my Face, saidst thou to me,
Lord, I will seek thy Face.

Imme-

Immediately his Speech and Life left him. My Brother, who had till now suppressed his Grief, gave himself up to it, and fainted under it, as also did my Mother and I. Some of the Servants that were come into the Chamber, used their utmost endeavours to assist us, and get us thence. The whole House was full of nothing but grief and sorrow. My Father governed his House with such Order and severe Sweetness that all the Servants loved him, and yet trembled in his Presence: They were therefore exceeding sorrowful for the loss of so good a Master: But besides, they saw the Wife little different from her Husband, and the Son and Daughter from their Father. My Brother being of the strongest Nature, was the first that recovered, and came to himself, and took a special Care of my Mother, and also of me, who was longer bereft of my Senses than any other, as I had good reason to be, for I had been happy, had I died that very moment.

Never was there greater desolation than that my Father's Death caused in our Family; my Mother spent whole Days and Nights in Complaints; my Brother, who was of a very active Spirit, seemed to have lost all his Vivacity; and for my part I led a very languishing Life, hoping that in the end I should be overwhelmed with Grief, and thereby escape the Miseries which my Father had foretold, whose Predictions the event fully confirmed. In the mean time my Brother took Care for my Father's Funeral, which was a very honourable one, and at which were many Persons of the highest Quality, whom my Father's Virtue and Integrity had made his Admirers.

This was but the beginning of my sorrows, for I soon found my self in a Labyrinth of such pressing

sing Miseries, that 'tis a kind of Miracle, that I could bear up under them ; for I found my self at once deprived of my Father by Death, of my Brother by Absence, and separated from my Mother by an Implacable Hatred which she had conceived against me, which it seemed probable she would never lay aside.

My Mother had provided me with a Waiting-Maid that was a *Catholick*, and withal the most wicked and dangerous Hypocrite in all the Kingdom. My Father and Brother had often advised me to beware of her, which I did, so that she could never know what passed between my Father, my Brother and me, what diligence soever she used to pry into it, which vexed her exceedingly ; for my Mother had placed her with me as a Spy over all my actions, and had promised her a large Reward if she would discover what she knew, both concerning me in particular, and all the rest of the House. Yet was I once so imprudent as to lock up some Papers in her sight in a little Box (with the Key of which I would never trust her) which Papers were written with my Brother's hand, and contained the Discourses that he had with the Father *Matthew*, and some Notes on divers points of Controversie.

When I was sick, my Maid resolved to steal my Key from me, and I was so low, that I neglected all my ordinary Precautions, nor did I when I opened my Box observe that any thing had been taken out of it. In the mean time this cunning Slut *Soubrette*, knowing that should she have carried these Papers to my Mother during the height of her affliction, she should not at all please her, did what was far more devilish, carrying these Papers her self to the Father *Matthew*, adding what she thought

thought fit by word of Mouth. The Father having these Papers, resolved to lose no time to revenge himself on my Brother, and to prevent me from Executing my designs.

The first thing he did was to visit my Mother, and only discoursed her in the General, and at a distance, without discovering all that he had in his Mind. My Mother took but little Notice of what he said whilst he was with her; but having better considered it after his departure, sent to desire his Return; and the Good Father, who Expected such a message, would not let slip the opportunity, but made a full discovery of what he knew. If I knew my Mother aright, I believe that she had made him acquainted with all that she was resolved to do, especially about my Marriage with *Monfieur de Haut-Cour*, and being very well assured that the Father *Matthew* was an old crafty Fox, I believe that he shewed my Mother that she was abused. Yet because I cannot be positive in this, I shall only Discourse of the Consequences of this Affair.

I observed, that my Mother did not seem so much afflicted as she used to be, and that she conversed not with me or my Brother with her ordinary Familiarity, and that she would sometimes enter hastily into my Chamber, and view all places in it, and that she had frequent Discourses with my Maid. All these things made me open my Eyes, and begat in me a Suspicion lest I were betray'd by this Wretch. My Brother also was gone from home, being obliged to look after the Affairs of the Family, so that I had none that I could confide in. At length I was desperately alarmed by one of our Servants, who came to me and said, I know not, *Mademoiselle*, what Mischief is contriving in this Castle, I see some Preparations which don't please me; and your Waiting-

E s maid

maid was heard to say, That within three Days we should see a great alteration here. At the first hearing of this I was terribly surprized, and knew not what to say; but at length I said to this Person, Thou knowest where my Brother is, take the best Horse in the Stable, and go after him, and whatever business he is about, let him lay it all aside, and return immediately hither. If you please (said he) to write a Note to him, it will be better; upon which I hasten'd into my Chamber to write it, which I did in these Words.

My most Dear Brother,
Your Presence is so necessary at this time, that if you delay your Return but one Hour, you hazard the losing a Sister that loves you better than her Life. Adieu, my Brother. I have more need of your assistance than you have of my Words; nor have I time to tell you all that's done in this place.

I had left the Door of my Chamber open, and my Traiteress seeing that I wrote, hid her self, to see what I would do after I had written, and seeing that I delivered a Billet to the Servant, who was ready to take Horse when I brought it him, she ran and acquainted my Mother with it, who sent after him immediately to stop and search him; but he was gone too far, so that 'twas to no purpose. When my Mother saw this, she doubted lest I had discovered some of her Designs, for which reason she lookt athwart on me for a long time without saying a word to me: She had also fresh Discourses with my Maid, who did such things in my Presence that I had but too much reason to suspect that I was just upon the brink of ruine. I spent this Day in a great deal of Perplexity; foreseeing the Afflictions that were like
to

to besal me, which made me imploy all my time in reading the Holy Scriptures and in Prayer.

About Sun-fer my Mother sent for me into the Garden to speak with me there. This Message filled me with trembling and terrouir, yet I went down to her. I found my Mother alone in one of the Alleys; as soon as she saw me, she looked on me with Eyes that seemed to sparkle with Indignation, yet said nothing to me, as neither did I to her; so that for some time we both were silent. At length, your heart is very proud, *Mademoiselle Justine*, said she, to oblige me to speak first. Oh good God, (said I) what may this mean? Is it my part, Mother, to speak before you? Or not rather to expect your pleasure? She made no reply, but continued on her Walk, and I with her. But immediately I saw two Men enter the Garden, whom I knew not, (whereof one seemed of a good Carriage,) as also my Maid with some other Men, bringing with them such things as belonged to me.

I saw all these things without being able to guess what they meant, when my Mother asked them aloud, whether all things were ready? Yes, Madam, answered the Genteelest, they are. Then my Mother turning toward me, spake to me in such terms as were most bitter and cruel. Ingrateful and perfidious Daughter, said she, You have made it your business to deceive your Mother, the day is come, in which I'll revenge me on you, for all the Treasons which you and your Brother have acted against me, and hinder your damnable Projects. An Iron Grate shall secure you, and answer for all your actions during your life. Go, follow those Men, to whom I have given Orders what to do, unless you would have them drag you
to

to the place where I would have you be. The Passion that seized me on these last words, quite transported me. Drag me ! Said I, your Anger Madam, hath blinded you ; and lifting up my hand to Heaven, I said, I call God to witness of the perfidiousness and treachery which hath been acted against me, and I pray him to deliver me out of your hand, which I hope he will do. Farewell, Madam ; after this baseness the worst place in the World will be better to me than to be with you. And having said thus, I turned about, and gave my hand to the Genteelest of the two, and went out of the Garden by a Gate that led towards the High-way, where I found a Coach with four Horses, and four Troopers to guard it : I went into the Coach with my Maid and the two Men. It was above two hours after, before I spoke one word, and I was so overwhelmed with weariness, vexation and rage against my Ravishers, that I did not concern my self to enquire who they were, nor what had obliged them to take my Mother's part, and become the Ministers of her Violence.

My Maid was grown so impudent, that she durst insult over my Miseries, laughing at my very face. Take Courage, Mademoiselle, (said she) your condition is not so bad as you imagine. 'Tis bad to extremity answered I coldly, in that I am obliged to have before my Eyes such a Traiteress as you are, and which it may be hath not her like in all the World. See (said she) what Persons get by doing their Duty ! They are abused for doing good, you are only enraged against me because I opposed your Inclinations, which would have ruined your Soul. If (said I) you make not this insolent Wretch hold her Tongue, I'll throw my self
out

out of the Coach though it cost my Life. Ah, Mademoiselle, said she, you speak very loftily, as though you were still at *Ponsins*, it may be you would not do amiss to use your self to other Language. The Insolence of these words made me turn pale with Anger, which one of the Men perceiving imposed silence on *Soubrette*. If you hold not your Tongue, (said he to her) I shall find a means to force you to it, which you may repent of. This threatening stopt her mouth.

During this, the Night grew so dark, that in a Wood through which we were to pass, the Coachman mistook his way. The Troopers that guarded us called on all sides, to find some House where they might refresh themselves; but none answered their Calls but the Eccho of the Wood: At length I was resolved to spend the Night where we were; the two Men had the discretion to leave the Coach; after having shut it fast, rather to prevent my flight, than to secure me from the injuries of the Cold and Wind as they pretended. I had this day endured so many fatigues, and had taken so little rest some Nights before, that I slept very soundly till the Morning, when our Attendants were in a greater trouble than before, seeing themselves in an unknown Country in the midst of a vast Forrest, the Weather very misty, the ways exceeding bad, without Guide or Victuals, and without hopes of being able to reach to any other place.

They unharnessed the Horses of the Coach, and unbridled those of the Troopers, who were more happy than their Masters in that they had wherewith to fill their Bellies. This Accident rejoiced me exceedingly in my Troubles: Well, my Friends, (said I) you have carried me away by force

to kill me with hunger : I shall take my Death very patiently, for I desire nothing else but to have you keep me Company ; this I am sure goes against the grain with you. My Maid was upon the point of Despair ; in the mean time I had the comfort of insulting over her in my turn. Wretch that thou art, said I, thou art the cause of my Death, but righteous Heaven will that thou die with me ; and whereas I shall receive Consolation and Joy, thou art to expect nothing else but the Torment due to thy Treasons.

These words filled her with Confusion and Despair, for she had not a word to answer. After some time we again set forward ; but 'twas past Noon by my Watch, when we found our selves in the same place, and the Mist was so thick that we could discern our way no better than in the Night. At length 'twas resolved to send our four Troopers into four parts of the Wood to enquire the way, and to get us some Victuals. Three of them returned to us, after having rid a great way, and taken a great deal of Pains to no purpose. 'Twas then that I believed in earnest that we should be all starved, and having eaten but little for two days before, I was so very weak that I fainted, and they had a great deal of trouble to bring me to my self, though they threw abundance of water on my Face.

Just as I was recovered, the fourth Trooper returned, and told us that about a League and half off we should find a good Village ; whereupon I went into the Coach again, but not having strength to sit upright, I was forced to lye along, those that kept me Company placed themselves as well as they could, that they might not incommode me ; and at the end of some Hours we came to the Village,



Having been lost in a Wood, discover a Village.



M. S. Phale deliver'd by Young Rabours, &c.



*Four Troopers returning, meet M. Ponfin and
M. Haut-Cour.*



M. Ponfin punishes M. S. Phale's Maid.

lage, to the great joy of all our Company besides my self. In this Village we had some New Adventures, but you must give me leave to defer the Relation of them till another time.

CHAP. V.

THE whole Company being again met, one of 'em desired *Mademoiselle de St. Phale* to pursue her History; for, said she, we left you in a Wood, dying for Hunger, favour us so far as to acquaint us how you recovered your Life and Liberty.

There are some, answer'd she, that take such a Delight in relating their Miseries, that when they find no Men to hear them, will utter their Complaints to inanimate Creatures: I am not of this Humour, for 'tis to me a doubling of my Afflictions to relate them; yet I will deny my self to please you, if you can indeed find any pleasure in hearing that which so little deserves to be heeded by you.

The fourth Trooper that was sent to enquire the way, had indeed better success than the other three, but was so imprudent as not to take with him any Victuals, or a Guide to direct us, which I knew not whether to call an happiness or misery, because I rather desired Death than feared it. I lay in the Coach employed only in Prayers and Spiritual Meditations. Be of good Courage *Mademoiselle*, said the elder of those two to whom my Mother had committed me, we are told there is a Village within a League and half, in which you may rest and refresh your self. I hope said I, I shall die before

fore I come thither, and that thereby God will deliver me from my Mother's Violence, and you from the reproach of being its Ministers. Madam *de Ombreval*, answered he, loves you tenderly, and what she has done is only out of fear lest you should ruine your self, and she desires nothing else but to place you where you may entertain better Thoughts than those you had, and which have obliged her to use you as she doth. Though these words were somewhat insolent, yet I contented my self with saying, That God is righteous, and will sooner or later reward Men according to their wicked Designs.

Possibly you may wonder that my Mother should have so far lost her reason, as to abandon an only Daughter to the discretion of two Men, four Troopers, and a Chamber Maid whose damnable wickedness she well knew. I must say thus much in her justification, that these two Men were in a sense allied to our House, that the Elder had always a great deal of passion for my Mother's Interest, who for her part loved him and did him many kindnesses : So that he whose Name was *Monsieur de Rabours*, having but a mean Estate, and being driven to some straits, had reason to keep in my Mother's Favour, who paid him well for his Services. My Mother sent for him, discovered her Design to him, and furnished him with necessary Directions and Provision for carrying me into a Cloister till further Order. The Younger was a very honest Youth, of a good Carriage, and the other's Nephew, and would fain have discoursed with me, had I not been so carefully watch'd by his Uncle and my Maid.

The Evening approaching, my Maid left the Coach, and the Uncle went to give some Directi-

on.

on to the Troopers and the Coach-man for their being ready the next Morning, which gave the young *Rabours* the opportunity of speaking thus. If you, *Mademoiselle*, (said he) have been deceived, so have I, for I could never have imagined that they had engaged me in so base an action as this is. To convince you of my Repentance, command me any thing in which I may serve you, and I'll readily do it as becomes a Man of Honour. Do you, said I, speak sincerely? For after such baseness I have reason to distrust the whole World. If I deceive you, said he, may Heaven crush me with its Thunder, but my Actions shall free you from suspecting my sincerity. And for my part, said I, if God be so gracious to me as to free me out of these Troubles by your Means, I promise you as great an acknowledgement as you can expect from a Virgin of my Birth. Go, do the best you can, I give you full power to take what Course you can for my Deliverance.

We had hardly ended this short Discourse, when my Maid returned, and immediately after the Old *Rabours*, and a Country-man with him. Here is a good Man said he, which is as it were an Angel sent from Heaven, who offers to guide us to the Town of ----- will you go thither to Night (said he) You know, (said I very coldly,) that I have no will left me, do what you please. I believe, *Mademoiselle*, (said the Nephew) that we had best go thither this Evening, and am certain that all of us shall be better there than here. Do what you will, said I, you have no power over me but what God hath given you, and which he can also take from you. Hereupon the Uncle and the Nephew discoursed together some short time, and the result of their Consultation was, That the Troopers were commanded

commanded to bridle their Horses which led at large, and the Coach-man to harness his, which was all done in a quarter of an hour. When every thing was ready, the Countryman, who perfectly knew all the turnings of the Forrest, got upon the Coach, and after a small wind had dissipated the Fogg, the Moon shone very bright, so that all things seemed to concur for our Deliverance, out of what seemed to us an enchanted Forrest.

We had an hour's riding before we could reach the Village; but when we were once got out of the Wood, every one of us seemed somewhat comforted, in the hopes we had of refreshing our selves when we came to our Quarters, whither at length we came, though 'twas after Eleven at Night. As soon as we were come, I fell into a deeper swoon than ever; so that they could not bring me to my self, either by throwing Water on my Face, or by any Tortment they inflicted on me. At length we arrived at the Gate of the best Inn in the whole Place, where the old *Rabours* demanded whether there were any Lodgings for us: The Landlady of the House replied, that all her Chambers were taken up by the Company of another Coach, except two, which, if we lik'd them, were at our service, and invited us to see them: For my part (said the Nephew) I judge it best to take any that we can have; for seeing she now lies in a swoon, if she should happen to die under our Hands, we shall be accused of being her Murderers; and her Mother, who hath committed her to you, will not fail of requiring the Life of her Daughter of you, and make her self a Parry against you. You say well, Cousin, said the Uncle (as I was since told) let us carry her up, her indisposition is caused only by weariness, fasting, and the fatigues that she hath

hath endured; one moment's rest and refreshment will recover her, and to morrow we'll continue her Journey.

Having said thus, they took me out of the Coach, more like a dead Person than a living, and laid me on a Bed, where I found my self as soon as I revived, encompassed with a great many People, who were very earnest to help me; among others there were two very beautiful Ladies that sat on my Bedside, and a Lady that seemed to be their Mother. I lookt upon them with a great deal of Disturbance, which Persons use to be under upon their recovery out of a swoon: Is it possible (said I) that I am yet alive? Oh! how much better for me is Death than Life! Mademoiselle, said the old Lady, consider I pray you, that seeing we are ignorant of what God hath determined concerning us, 'tis the Duty of a Christian to resign her entirely to his Will; and to follow the Example of Jesus Christ our Lord, and to say with him, *Not my Will, but thy Will be done.*

Madam (answered I) I am extremely oblig'd to you for your Civilities towards a poor Stranger, who was the day before yesterday, happy amongst all those of her Birth and Quality, and whom you now see to be a wandering Vagabond, ready to die under the Cruelty of her Mother, who intends to force her into a Convent: But, Madam, added I, may I know to whom I am oblig'd for the care you have taken of me, for methinks you speak not the Language of Roman Catholics. No, Mademoiselle, replied she, neither I nor my two Daughters do, nor by God's Assistance ever shall speak it. Blessed be the Lord, said I, that hath made me meet with some of the Household of Faith, such as are enlightened by his Truth. Here-
upon

upon I remembered what I heard my Father say on his Death-bed, *Oh the depth of the Riches of the Wisdom, and of the Knowledge of God! How wonderful are his Judgments, and his Ways past finding out!* I have been hurried out of my Father's House to be cast into an Abyſs, out of which I am hardly eſcaped; and God hath by his good Providence caſt me into ſuch Company, as were capable of turning me into the way of Life, had I ſtrayed from it.

In the mean time the Uncle and the Nephew lookt on each other with ſome ſurprize: At length the Uncle, impatient of any further delay, and vext at our diſcourſe, Madamoifelle, ſaid he, I believe you are now ſtrong enough to eat, for we muſt go hence in two Hours. And for my part, ſaid I, I am weary of travelling by Night, and declare that I will not leave this Place till the Morning. Madamoifelle, ſaid he, I ſhall only tell you that I dare not tranſgreſs the Orders your Mother hath given me. Hath my Mother (ſaid I in a Paſſion) hath my Mother commanded you to kill me with Miſery and Hunger on the Road? And hath ſhe obliged you to be my Executioner, as you have almoſt been already? I cannot (reply'd he with ſome heat) be your Executioner, ſince I endure the ſame fatigue that you do, your ſwooning excepted. But to tell you plainly, know, that I have Orders not to ſtop in any place where there are any *Huguenots*, and I am reſolved not to tranſgreſs them; wherefore, Madamoifelle, prepare your ſelf for your Journey in two hours at fartheſt. If you drag me hence, ſaid I, you ſhall do it by piece-meal, for I had rather die than be any longer in the hands of ſuch a Brute as you are.

The Nephew hearing this Discourse, Uncle, (said he) you must not too strictly follow the Orders which Madam *d'Ombreval* gave you, who never imagined that such Accidents would have befallen her Daughter. There are certain Occasions in which we must be governed by Prudence. Monsieur Nephew, (said the old *Rabours*, with a kind of a forc'd Smile) you are but a Young Man, 'tis not your part to give Counsel, neither will I take it. 'Twill appear in the end (said the young *Rabours*) who will have most thanks. Hereupon he arose, and left the Chamber for a quarter of an hour.

Whilst he was out of our Company, he went into a lower Room where the Troopers were, who eat and drank very heartily, thereby endeavouring to make amends for their former Trouble. They did not at all observe him, so that he took their Carbines and Pistols, and made the Powder that was in their Pans so wet, that 'twere impossible to discharge them without a Miracle. He would also have seized on their Hangers, but he could not find them. Having done thus, he returned towards the Chamber, and met at the Stair-head a Gentleman that said thus unto him: Is it possible, Sir, that this Lady is the Daughter of Monsieur *d'Ombreval*, formerly Camp-Master, who died some Months since? The very same, Sir, said the Nephew. If so, said the Gentleman, your Life or mine go, before you shall carry her any where against her Mind. There's no need of that, said the young *Rabours*, and if you are a Person of Honour, I desire your Assistance. Explain your self (replied the Gentleman). I'll explain my self in this Chamber (answered he): and immediately

diately they came both into the Chamber where we were.

He found his Uncle, who still earnestly urged me to arise, I don't know what he would have done at length, but the sight of his Nephew, who came and sat at my Beds foot, stopt his Mouth. Mademoiselle (said the Nephew to me) set your Mind at rest, I assure you I will die at your Feet before they shall offer you any Violence. I have been drawn in to be a Partner in a base Action; I was utterly ignorant of the Design, but now I plainly see the Injustice they have done you, I am resolved to make a Reparation for a Fault that I have against my Will committed. Then I am delivered, cried I with a Transport of Joy, I see how God doth from time to time provide means for my Assistance. You don't know all, said he, for Monsieur here (shewing me the Gentleman) was about to have fought me, thinking that I had been one of your Ravishers. Immediately the Gentleman came to salute me, and made me many obliging Protestations; whom I answered with such Civilities as were suitable to my present Necessity, and as so generous a Gentleman deserved. In the mean time the old *Rabours* left the Chamber, and his Nephew believed he was gone to work no ordinary Mischief, which caused him to have a secret Conference with this Gentleman and another that was his Companion, a Man of great Honesty and Bravery: The Result was, that the Ladies were to retire into a Chamber, where they might be free from all Insults. The old Lady was afraid some Mischief would be done; but *Rabours* assured her, that all the Mischief would be some Noise and a vain Fear, and that he had taken sufficient Care to prevent all other. They led me therefore into
their

their Chamber, the Door of which we bolted, where instead of going to Bed, we fell to Prayers, that God would prevent the Misery wherewith I was threatned.

We were but just gone away when the old *Rabours* came up the Stairs, followed by the four Troopers, with their Pistols at their Girdles, and their Carbines in their Hands; intending to carry me away by force, and to kill all that should oppose their Design; they found the young *Rabours*, to whom the Gentlemen had lent a Pistol, which he held in one hand, with his Sword drawn in the other, and the two Gentlemen were in the same posture: They had left the Door open, so that they might freely enter; the old *Rabours* rushed in first, asking for me: She is, (said one of the Gentlemen named Monsieur d'Arbaux,) gone to her rest, with Persons of honour, with whom 'tis fitter she should be than with such as you. If she comes not immediately and go with me, assure your selves that it shall cost you dear, be you what you will, especially that Traytor there, (pointing to his Nephew.) We have had to do with worse Lads than you are, (said the Gentleman very boldly) and you are not such as we should be afraid of.

The old *Rabours* stayed not to return any Answer, but presenting his Pistol to his Nephew's Breast, Raskal, said he, bring me *Mademoiselle de St. Phale*, or thou art a dead Man. Uncle, replied the Nephew, pray address your self to some body else, for I would not have the honour of fighting with you. This scornful Answer enraged the old *Rabours* beyond measure; so that he endeavoured to have discharged his Pistol on his Nephew, but as the young *Rabours* knew very well

well before, it took not fire. However this Attempt of his Uncle so enraged him, that he fell upon him, threw him to the ground, and wrested his Sword out of his hand. The Troopers endeavoured to assist the Uncle, but the Gentlemen hindered them, which forced him to cry out, Fire you cowardly Raskals, fire upon them. They needed not many words to move them to this, but immediately attempted to discharge their Carbines, which had no more effect than if they had not been loaded and primed ; which made them betake themselves to their Pistols, but the thing was still the same. The Gentlemen irritated with these affronts, gave them many blows with the flats of their Swords, threw them to the ground, and trod them under their Feet ; all which they did with ease, as having to do with Persons that were half Drunk ; they also took from them their Carbines and Pistols. In a word, the young *Rabours* told me the next Morning, that there was never seen a more furious Combat without any Bloodshed.

The old *Rabours*, who was much more vexed for having lost me, than for all the ill success of his Enterprize, knew not what measures to take : for my Mother, on whose Charity he lived, he concluded would for ever banish him her presence ; and this was what he feared more than any thing else in the World. He found the Landlady of the House, and enquired of her what the Name of the Judge of that Village was, but he happened to be from home. This mock fight being over, as I have related it, the three Gentlemen came laughing into our Chambers, and shewed us the prey they had gotten from their Enemies. After they had been with us for some time, the Old Lady
said

said to us, Let us not laugh yet, for I am still afraid of some unhappy issue of this business; not that those who attack'd you can do us any injury; but *Madam d' Ombreval* will certainly arm all the whole Church of *Rome* against us, to revenge this Affront, as soon as she shall hear of it. You have no reason to fear (said I) for none of them knows my Deliverers: And if the storm must fall on any Body, 'twill be on the young *Rabours*, whom yet I hope to find a way to secure from it. Let us only consider (said *Monsieur d' Arboux*) what course to take to morrow, for *Mademoiselle de St. Phale* must, if she approve it, go with us. This offer was too advantageous to be refused, so that I embraced it with all my heart.

Whilst we were discoursing of these things, one of the Troopers came up to our Chamber, desiring to speak with the young *Rabours*, who would not hear him, but in the presence of all the Company, to which he consented, and confessed that he had been unhappily engaged in a shameful Action; and that if he would restore his Carbine and Pistols, he would immediately retire to his own home. And why should we take your word, answered he? have we not just reason to believe, after the Attempt you have made on us, that should we deliver you your Arms, you would employ them against us. I confess, replied the Trooper, you have reason to suspect me; but if I immediately return home, I believe you are generous enough to send them me, and in this hope I leave them with you.

Methought the Trooper's offer was very reasonable, so that I answered in *Rabours* his stead, that he should certainly have his Arms restored, if he would keep his Promise. I also fancied that this

Trooper might be of farther use to me ; and therefore, Friend, (said I) how much were you promised for your Pains? Tell me freely. Mademoiselle, (answered he) I'll conceal nothing from you : Madam your Mother promised each of us four *Louis d'Ors*, whereof we received one in hand, besides all Charges, which were to be paid by Monsieur *Rabours*. You know, (said I) that not having carried me to the place appointed, you will be frustrated of the rest of your payment, and God grant that she deal not more severely with you, for you may easily imagine that now you shall never carry me with you, and that those that have delivered me out of the hands of *Rabours*, will defend me from his Violence. I have told you already, Mademoiselle, (replied the Trooper,) and I again assure you, that I'll not be any more concerned with them, but immediately retire home : And to convince you that I truly repent of the Crime I have committed, I am ready, if occasion offer, to spend my Life in your Defence.

I thank you, said I; yet I have thought upon a way in which you may advantageously serve me, without exposing your self to any danger ; and I assure you, you have reason to promise your self a better gratuity from me, than you could expect from my Mother, though you had succeeded in your project. Go to your Companions, show them the impossibility of carrying me hence ; and that consequently they must expect no further Reward from my Mother ; but assure them, that if they will all of them return home, they shall receive the four *Louis d'Ors* from my Brother, to whom I'll write in their Favour ; and for my own part I promise you six, besides what you may expect from my Liberality. My Companions (said he)

he) are so drunk and mad, that they talk of nothing but of burning the house, to revenge themselves of the Affront which they have received; but were they once come to themselves, I might possibly work somewhat upon them. You may assure them, that my Brother will not fail of pursuing us, according to the Advice that I have given him; who, if he find them before they have made their peace with me, will deal with them without any Mercy.

Indeed, Mademoiselle, replied the Trooper, you have brought a very pleasant Stratagem into my Head, and which may have good success. Let some one of the Gentlemen that are with you, feign himself to be sent from Monsieur *de Ponsins*, and let him enquire at this house whether you are, or have been here, or any can discover whether you are gone? I'll instruct the Landlady in what she ought to say, and if the Gentleman ask for you, come to your Chamber-door and answer him according to his Demands. In the mean time I'll place my Companions in a place where they shall hear all that passeth, and I'll so terrifie them with the coming of Monsieur *de Ponsins*, that they shall immediately take Horse and fly with all imaginable speed, leaving Monsieur *Rabours* with the Coach in pawn for the reckoning.

This Device was very well approved of by all our little Assembly, and something also was added to it, and one of the Gentlemen offered to act the part of the Trooper that was to be sent out upon the Enquiry; he immediately drew on his Boots, and fitted himself for the Journey, and having gotten his Horse in a readiness, he went down by a private pair of Stairs, mounted, and having fetcht a compass, about Day-break he returned by the

High-way to the House in which we were, where being come, he desired to speak with the Landlord; upon which the Landlady appearing, Madam, (said he) is there not a Coach lately come to your House? There are two, answered she, But is there not one, (replied the pretended Trooper) in which is a young Lady cloathed in mourning, accompanied with two Men and a Chamber-maid, and guarded with four Troopers? There is such a one, (said the Landlady,) but would to God I had never seen it, it hath caused such uproars in my House. What, (said he) have these People been guilty of any Disorder? Here-upon the Landlady gave him a full Account of what he knew very well before, with many pleasant Exaggerations. Madam, answered Monsieur *de Chables*, (for so was the Gentleman called,) don't trouble your self, they shall pay for the damage they have done you; and if you have any resentment against these Wretches, you shall have the pleasure within these two Hours, to see your self fully revenged on them. You do but jest with me, (said she.) To convince you (answered he) that I speak sincerely, know that I belong to Monsieur *de Ponsins* the Brother of Mademoiselle *de St. Phale*, who is but a little way off with a number of Troopers, whom he hath sent into all Parts to enquire for the Coach which he seeks; I have been so happy as to find it, and will now return to inform him of it. But I would first speak one word to Mademoiselle *de St. Phale*, you can hardly do that, Sir, (said the Landlady,) she is in Bed, and I dare not disturb her. My Business to her (said the Trooper) is of the greatest importance; hold, there's a Crown for you, do me this favour. The Landlady made him a low reverence, and
 easily

readily taking the Crown, said, she would do what she could. All these things were contrived before, so that I was up, and seemed very willing to discourse with the Trooper, who came up the Stairs, taking his Pistols with him, and met me at my Chamber door. I am (said he) beyond expectation happy to find you and Discourse with you. Your Brother is but two short Leagues off, well accompanied : So that if you can but retard your Journey two hours, you will be absolutely delivered. I believe, (answered I) that those who have so generously assisted me in my need, will not leave so honourable an Action imperfect, but will continue their assistance till that time ; but yet I beg you let there be no delay. No, Mademoiselle, said he, you have no need to fear that : After this he went down, remounted his Horse, and returned by the way he came a swift Gallop ; and having fetch'd a small Compass came into the back-door of the House, where a Servant waited for him, pluck'd off his Boots, and came up to the Chamber where we were, by the private Stairs, none perceiving any thing of this farce but those that were made acquainted with it.

In the mean time *Gonjou* played his Game well on the other hand, (for so was the repenting Trooper called) for he took care to make his Companions hear the Dialogue between *M. de Charles* and the Landlady, and afterwards that between him and me, for we spake aloud on purpose. The Landlady told me, when I spake to the pretended Trooper, that I need not be afraid the other Troopers would hear me, for, said she, being drunk like Pigs, they'll sleep like Pigs. Yet they hearkened very attentively, the first Vapours of their Wine being spent, so as they were capable of

Reason, and it may be of Fear. For my part said *Gonjou*, I'll be gone, I am not mad to wait the coming of *Monsieur de Ponsins*, 'twill be dreadful to meet him when he is in a rage. I am sure if I can avoid meeting him here, I shall make my peace with him; but if I should meet him here, I shall be dealt worse with than I have already been. Farewel, my Friends, I'll advise you nothing, you know what you have to do; for my part, I am resolved to retire while I may, without staying any longer for the Storm.

These words spoken by the bravest of the four, struck them all with amazement, and made them resolve to be gone. But how shall we do this? (said one of the three) we have not only lost all hope of the four *Louis d'Ors*, but they have taken also from us our Carbines and Pistols; I dare not return after such an Affront, I had rather tarry till *Monsieur de Ponsins* comes, though I hazard my Life by it. We may do what's much better, said *Gonjou*, *Madamoiselle de St. Phale* is Good and Generous, let's beg her Pardon and submit our selves to her Will, we can get no hurt by doing thus. Let's go, said the other, my mind gives me all will be well. The two other Troopers readily embraced this Advice; so that *Gonjou*, who brought them to me, and who spake the best of the four, spake for all the rest, as near as I can remember in these words. *Madamoiselle*, said he, here are we four penitent Criminals, come to implore your Mercy: We confess we have done amiss, and those that seduced us, never told us that we were to be Assistants in so base a Violence, much less against a Person of your Merit. But though we might plead our ignorance for our Justification, we had rather have recourse to your Clemency, and beg

beg you to pardon us, and we shall immediately return to our own homes, if you please to order our Arms to be restored to us.

I would not (said I) do you any hurt for what you have done against me, both because you were seduced, and because you never lost the respect you owed me but when you were not your selves, so I pardon you with all my heart. Your Pistols shall be restored you, but for your Carbines, you are not to expect them till you are at your own homes. Prudence obligeth me to deal thus with you, I assure you also of my Brother's Pardon, who will pay you more than my Mother promised you, for which I pass my word before all these worthy Persons present. They seemed very well satisfied with what I said. After this they withdrew, and went to see the Old *Rabours*, who was almost mad at this Change. They quarrelled some time about the Reckoning; but I sent them word that they should be gone, and that I would discharge it, and keep the promise I had made them. They therefore left us about six in the Morning, it being day all abroad.

Hitherto all things went well, but the excess of my happiness had like to have caused me greater trouble than that which I had escaped. My Brother was indeed in the Country making a diligent search for us, accompanied with Monsieur de *Haut-Cour*, and twelve Troopers, who were all of them either of the Reformed Religion, or extraordinary Admirers of my Brother. They found out the way that we had taken, and having Guides they passed through the Wood without losing themselves as we had done, they rode hard all Night, and were but a quarter of a League from this fatal Village, when they met our four Troopers, who

were surrounded with their twelve, and Monsieur *de Haut-Cour* and my Brother were about to have sacrificed them to their Fury: Which *Gonjou* seeing, Monsieur *de Pensins*, (said he) I beg you not to follow the first motions of your Anger, but hear me. We are going back by *Mademoiselle de Se. Phales* leave, who is at Liberty, and hath promised us upon Condition that we would leave her, to make our peace with you. And where is my Sister? (said my Brother.) She is (continued *Gonjou*) in the Village that is before you in very good Company. If you please we'll guide you thither. Yes (answered my Brother) you shall go with us, either freely or by constraint; for, said he, if you have given her the least reason to complain, or have lost that respect you owed her, your Lives shall answer it. We are very well pleased (said *Gonjou*) with what you say, we'll go with you with all our Hearts. Hereupon they were all four placed in the midst of twelve Troopers, and making what convenient haste they could towards the Village, came thither just as we were about to break our Fast, we having had no great desire to eat any thing, in so troublesome a night. As soon as I heard the noise of the Horses in the Court, I looked out at the Window, and saw Monsieur *de Haut-Cour* and my Brother, I immediately made the greatest haste imaginable down, and ran to embrace my Brother: Ah Sister, (said he) are you at liberty? Yes Brother (said I) thanks be to God I am. At this very instant Monsieur *de Haut-Cour* came up to me, and discovered by his Joy the terrible Fear he had been under of losing me, at which I was extremely pleased.

In the mean time the two Gentlemen who had so generously defended me, together with the Old
Lady

Lady and her two Daughters, came down to us : I presented them to my Brother and Lover, and gave them an account of their kindness towards me, to which they returned the most obliging answers in the World. The young *Rabours* thought not fit to appear with them ; but I declared his Carriage towards me, which so touched them, that they were impatient till they saw him. At length he came, and my Brother and Lover affectionately embraced and thanked him for his Noble and Generous Actions, with many sincere Protestations never to forget them as long as they lived.

All this while Old *Rabours* lay upon a Bed, having his Mind tormented with a thousand cruel imaginations, he had not served my Mother according to her Expectations; and had mortally offended my Brother and me ; not to mention Monsieur *de Haut-Cour*, who had reason to be enraged with him ; and his Fear was increased, when he understood that my Brother, with all his Company, was come to the House in which we were, the Young *Rabours* intreated for him, that my Brother would Pardon him: For your sake, said my Brother, I would do harder things than this, though he hath extreamly forgot himself and his Duty ; but seeing God hath been pleased to restore my Sister, I am content to pass by all. You are at Liberty, my Friends, (said he) to the Troopers, whom he had forced to come back, with him. But there's more to be done, said I ; I promised them four *Louis d'Ors* a piece if they would go home, and leave me at Liberty, which they did. Well, Sister, I'll add to what you have promised them, and give each of them Six. It (said I) you give them six a piece, *Genjou* must have ten ; upon which I gave him an account of the Industry and Artifice

which *Gonjou* had made use of in serving me. I'll out bid you once more. Sister, (said my Brother) he shall have twelve. But this is not all yet, said I, I must beg your Pardon for my waiting-Maid. Indeed, answered my Brother, 'tis against her that I am most enraged; this Wretch to whom you have shewn so much kindness, and on whom you have laid so many obligations, hath yet been so wicked to betray you, I can hardly resolve to pardon so base a Creature; yet since you desire it, I will do it, however I am resolved to terrifie her a little for my Satisfaction.

As soon as we first came to this Village, this Wretch gat her immediately into the Kitchen, and fed so heartily on what first came to hand, that she never thought on me; afterwards finding her self somewhat sleepy, she threw her self upon a Bed, so that I saw her no more: She slept so heartily that she heard nothing of all the disorders of the Night. The People of the House shewed us the Chamber in which she lay, into which we should have gone, had not the Young *Rabours*, who went to seek his Uncle, brought him to us, partly willingly, and partly by force. He was as pale as a Malefactor, that every minute expects the stroke of Death---- I perceived the Confusion he was under, and pitied him; Monsieur *de Rabours*, (said I to him) lay aside your fear, my Brother hath already Pardoned you, and is disposed to bestow on you greater marks of his Generosity than ever you received from my Mother. Hereupon my Brother spake to him thus.

Monsieur *de Rabours*, said he, God who knows the secret of my Heart, is my witness, that I now have no grudge against you. 'Tis enough for me that I see your Desigas frustrated, as they were unhappily

happily conceived. What did you think when you made your self the Instrument of my Mother's Fury, to act this Violence against my Sister, and drag her as (it were) against her Consent into a Convent? Where were those Principles of Generosity that ought to reign in a Gentleman, when you undertook an Action that many Peasants would have abhor'd as unworthy and base? 'Tis true, you did nothing against the Daughter, but by the Mother's Order; but should you not have considered, that there are some Commands which Justice obligeth us not to obey? What Right had you in my Sister, that you should presume to imprison her during her Life, or at least so long as her Mother's Rigour should endure? What Benefit could you expect from this? possibly some Re-ompence from my Mother: But had you not reason to believe that in time her Displeasure would give place to the Voice of Nature; and that when my Mother should come to her self, she would be extremely troubled at what she had done, and vent all her Rage on those that had been too prompt and officious in serving her in it? What a shame is it that Monsieur your Nephew should teach you your Duty, and that he should be the first that was sensible of the Injury he did, in pursuing so base an Enterprize? I'll say no more of this matter, but I assure you for your Comfort, that you may promise your self more Kindness from me, than ever my Mother shew'd you. And having said that, my Brother gave him his Hand in token of a perfect Reconciliation.

The old *Rabours* would have return'd an Answer, but my Brother perceiving the Trouble he was under, stopt him, saying. I'll hear you another time. Immediately he went into the Chamber, where

where my Maid lay asleep ; he had with him my Lover, four of his Troopers, and the Landlady of the House : This Wretch was still in a sleep, when my Brother awak'd her, pulling her violently by the Arm ; Traiterous Wretch, said he, Where's my Sister ? Upon this she started up, and was for some time not able to speak a Word. Speak, said my Brother, Where's my Sister ? unless thou wilt be immediately put upon the Rack, and have thine accursed Life torn from thee by Violence : I'll wait no longer ; Ropes there, presently ; I am resolved to have the Pleasure of seeing the wickedest Creature the Sun ever saw, die in the midst of Torments. Ah, Monsieur (cry'd she) she is at Rest in a Chamber here by. No, Mistress, said the Landlady, you are out in that, she went away above three hours ago in the Coach, with the Gentlemen that came with her, and the four Troopers. And why (said she, weeping) did no body call me, that I might have gone with them ? The old Monsieur *de Rabours*, replied the Landlady, told me, that he had Orders from Madam *d' Ombreval*, to leave you in the first Quarters they should lodge at, and to continue their Journey without you ; 'tis true they paid for you, so that you may go where you will, I have nothing to demand of you.

It may be (said my Brother) you may have nothing to demand of her, but I have ; I'll force her to tell me where my Sister's gone, for she knows the Place to which they have carried her. No, Monsieur, said she, I'll swear I know nothing of it. Thou wilt not tell me, thou Wretch (said he) bind her fast, I'll extort it from her by force. Hereupon the Troopers came towards her with Ropes and red hot Pincers ; which she seeing, screecht
our

out aloud, wept, and fell down at my Brother's Feet, embraced the Knees of my Lover, rolled herself on the Ground, tore her Hair, cursed her Destiny and Wickedness, which had reduced her to so much Misery. Confess, treacherous Wretch, said my Brother, where's thy Mistress. Alas, Monsieur, said she, I cannot tell: If you are resolved to kill me, yet what will it profit you to torment me, to force me to confess what I do not know. I believe indeed (said the Landlady) that she doth not know, for the Reasons I have already told you. I am inclined to think so too, said my Brother, but she shall die, she shall be hang'd at the first Tree we come to; let somebody call a Priest to confess her. This Sentence filled her with Despair: *Alas, my God, (said she) I have betrayed those that confided in me, and never did me any Injury, and I am betrayed by those whom I trusted; as I dealt with my good Mistress, so am I now dealt with: Ah, Mademoiselle de St. Phale, Ah, my good Lady, wherever you are, I beg you to believe that I die with infinite regret for having betrayed you: Alas, you said but two days ago, that God is just, and that he would reward me according to my Desert; I mockt you then, but I see now 'tis not good mocking any, especially those that have the Gift of Prophecy.*

Monsieur de Haut-Cour and my Brother were forced to turn away their Faces, to hinder themselves from laughing; for my part, I heard all from the next Chamber, which was only parted from hers by a Ceiling of Boards, and I laught as heartily as ever I did in my Life: Madam de Garde, her two Daughters, and the Monsieurs d'Arbaux and de Chables, were of the same Humour. At length I could hold no longer, but cryed out aloud, *Pardon, Pardon.* Ah, cryed the Criminal,

'tis

the Voice of my good Mistress : For God's
Mademoiselle de St. Phale, come to my assist-
 e, for I hope only in you. Look, said *Monsieur*
Irbeaux, you are made a Saint while you are
 e, notwithstanding you ate a *Huguenot*, you
 not but assist a Devoto that Prays with so much
 restness, you will have no Customers if you
 lect the first Invocation that's address'd to you.
 d not tarry to return an Answer to this Rallery,
 went immediately into the Chamber where
 Brother and my Lover were. As soon as my
 id saw me, she washed my Feet with her
 ars, she kissed them, and made me an hundred
 yets, which I answered in a few words.

would not, said I, speak for thee till now,
 ause I was sure they would do the no other In-
 y but affright thee, though indeed I might justly
 enge me on thee : But God forbid that I should
 cover any Animosity against any one, on a day
 which he hath miraculously delivered me out
 ny Enemies hands. I pardon thee, and I do
 incerely, I am sorry that thou hast made thy
 incapable of living with me, 'twere a breach
 'rudence ever to trust thee more ; but I'll give
 : some Testimony not only of my Goodness,
 also of my Liberality. You are my Good
 bress, answered she, you can do nothing but
 t is Good and Generous, I now feel my self
 bly touched with an extreame regret for having
 ided you, a regret that will eternally abide
 me. I caused her to arise from the Ground,
 re she lay prostrate ; afterwards she begged
 Brother's and my Lover's Pardon ; they both
 d her, and gave her Money : I also opened
 ffer which I had, and gave her somewhat of

a good value, with a promise that I would give her more hereafter.

During these and some other passages, dinner was ready, which if it were not very delicate in it self, yet the good Stomachs which we all had, made it seem to be so. There were two Tables, at the largest of which sat the sixteen Troopers, my Brother having strictly charged all that came with him not to say any thing to the others about what had passed, for fear of some new disorder. At the other Table were Madam de Garde, her two Daughters, the two Gentlemen her Sons in Law, viz. the *Monsieurs d'Arbaux* and *de Charles*, my Lover, Brother, and my self, with the two *Rabours*. All the passages of the last Night were buried in silence for fear of rubbing upon those wounds which could not yet be well healed.

After Dinner we were much concern'd to think what course we should take, especially with respect to me, where 'twas fit I should retire; and also with respect to the Old *Rabours*, what he should say to my Mother, who we knew was not a Woman to be put off with bare pretences.

As for what concern'd me, Madam de Garde generously offered me her House, where I might safely make my retreat, till we should have more leisure to take new measures: This offer she made in such an obliging manner, that I could not but accept it. Concerning the excuse of the Old *Rabours*, 'twas thought fit that he should pretend that he was fallen sick in a certain Village, and that during his Sicknefs, I had made my escape in a Disguise; and that they could get no News of me notwithstanding all the Diligence they used. I confess I had some repugnance at passing in the World for a Runaway, but my Brother told me that

that I must go out of *France Incognito*; and that 'twas fit I should submit to what I knew in my Conscience to be most Innocent, to which at length I consented, because my Brother and Lover approved of it, as done out of pure necessity.

After these Resolutions were taken, and all the Troopers except the four first were sent back, and the reckoning discharged, we resolved to stop there all that Day and the Night following, to refresh and rest our selves. My Brother had a Conversation with *Madam de Garde*, and her two lovely Daughters, (who were the Wives of *Monsieur d'Arbaux*, and *Monsieur de Charles*;) who with the two *Rabours* spent some time in play, so that *Monsieur de Haut-Cour* and I were left alone.

My Lover was extremely glad to see me delivered, because he was terribly afraid lest he had lost me for ever, which he would have done, had they carried me into the fatal Cloister where I was to have been buried alive. My Joy was not, it may be, inferiour to his, though I had a greater command over my self than he had. Ladies (said *Mademoiselle de St. Phale* to the two Gentlewomen of *Hamburg*;) when your time to Love is come, possibly you will excuse my Sentiments, it may be you may be more artificial Hypocrites than I am; in denying them. I won't tell you, said *Mademoiselle Leonora*, what I would do. I believe it, added *Mademoiselle de St. Phale*, for it may be you would do worse than I did. Pray *Mademoiselle*, replied the other, continue your Relation; and afterwards I'll answer you.

I shall not, (continued *Mademoiselle de St. Phale*) give you an account of all that passed between us; for there's a certain sweetness in the Discourses of such as are in Love, which cannot be found in
such,

such as are not under the power of this Passion. I shall only tell you, that depending on none but my Brother, whose Consent I had as well as my Father's before his Decease, I was not so Ceremonious with Monsieur de *Haut-Cour*, as I should have been, had we not been engaged. 'Tis true, one thing much troubled me, that Monsieur de *Haut-Cour* would not find those advantages with me, which he might have promised himself, were not the Reformed in *France* so outraged as they are. I discovered my regret to my Lover, who by his sincere words convinced me, that he only minded the Qualities of my Person, that would I suffer him, he would have followed me where ever I went. He would also have given me indubitable Evidences of his Fidelity, but I would not receive them, satisfying my self with his Word, as he did with mine.

Our Conversation together was so long, that my Brother interrupted us, inviting us to take a little Walk. Immediately we went into the Garden, where my Brother taking Monsieur de *Haut-Cour* aside, discoursed a considerable while with him and the Old *Rabours*, who discover'd a great many things to him which I could never persuade him to tell me, for fear of grieving me. Thus much I only learn'd, that my Mother had resolved to leave me in the Convent during Life, to disinherit my Brother, and to bestow the greatest part of her Estate on the Jesuites, all at the instigation of the Father *Massbom*, who had made himself more absolutely than ever, Master of her Spirit.

This Resolution which my Mother had taken up against my Brother, vex'd me more than all that she had done to me, for methought 'twas horribly unnatural. My Brother heard it with a great

great deal of indifferency, and (as he told me) made only this reply, These are the ordinary Effects of Bigottry, which makes Persons rob their own Children to enrich Strangers, especially Counterfeit and dissembling Monks. My Brother thanked *Rabours* for this Discovery, and was resolved to take such measures as might save his Paternal Rights. At length Monsieur de *Haut-Cour*, who understands the Mystery of engaging Mens Minds, discoursed the Old *Rabours* with so much Affection and Reason, that he made him as Zealous for mine and my Brother's Service, as he had formerly been for my Mother's Interest.

The Evening we suppt together with greater chearfulness than we had discovered at Dinner, Madam de *Garde* and I contracted an inviolable Amity. I lodged with her in the same Bed, where she made me give her an Account in what manner, and by what means I had embraced the Reformed Religion, at the Relation of which she shed many Tears of Joy and Tenderness; and exhorted me to continue in the good Way into which I had entred, and to make my Declaration as soon as I could, which I also resolved to do.

The next Morning my Brother gave our Landlady what she demanded: We sate out very early, as we had need, because this Day's Journey was very long, so that we could not reach the Castle of Madam de *Garde* till 'twas Night. At our Entrance she did us all Possible Honour, receiving us with Respect, and a thousand Caresses. I must confess that this House was a true School of Piety, in which the Holy Scriptures were daily read, and the whole Discourse was employed about such things as are high and sublime. The Lady herself took a great deal of Delight in Converse
with

with my Brother, who had not mispent his time in the Accademies. I abode in this House fifteen days with much Pleasure and Sweetness. Monsieur *de Haut-Cour* and my Brother, with the two *Rabours's*, to the Elder of whom I was perfectly reconciled, stayed but two days with us. As for the Troopers they were lodged at another Place. At the end of this time my Brother and Lover return'd to their own Houses, the one whereof was but two Days Journey, the other three from *Madam de la Garde's* Castle, promising to meet again in a short time, and return thither. 'Twas resolv'd that I should some Days after write a Letter to my Mother, dated from *London*, not so much out of hopes to re-obtain her favour, as to testify the deference which I still had for her.

Mademoiselle de St. Phale would have proceed-
ed farther in her Narrative, but the approach of
a *Danish* Vessel to that in which she was, obliged
her to defer it till another time.





C H A P. VI.

THE little Society whom *Madamoiselle de St. Phale* was pleased to honour with the Account of her Life, being again met, she continued her Relation in these Words.

I was (said she) in the Castle of *Madam de la Garde*, to whom I gave an Account of all the Accidents that had befallen me, before those whereof she was an Eye-witness. This Account augmented the tenderness which she and her two illustrious Daughters had for me. I received such Kindnesses from them as I shall never forget, and had fresh Consolations every moment. I shall not relate all that passed in my Heart, which, notwithstanding the Favours I received, enjoyed but little rest and quiet. 'Tis enough that I tell you, that they daily invented a thousand innocent Pleasures to divert me, as Walking, Hunting, Consorts of Musick, in which *Madam de la Garde* and her two Daughters bore a part, together with the Gentlemen her Sons in Law, who sung Psalms every day together. I was extremely taken with this Exercise, being charmed with the force of the Words, and the sweetness of the Harmony, which moved me to read the Psalms, and get them by Heart; and also to study the Airs for my Consolation. But this Discourse of singing of Psalms, brings to my Mind a singular Adventure, which I cannot but give you an Account of.

About two short Leagues from *Madam de la Garde's* Castle, is a Mountain, famous for the large
Caves



M. S. Phale, &c. enter a Cave and find a Solitary.



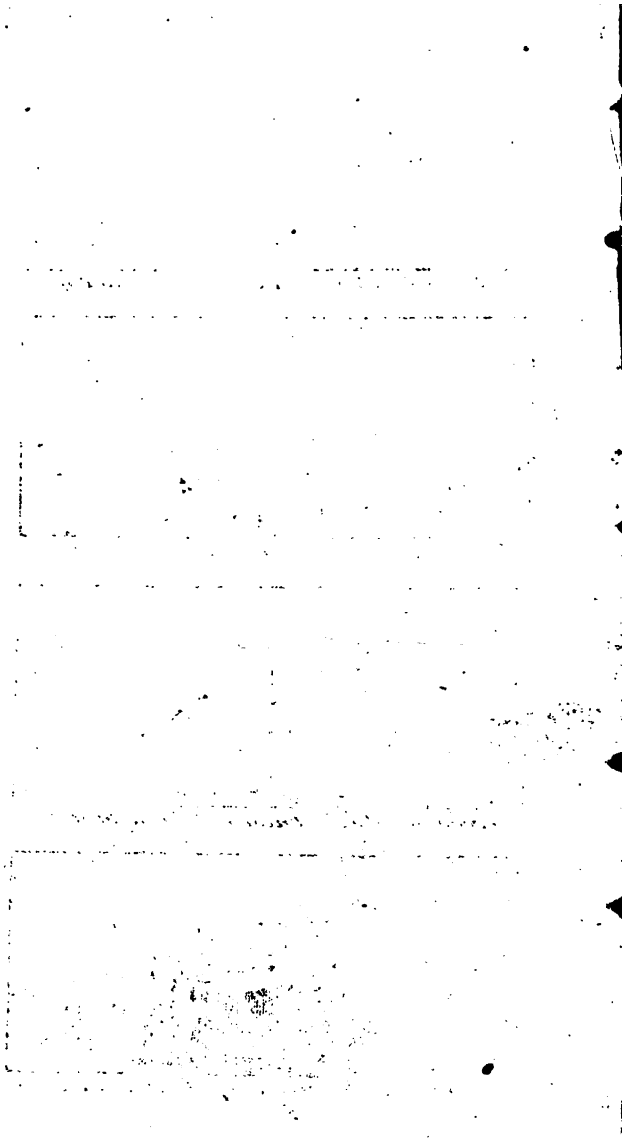
She returns to M. de la Garde's and receives a Letter.



She examines the Footman that brought it.



M. Porfin tells his Mother of M. S. Phale's Rescue.



Caves that are in it : We were resolved to see it, and to this end ordered our Dinner to be sent early in the Morning, and by Ten a Clock in the Forenoon we also came thither. We were provided with a Tinder-Box and Torches to see these Caves, and only made a short Collation, reserving our Dinner till we should return, we entred into the Caves by the assistance of our Torches, but before we had gone sixty Paces, going into the Mountain from one Cave to the other, the Daughters of *Madam de la Garde*, and I began to be afraid. *Madam de la Garde* laught at our Fear, and continued on her way till we came to a certain place, where there were so many Concavities, that many Ecchoes repeated the least Noise that we made. The Primitive Christians, said *Madam de la Garde*, Praised God in Caves and Holes of the Earth, in this we ought to imitate them, being on the Point of being reduced to the same necessity ; and having said thus, she began to sing the 90th Psalm, in which we all bore our parts.

*Lord thou hast been our dwelling, thou
In Ages all our sure abode,
Before the Mountains were brought forth,
Or thou hadst form'd the World and Earth,
From everlasting thou art God.*

We made a short pause between every Verse, that we might have the pleasure of Hearing the Ecchoes repeat what we had sung, which so ravish'd our Minds with Admiration, that we began to lay aside all fear ; when we had sung this last Verse,

From everlasting thou art God,

We

We heard a miraculous Voice that came from a Concavity aside of us, which finished the Couplet or Stave of the Psalm, and distinctly sung this Verse---

And wilt be over, Lord, as now.

The fear that seized us was so terrible, that I almost wonder we had not been converted into Stones by it: *Madam de la Garde*, as Courageous a Woman as she was, and our two Gentlemen, were struck dumb: But we were awaked out of this Lethargy, by hearing the Voice again, which sung the second Couplet of this Psalm,

*Thou, Lord, by thine Almighty Power
Mans Destruction dost turn,
And sayest, Mans Children turn to me,
For a thousand Years in thy Sight be
As yesterday that's past and gone,
As Night watch, or the shortest Hour.*

This second singing removed the terrible Apprehensions that we were under. We have no need to fear (said *Madam de la Garde*) where the Praises of God are sung; and yet I pray thee, added she, who ever thou art, be thou an Angel or a Man, to continue thy Singing. The Voice answered this Request, by singing these Words of the 137th Psalm,

*Alas what reason can us move
To sing the Praises of the God of Love,
In such a Land where we
But miserable Strangers be?*

The

The more we heard of this Voice the more were we ravish'd with it. Are we (said I) in a Romantick Country, that we hear such Angelical Voices in Desert Places? No, (said *Madam de la Garde*) Psalms, or the Praises of God are but little minded there, which makes me confident that here must be somewhat very mysterious, which I have an earnest Desire to discover, so that I am resolv'd to see from whence this Voice comes. She had no sooner said thus, but the Voice began again, but in so doleful a Tune, as I fancied capable of softning the very Rocks.

*Oh, Lord, in mine Adversity
Draw near unto my Soul, and save
It from my Cruel Enemies,
Who still me persecuted have.
My Shams, Dishonour, and Reproach,
Are known (O Lord my God) to thee;
Also my Bloody Enemies
And Foes, all in thy Presence be.
Reproach hath broke my Heart; and I
Am full of Heaviness; I look
For Pity, but there was not one
That on me any Pity took.
I sought for Comfort, but I found
None that would Comfort me at all;
They gave me Vinegar for Drink,
And for my Meats they gave me Gall.*

This mournful Voice having sung these Words, we heard no more, except some soft Groans and Sighs. I verily believe, said *Madam de la Garde* to me, that this is some afflicted Christian of our Bretheren, let's go and help him. Hereupon we went towards the Place whence the Voice seem'd
to

to come, where we saw somewhat like a Man of a proper Stature, cloathed with such Garments as appeared to have been once very genteel and handsome, but so torn and cover'd with Dust, that 'twas impossible for us to judge what Stuff or Colour it was of: The Countenance of this Apparition was lean, pale and dejected; he had on his Head a Cap, like those that are usually worn by *Polanders*, which covered his Grey Hairs, which were all ruffled, and a great Beard, grown quite out of fashion, of the same Colour with his Hair. In a Word, every thing both in the Person and Habit of this Solitary, was extraordinary and astonishing. We were much afraid at the sight of him, and had it not been for *Madam de la Garde*, who on this Occasion had more Courage than the Gentlemen that accompanied us, we had certainly fled; but our Fear vanished as soon as we heard him begin to Discourse with *Madam de la Garde*.

Blessed be God, said he, that being confined to this Cave for the rest of my Days, God has been so gracious to me as to give me the sight of some good Christians, that have not bowed the Knee to the *Roman* Idols, nor been Partakers of their Abominations: Indeed, added he, I had forgotten what Joy means, before I saw you; but now my Heart is full of it, for I see that God hath not forsaken me, seeing I am visited by Persons that fear his Name, and call on him in Purity and Truth.

Good God, reply'd *Madam de la Garde*, without making any other Reflection on what he said, methinks I should know your Voice, which much resembles that of a Man of great Worth of our Religion, who hath been for some time lost, and was thought to be made away privately, since none could give any Account of him. She spake these
last

last Words so low, that none but the Solitary could hear them. I believe, Madam, answered he, that you know me, for I know you very well, you are *Madam de la Garde*, a true Pattern of Vertue, Piety and Constancy to all those of the Religion ; and I am ----- 'Tis enough, said she, interrupting him, not suffering him to tell who he was, because of the Lacqueys that were present and bore the Torches : after which she took him aside, and they discoursed together a large hour, during which we visited several of the little Caves, in which we found nothing of Curiosity ; so that we came back as soon as we heard that *Madam de la Garde* had ended her Conversation with the Solitary, whom she earnestly invited to eat with us ; but he excused himself very handsomly, and with much Civility returned to his dark Habitation.

As soon as we were out of the Cave, and *Madam de la Garde* had sent away the Lacqueys about some little business : You would never think (my Children) said she, that this poor Man I discoursed with but now, was not only famous once for Zeal, Piety, Vertue and Charity, but also for his Riches and Reputation. We may truly say, that he was the support of such poor Men as were persecuted for their Religion : Such as were spoiled of their Estates he maintained out of his own ; such as their Enemies endeavoured unjustly to oppress, he defended ; the Afflicted found a great deal of Comfort from him. He made good his Ground for a long time against Doctors, Great Men and Soldiers, against Priests and Monks. When the greatest Tempest began to arise against us, and the Pastor of his Church being terrified with the Apprehensions of Danger, left it to the Destruction of the wild Boars of the Forest, he alone stood fast,

and bore the Shock of all the Assaults that were made upon this poor Flock. Insomuch that the Rage of the Enemies of the Truth against him grew so great, that the least Injury they did him was to take his Estate from him. He was forced to fly from his Home, and to wander many days in continual danger of being seized and ruined. In the mean while the Members of his Church were scattered, many of them fled, some into *Holland*, others into *England*, and some that were unsound, revolted from the Truth. For his part he was resolved not to tarry in *France*, but to retire into *Germany*; And whilst the Clouds were gathering, and the Tempest, with which he was at last overtaken, was at a distance, he gathered a pretty good Sum of Money, which he took with him, resolving to go directly for *Germany*, accompanied with a very honest, faithful young Man; but being somewhat incommoded on the way, in a place remote from all Habitation, he saw these Caves, and retired into them; but 'twas not long ere this Solitude, to which Necessity had at first forced him, began to please him, so that he resolved to spend the rest of his Days in it. He found Conveniences beyond his Expectation, as certain Steps that lead up to the top of the Rock, where he chose his Lodging in a place that's dry and wholesom, whereas the Air of the lower part of the Cave is moist and choaking. As for his Provisions, the young Man that's with him, goes from time to time to buy them for him. But we'll speak more largely of him another time; consider 'tis late, and if we intend to dine to day, 'tis time to begin.

In the mean time the Lacqueys took care to spread our Provisions on the Grass, so that we dined after the Turkish Mode: And we should have been much inclined to Mirth and Pleasure, had not the surprizing Adventure of the Solitary made us serious. 'Tis indeed so rare a thing for Persons of the *Reformed Religion* to retire from the World after this manner, that one Example may pass for a Miracle. You wonder at this, said *Madam de la Garde*, for my part I don't at all. They use us as they formerly did the Primitive Christians, and is it strange if some amongst us imitate those holy Persons, who retired into Desarts, and Holes of Rocks? May not the same Calamities inspire Persons with the same Resolutions, how ridiculous soever they may seem to the Men of this World.

Dinner being ended, *Madam de la Garde* sent Monsieur d'Arbaux, and Monsieur de Charles into the Rock, to see if they could meet with the Solitary, with whom she earnestly desired to have another Conference. They soon met him, for he hearing their Voice, and even what they said, (the Voice easily running from one end of the Rock to the other) came to them, and had the Complaisance to meet us at the entrance of the Cave, notwithstanding the disorder he was in. *Madam de la Garde*, as soon as she saw him, sent away the Lacqueys, and begun a Discourse with him thus.

'Tis not without Reason, said she, that Truth is said to be found in the Desarts and Caves of the Earth, whilst Falshood too often establisheth her abode in the Palaces of Kings; since we see such as love the Truth, both in Faith, and in Discourse, chuse the most savage places to dwell in. It may be, replied the Solitary, that Truth would be

found in the Palaces of Kings, did not the greatness of its Splendor offend them, and disturb their quiet, they would not have its Beams so near; nor would they be told, that after all they are but Men, composed of the same Materials, and as necessarily obnoxious to Death as others are. How much less can they endure to be told of their Vices, Debaucheries, Imperfections, Infidelity and Falshood.

Do us the Favour, said *Madam de la Garde*, to give us an Account of the Motives that have obliged you to embrace so strange a kind of Life as that you now lead. That I shall willingly do, answered he. The first was the deplorable Estate of our Churches. I reckon their Estate deplorable, not only because of the Persecutions they suffer from without, but because of their own Infirmities and Failures. I will not (*Madam*) act the Saint, nor make any Pictures to Holiness; for I account my self a great Sinner, yet were I not able to behold the Universal Corruption of Manners among us, without being filled with Horrour and Amazement: Alas, we have imitated the Children of this World, and in some respects have out done them too; Pride, Luxury, Dissoluteness, have abounded amongst us, as amongst the Heathen; we have offered Incense to our Revenge, our Animosities, our Covetousness, and our Ambition; yea, a great part of our Pastors have followed the same Course. Alas! Ladies, alas Gentlemen, (added he with a deep sigh) is not this cause enough for a Man to wish for a place far from so scandalous a Society? Yet not making any Schism in the Faith, or Worship that we profess.

How often have I said with the Prophet *Jeremiah*, *Oh that I had a Cottage of Travellers in the Wilderness,*

Jeremi, there wou'd I abide, and there wou'd I bewail the sins of the Daughters of my People. I would indeed have done so, had not my Conscience told me, that 'twas no time to make a Retreat when we are called to the Combate; no time to hide our selves when we ought to shew our selves to them that are weak in the Faith, to be to them Examples of Constancy and Perseverance. I stay'd therefore in the World, out of a design of serving others; I made use of this time to warn, both Consistories, Pastors, and People, that a dreadful storm was gathering, which would fall upon us ere we were aware: But I was accounted a Phanatick, a Visionary, a Dreamer, a false Prophet, an Enthusiast, and what else they pleased; yea, Men were so far from believing me, that they laugh'd at what I said.

Oh how willingly would I have spent all my Blood, that I might not have been a true Prophet of the Desolation that's come upon us! But had I been silent, that could not have prevented it. 'Tis not without very good reason that the Holy Scripture calls Men sometimes brutish, sometimes mad and foolish; for although they are told, that the danger is inevitable, that the hand is lifted up to strike the deadly Blow, unless they repent, yet they will still persevere in their Iniquities, and add to the measure of their Crimes; they are not content to walk leasurely to their ruine, but run headlong into it; and any one that did but seriously consider their actions, would imagine that they were afraid they should not be miserable soon enough. We have seen our Miseries coming upon us by degrees. We have had time to have prevented them by our Tears and Repentance, and

yet we have been so brutish, so besotted, as that we have neither wept nor repented.

At length those evils that threatned us are come upon us, and have as it were seized us by the Throat when we least expected them. Our Churches are demolished, and our Religious Assemblies interdicted in a thousand places where they were before free. In a word, you know your selves all that hath befallen us, so that there's no need that I should make such a doleful recapitulation of it. How often have I longed for Death, and envied the condition of those that are at rest in the Lord? How often have I accounted those happy that are gone home before the coming of our Anguishes! or those whom Death surprizing in their Cradles, hath prevented from seeing those Afflictions wherewith we are at present continually exercised.

Was not this enough to make me hate the World, and retire into some Desert where I might shed tears in abundance, without fear of contradiction? For the Cruelty we are at present under, is so great, that our very Tears are made Crimes. We are persecuted and dare not say so, nor make use of the term Persecution or Persecutors. We must look Pleasant in the midst of Torments, and the bare saying that we are under Afflictions, and groan under them, is enough to make us accounted bad Subjects: For my part, having my heart full of Grief, I was forced to leave all commerce with Men, and to seek in the thickest Forrests and darkest Caves, a place where I might freely complain of our Miseries.

But that which was the immediate cause of this Voluntary Retreat, was a Journey which I made to Court, about the Affairs of our Churches, and my own.

own. I saw such abominable Corruptions there, as were not exceeded under the Regency of *Katherine de Medices*, who brought the *Italians* to act on this great Theatre of *Europe*, who filled the Court with the most horrible Vices that were ever heard of. What vile Discourses did I hear from the highest Nobility of the Kingdom, both at their Tables, and in their Walks, about their horrible and unnatural Debaucheries. Ordinary Vices are at present accounted Vertues, while such Crimes are perpetrated, as have formerly brought Torments of Fire and Brimstone from Heaven upon People; not to speak of those horrible Blasphemies that are daily heard, such as the Devils themselves could never have invented, and a thousand other Villanies which I shall not name, and would to God I had never heard.

I was one day thinking upon these things, when a Gentleman came to make this Proposal to me, That if I would abandon the Heresie of *Calvin*, and submit my self to the true Catholick, Apostolick, and Roman Church, I should not only preserve my own Estate, but should also be advanced to extraordinary Dignities. He that made me this Proposal, was one of the greatest Debauchees of all the Court: He Pressed me much to a Compliance, remonstrating that the advantage was very considerable, and that 'twould be my Prudence to embrace this offer, whilst the Court was in so good an Humour. Tho' I were a Catholick already (answered I) yet I would turn Protestant, that I might not be of a Communion of which you are: What's the meaning of this, (added I) that you, who believe not in God, should exhort me to turn Catholick? I assure you, (said he) that the King will have but one Religion in

his Kingdom, and that such as refuse to Conform to his Will, in embracing the Catholick Religion. -----

The King, said I, (interrupting him with an heat whereof I was not Master) the King would do better, and a great deal more for the advantage of his State, did he purge it of an infinite number of Debauchees, Blasphemers, Atheists, and such like Trash, than by dealing so severely with so great a number of good Subjects, who are guilty of no other Crime but refusing to go to Mass.

These words were too sincere for the Age in which we live, and also exposed me to much danger, against which I had no other defence but flight. Oh how much safer is it at present for men to reflect upon the Conduct of the Almighty God, than on that of the Kings of the Earth! Every body knew my Accuser to be one of the most Prophane, the greatest Blasphemer, Atheist and Debauchee of all the Court: Yet he had never received any check for his disorders, never was in the least punished for them; but I, a poor *Huguenot*, could no sooner speak a true and righteous word, but I presently found a Million of Enemies arm'd against me: On the one hand, all the Libertines and Debauchees of the Court were enraged against me, for presuming to reprove their way of living; these falsely accused me for speaking irreverently of the King and Government: On the other hand, the Society of the Jesuits were resolved to ruine me, making it a point of Honour to do so, as being a most dangerous Heretick, whom 'twas fit to rid the World of, in order to the accomplishing their Designs on others.

Yet I remained very secure at my own Lodgings, never imagining that I was pursued with so much

much fury; the terriblest of all disgraces was just ready to overtake me, when I did not in the least suspect it; but a Billet that I received from an unknown hand awak'd me out of this Security, the Contents of it were these;

AS soon as you shall have read this Billet, be gone without delay; so formidable a party is form'd against you, that were you a Prince of the Blood, you must needs fall under it. Of all the Countreies in the World, none is so dangerous for you as France, and of all the Places in France none can be more fatal to you than Paris. If you are discovered here, I account you more miserable than if you were cast into the depth of the Sea. Farewel; Make use of these few Words.

This (continued the Solitary) was a terrible Billet; yet having made it my business to prepare my mind for the most cruel Events, I was not much surpriz'd at the greatest Threatnings. I prepared my self for my departure with all imaginable Secrecy, taking leave of my most intimate Friends; and returning to my Lodgings *incognito*, where I staid some time, till I could receive a Sum of Money, which I kept against a time of need, and till I had hid some Papers of great importance; which having done, I resolv'd to leave France as soon as I could, accompanied only with a young man, in whose Vertue and Fidelity I entirely confided.

I don't deny but 'twas some trouble to me to think of retiring amongst Strangers, who tho' they make Profession of the same Religion with me, yet it may be have no more Vertue or Piety than the Reformed in France: and I know by several rela-

tions which I had from several Persons yet alive; their lukewarmness and indifferency with respect to the most pure religious Worship: But what should I do? I must either resolve on Death or perpetual imprisonment if I staid in *France*, or else leave it to secure my Life, or at least my Liberty.

In a Town which I passed through in my Journey, dwelt a good man of the *Reformed Religion* above ninety years of Age. I knew him by report, as he also knew me, and therefore thought fit to visit him in my way, and desire his Advice. If I were of your Age (said he) I would do as you do. I would as certainly fly *France*, as Seamen do the Coasts of *Algiers* and *Tunis*. Oh how happy are those that leave an House that's full of Craks, and which every Blast of Wind threatens with ruine. But Monsieur, replied I, *France* is at present in so flourishing condition, that it gives Laws to all *Europe*, its power makes all her Neighbours tremble: But (answer'd he) what more evident and certain Tokens can you desire of approaching Destruction, than the Universal Corruption that reigns in it, from the least to the greatest, than that insolent Pride and that Cruel Persecution which is acted against the Faithful. Assure yourself, my Son, that one of these things hath formerly over-turned Empires, that were more illustrious in their beginnings and rise, than *France* can ever hope to be in the height of its Grandure. Much more reason hath a State in which all those three things are found, *to believe its ruine to be at the Door*.

These words, said the Solitary, pierced my Heart, especially when the good Old Man added this: You know, said he, that the Holy Scripture tells us, that the Judgments of God begin at his own

own House. There's no Truth more fully confirmed than this is, by innumerable and most Authentick Examples, whereof we have seen some with our own Eyes. God inflicted his Rod on our Churches in the times of our Fathers, which were miserably ravaged and desolated; but when once their Tryal was over, God at length avenged himself on their Enemies: not only on the Heads and Authors of their Miseries, but also on all the People, punishing the Children for the Iniquities of their Fathers. When God had executed his Judgments on his Church in the Days of our Ancestors, who were exposed to Massacres and Burnings; he turned his hand against our Enemies, and by a just Decree we saw *France* punished by herself, for the Cruelties she had committed; and there was no considerable Town in which innocent Blood had been shed, but was exposed to the terrible strokes of Plague, War, and Famine, and those who had most cryed out against the *Huguenots*, were the first that employed their Force and Cruelty against their own Country, and at length God cast these Rods of his Anger into the Fire. 'T had been but a small thing if only the Authors of our Misery had suffered, all *France* was involved in the same Punishment, in the same Indignation of God.

Be confident of this, that the Corruption, the Insolence, and the Persecution of the Clergy of *France* against our Churches hath a fixed Period, which when it is once come, the long-suffering of God will be at an end, and he'll no longer bear with the Oppressors of his Saints, the Blasphemers of his Name, and the Contemners of his Glory. As for this term which God hath fixed, which must expire before he'll execute his Justice, none knows

it;

it; for there are some Wretches to whom God puts a stop in the beginning of their Carriere, and there are others whom he gives a longer scope and space, and seems to have forgotten them, but in the end he will find them, so as to render the Vengeance he executes upon them, glorious.

But not to amuse my self with Arguments, to prove what I say, I exhort you to remember, that every wise Man, if he carefully considers the matter, must fly out of *France*. Our Kingdom is sicker than we imagine, and the time in which we may think it to be above all fear, may be for ought we know the very moment that God will take to humble it; and if once he lay his Rod on the *French*, assure your self, the stroke will not be light, or its duration short. As for you, my Son, you do well to retire betimes, and to imitate those Birds, who foreseeing a hard Season, prepare themselves against it by changing their Habitations. Go therefore, and the Lord go with you, for my part I am going the way of all the Earth, and I hope that God will be so gracious to me as to take me out of this World, before he executes his worst and last vengeance upon us.

When I had (added the Solitary) taken my leave of my Old Man, whose Words made so great an Impression on my Spirit, that I could not but think on them day and night, I happen'd to lose my Way for want of minding it, and found my self before the mouth of this Cave, into which a hard and long rain forced me to enter, without any other design but that of sheltering my self from the Storm. I found in it an honest Country-man, who was come hither out of the same Design. He told me so many curious Things concerning the Cave, that I had a great mind to see it, and promised

promised him a large Recompence if he would accompany me : My Offers engaged him, and he immediately returned into the Village where he lived (which is but a quarter of a League hence) and brought back with him some Torches, together with a Tinder-box, and also a line, which if there were any need we might make use of, as *Theseus* did of *Ariadne's* thread.

With these Provisions we entered the Cave, which we visited on both sides, at length he shewed me a way where we saw the print of mens feet, we followed this track, and by a kind of private Stairs, which Art assisting Nature had made, we, after many turnings, came to the top of the Rock, which we found open, and sufficiently light. To this open Place there was a door, which being shut secured it against the Injuries of the weather : There were also other less holes, which were beaten out to admit the light, I imagined that this had been the Habitation of some *Hermis*, that was weary of the world as I was, and had fitted this place for his Accommodation. The Contry-man confirmed me in this Opinion, and told me, that he had heard his Grand-Father say, That a Man who had the Reputation of great Holiness had dwelt there.

Immediately I had a Fancy, which the World it may be will judge somewhat extravagant. I resolved to try whether I could bear such a kind of Life as the Ancient *Hermits* led : I communicated my Design to the Country-man, who in all his Discourses seemed more civil and judicious than such People ordinarily are, I gave him ten Crowns, and conjured him to assist me ; besides I promised him a double and treble Reward for all the pains he

he should take for me, and he ravished with his happiness, promised to do any thing that I should command him. This Night I lodged at the Village where he dwelt, and told him all that I would have him do for me.

He presently apprehended my meaning, and being an Industrious Man returned the next Morning with me to the Cave, where he took measure of the Door, Windows, and the place for the Bed, and wrought so hard, with one of his Companions, that at the end of two Days he returned to put up the things that he had made, and fixed a Lock to my Door. In a word, he wrought so well, that I had no reason to complain of the cost: Besides, he brought me divers Provisions, and promised to keep my Counsel inviolably, and in this he hath been as good as his Word. He constantly comes twice a Week to see me, and if at any other time I want any thing, I send my Servant into the Village, so that I am as well furnished with all Conveniences as I could desire.

It may possibly seem very rude and severe for a Man to live as I do, separated from the whole World, and from a Company of Friends: But 'tis no such ridged Life as you may imagine; and when a Man doth once give up his Spirit to Prayer, to the Praises of God, and to Holy Meditations, he'll find such Pleasures, as we can never comprehend whilst we are entangled in the Affairs of the World. As for this Young Man, who is obstinately resolved never to leave me, he suits his Inclinations well enough with mine, nor do I contradict him in his innocent Diversions. I suffer him to enjoy the Pleasures of Hunting and Walking, as well knowing that when Devotion is not
free

free, 'tis of no value, and doth not deserve the name of Devotion.

I never found the least inconveniency by this extraordinary change of Life and Lodging, which I attribute to God's particular assistance. I never regretted my just enjoyments, if any thing afflicts me, 'tis the remembrance of the Ancient Prosperity of our Churches, and the consideration of their present Misery. One day as I happened to be thinking very seriously on this, I fell into so profound a sleep, that I dream'd a Dream, which for its rarity I shall never be able to forget, no more than another which I had some days after. I should, did I not fear being tedious, relate them to you. You are so rare a Person, replied *Madam de la Garde*, that your very Dreams must have something Mysterious in them.

This Consideration induced me to recreate my Mind, by painting in Enigmatick Tables, the present State of our Churches and our Enemies, hoping that I may one day have an Opportunity to put them into such Hands as may make them publick; and that these Pictures may be of some use to such as see them. How, said *Madam de la Garde*, were you a Painter too? Yes, *Madam*, answered he, I was formerly, with indifferent good success, tho' I curbed mine Inclinations, judging it fit, that a Man who hath more Noble and Important Employments, should only use this as a diversion. I had indeed left the use of the Pencil for above twenty years, but since I became a voluntary *Hermite*, I reassumed this Employment to have a sensible Idea of my Meditations. I would desire you to see my Study; but since the way is troublesome, and indeed dangerous, I'll go my self

self and fetch what I would show you. Heretupon he went into his Cave, and in a short time after returned to us, bringing with him several Pictures rolled up together.

The first that he shewed us, was the Prospect of a plain Country, in which were nothing but Temples, very simple, and without Bells. Some of them were standing, others were half ruined, and of others we could hardly discern the place where they had once stood. Over against those Temples that were yet standing, we saw several Batteries of Canons, the Equipage of the Canoneers was very pleasant, for some had Mitres like Abbots, others had extravagant Garbs like Monks, and very many of them had three cornered Caps like Jesuites. But these were rather employed about the Bombs and Mines, than about the Artillery. Amongst all those Batteries there was one Principal One, upon which was written, *The Great Battery Royal*; the Master-Canoneers were known to resemble the Father *la Chaise*, and Monsieur the Arch-Bishop of *Paris*.

The second Picture represented a Woman, that seemed to have been very beautiful, but Affliction had utterly defaced a great part of her Beauty; she was of a dark Complexion, and out of her Mouth came this Writing, *Look not upon me because I am black, because the Sun hath looked upon me*. Her Garments lookt as though they had once been very rich, but they were now all rent and torn; in her Hands she held a great Book, whose Title was, **THE WORD OF GOD**; several Persons endeavoured to snatch this Book from her, and tare it in pieces; but an hand came out of Heaven, and smote them on the Fingers with a little Rod,

Rod, forcing them to let go their Hold : Above the Head of this Woman was written, *The Pour-trait of the Christian Reformed Church.*

The third Picture represented a Tempest, so excellently well, that the bare sight of it was enough to fill any one with Terror, herein surpassing most other Pictures ; the Winds were drawn with swoln Faces, blowing with such Impetuosity, that the Sea seemed to be nothing but moving Mountains. I observed that these Winds were drawn much after the same manner as they are described by the Poets, except that some of them had Mitres, Hats, square Caps and Hoods ; I perceived that one of them had a tripple Crown, who blew with all imaginable Earhestness, but produced not half the effect which another did that had a three corner'd Cap ; in the midst of all this Tempest was a smal Vessel, in which were three or four Persons, she was without Oars, Sails, or Rudder, and round about her was written thus, *Save us, we perish !* and in another Writing which came from a certain Place of the Heavens, which was perfectly clear, were these words, *Why are ye afraid, O ye of little Faith ?*

This third Table (said I) seems more obscure than the two former. This Vessel which you see, replied the Solitary, is another Picture of the Christian reformed Church : This Tempestuous Sea are the People and Nations of the Earth, who are in the Holy Scripture set forth under the Notion of abundance of Waters, which move not of themselves, unless agitated by the Winds which makes them roar and pass their bounds ; for the People would never so violently rise up against the Church, did not the Popes, Cardinals and all the

the Clergy continually perswade them, that the most meritorious Actions they can do, is to rid the World of those whom they call Hereticks. As for the Vessel it self, 'tis the Church, in which are the true Believers, who yet are not perfectly freed from the remainders of Unbelief, so that seeing themselves in danger, they cry out, *Save us, we perish*: But what Jesus Christ said to St. Peter, may be very well applied to them, *O thou of little Faith! Why art thou afraid!* Indeed, did we as firmly trust on Divine Assistance as our Fathers did, we should no more than they want this Assistance.

The fourth Picture represented a beautiful and great Leopard, who having been a long time kept chain'd; had at length broke his Chains. We also saw many Hunters, who did all that possibly they could to take him. Most of those Hunters were either cloathed in the Habits of Jesuites, or at least bore some Marks of their Devotion to that Order; some of them spread their Nets to ensnare him, others compounded Mixtures to stupifie him, and cast him into a sleep, but none durst venture to put the Chain about his Neck, which was in a readiness to this end, for this dangerous Beast had strangled some of the Hunters and Dogs that durst come near him. You'll easily imagine what this Picture signifies, added the Solitary, when you understand that this Leopard is nothing else but the Kingdom of *England*, which the Pope and Jesuites passionately desire to reduce to its former Slavery.

The fifth shewed us two Fantastical Pictures, The first represented a very beautiful Woman in all respects, which had a Crown on her Head, and a Sceptre in her Hand; she wore a Gown of Blew Sattin,

Satin, Embroidered with *Flower-de-Luce's* of Gold, but 'twas covered with a kind of Cloak of black Cloth, which reached down to the Ground, having a little Collar, like that worn by the Jesuites; On it was this Inscription, *France is become Jesuite.*

The other Figure is a Jesuite, cloathed in his proper Habit, except that instead of the Cloak, they usually wear, he had a Cloak covered over with *Flower-de-Luce's*, on which was this Inscription, *The Jesuits are become French to make themselves Masters of France.*

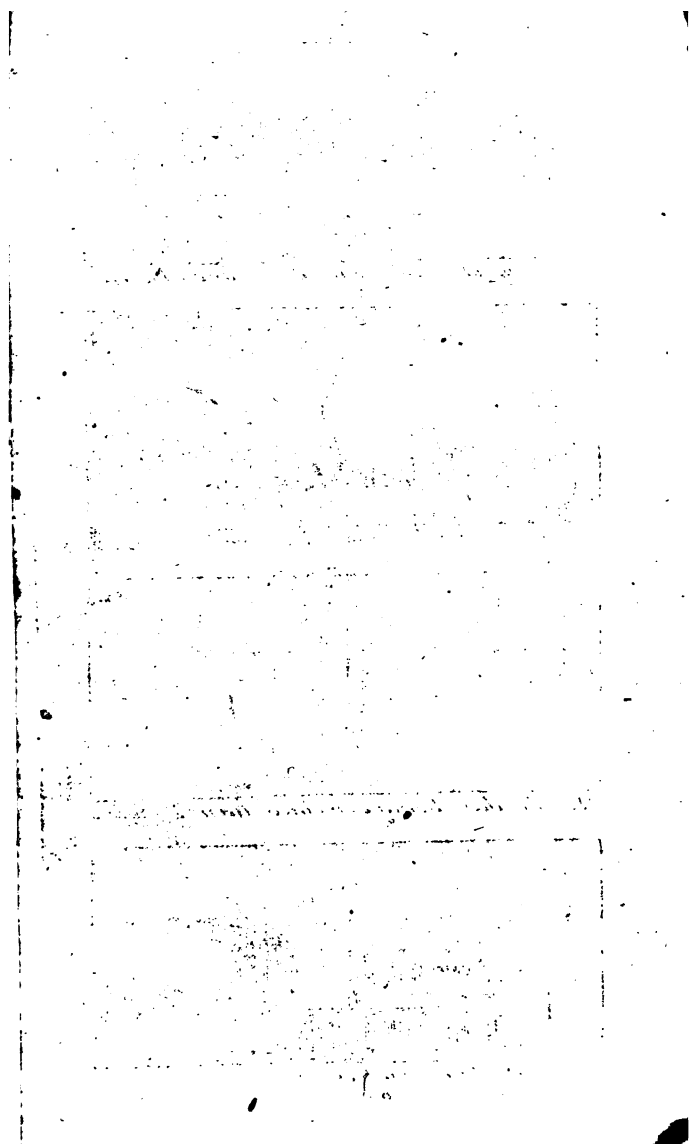
The sixth Figure represented the present Pope, weeping bitterly at the Diminution of his Authority. He had with him some Cardinals, who endeavoured to Comfort him: He was preparing the Thunder of Excommunication against *France*, who expected it with the greatest Scorn in the World; which obliged the Pope's Friends to remonstrate to him, that 'twould be in vain to have recourse to the rigour of his Bulls, in a time when the World was no longer afraid of them, which induced the good Father to lay them aside till a more favourable opportunity. In the same Picture was represented how the Jesuits abandoned the Interest of the Pope, to adhere to that of *France*, as being the strongest; nor will they now any longer maintain their old Maxim, *That Popes might depose Kings, and free their Subjects from their Oaths of Allegiance*: Not that they have altered their Minds, or are become more Orthodox, but because they see the Affairs of the Popes to be in so desperate a Condition, that they can never hope to get any thing by them.

The seventh Figure represented Justice and Peace flying out of *France* with the Reformed Religion,

Religion, which were succeeded by a very dark Fog, out of which came Lightning and Thunder in abundance. We saw also a hand coming out of Heaven, pouring down a mighty Hail, which ruined the hopes of the Labourers, and caused a dreadful Desolation in all the Country : This Figure had this Inscription, *Thus shall that Nation be dealt with, that tramples Divine Favours under its Feet.*

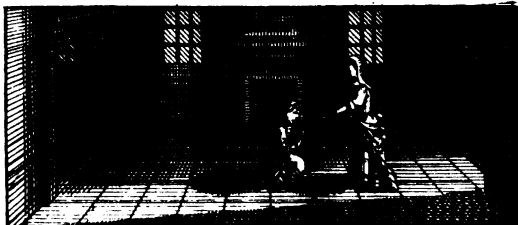
Madam de Brosses, the Aunt of Mademoiselle de St. Phale being seized with a light Indisposition, caused a considerable Trouble to all the Company, especially to her Illustrious Niece, and obliged her to defer the Prosecution of her agreeable Narrative till another time.



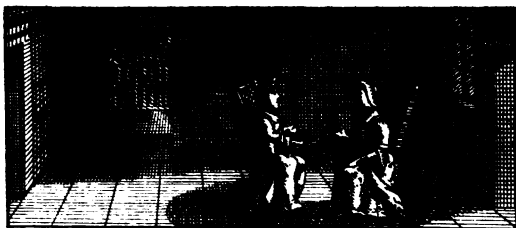




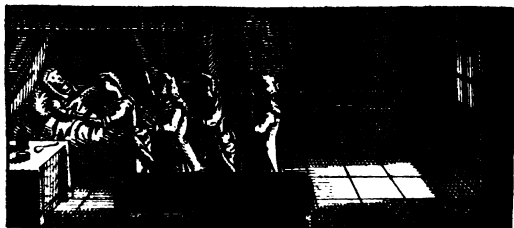
M.S. Phale admitted into the Protestant Church.



She goes home to her Mother & is joyfully received.



Her Mother (being Convinced) turns Protestant.



Madam d'Ombreval Dies much Lamented.

C H A P. VII.

THE Company being again met and sate, *Mademoiselle de St. Phale* thus continued her Relation.

I think, said she, I was the last time discoursing of the Pictures which the Solitary shewed us.

The eighth Figure represented some Shepherds, who made a league with the Wolves against certain peaceable Sheep, whom the Shepherds deprived of the best Pasture, and would not suffer to drink of the clear Springs of Water, but would oblige 'em to feed on certain bitter and unwholesome Herbs, and to drink of stinking Water. In another part of the Table we saw the Shepherds, shearing, killing, and devouring the Sheep: We observed certain Sheep that would not hear their Voice, which so enraged the Shepherds, that they break down their Folds, and abandoned them to the Rage of the Wolves, who made a cruel slaughter amongst them. In another part we saw the Wolves, who having no more Sheep, fell upon and devoured the Shepherds themselves. This is in my Judgment, said I, a very Mysterious Emblem. I'll explain it to you, replied the Solitary: Those Pastors are the Romish Bishops, the term Bishop signifying a Pastor; the Sheep in general are their Flocks, whom they deprive of the Food and Water of Life, which are only to be found in the Holy Scripture; the unwholesome Herbs and stinking Waters are the Traditions and Dogmas of the

the Church of *Rome*; the Sheep that will not hear the Voice of these strange Shepherds, are the Reformed, who look upon them only as Hirelings and Robbers. The Bishops being enraged that these Sheep will not own them, break down the Sheepfold themselves, and abandon them to the Wolves, which are the *Jesuits*, who soon reduce them to the extremest misery: But these Wolves finding no more Sheep to devour, fall upon the Bishops themselves and devour them, after having made them suffer a million of Evils, which will sooner or later force them to repent their Cruelty against the Reformed, and their having assisted the *Jesuits* in ruining them.

» The ninth Picture shewed us a great Crucifix, which was presented to a multitude of poor People who turn'd away their heads from it, that they might neither adore, nor so much as look upon what they called a subject of Idolatry; but as soon as some Crosses of Gold and Silver stamp'd upon Money were shewn them, they were presently vanquish'd; and did all that they were desired, all of them except some old People, on whom the Crosses of Gold had no more Influence than those of Iron: Upon this Picture was written in great Letters, THE TRUE MIRACLES OF THE CROSS FOR THE CONVERSION OF HERETICKS. In another part of the Table we saw the *Sieur de Marillac*, Intendant and Great Converter, or at least his Statue, which the *Jesuits* had erected in some of their Houses, he was surrounded with Dragoons, Treasurers and Missionaries, and there was carried before him, as the Cross useth to be before Legates, a Purse at the end of the Staff, and large Patents, which promised

sed such as should be Converts the Purse for this Life, and Paradise for the other; for the performance of which the Intendant himself would become Surety; but neither he nor his words were much regarded. We saw also how the *Sieur de Marillac* suffered, as it were, by way of Pastime, his Dragoons to torment the poor Country *Huguenots*, to force them to go to Mass. We saw at a distance the *Sieurs Maimbourg* and *Soulier*, like two Asses in a Quagmire, very busily employed about the Justification of the Intendant's Conduct, or at least endeavouring to blot out the remembrance of it, but all their time and pains were to no purpose.

The tenth Figure represented a great Fire kindled in the presence of abundance of People, in which was a famous Book, Entituled, *The Critick General of the History of Calvinism*. The fire was kindled and maintained by the Jesuits, and this poor Book was cast into it with a great deal of Pomp and Ceremony, all to appease the wrath of an angry old Fellow, who was the *Sieur Maimbourg*: But although the Book was burnt, and the Ashes thrown into the Air, yet it still appeared with this Inscription, *O ye Fools and Distracted, think you to destroy the Truth by burning of Books?* At the same time we saw this same Book fall down from Heaven, and was, with several others, carefully gathered up and preserved, at which those that lighted the Fire seemed out of their Senses, with Rage and Fury.

The eleventh Figure shewed us an Old Man, with a sad and discontented Countenance, sitting in his Study, the Solitary told us that 'twas the famous *Arnaud*. Do you see this Old Man, (said he)

he) he endeavours to make his Conscience truckle to his Interest : He must of necessity assist the Jesuits, and oppose the *Huguenots*, and the different method he is forced to follow, entangles him cruelly. Besides, he is very far advanced in years, and his Life hangs by a single thread, so that he dreads at once the Indignation of the King, and of God, and would fain escape both, but he finds himself under a necessity of being hated of the one or the other. Indeed it goes hard with him with respect to both, for both he and the whole party of the *Jansenists* are disgraced, and God cannot be well pleased with such as are lukewarm Neuters, or Timorous. Above his Head were written these words, taken out of the second Epistle to *St. Peter*, and that of *St. Jude*. *This is a Fountain without water, a Cloud driven about with every Wind, a Tree without Fruit, whose fruit, if he hath any, is corrupt. In a few moments he shall be cut down, and cast into the Fire, for Blackness of Darkness is eternally reserved for him.*

The twelfth Picture represented somewhat very like to what is written in the seventeenth of the *Revelations*, for we saw a Woman holding a Cup in her Hand, encompassed about with the Kings and Princes of the Earth, and vast multitudes of People ; she obliged them all to drink up this Cup, which made them quite other Persons than they were before : Some of them seemed to be in an Extrasic, others grew stupid, some grew mad and outrageous, all in general forgot their Duty to God, to their Country, and to themselves, acting a thousand Cruelties against the Beloved of God ; over her Head were written these Words of the *Revelations*, *This is the Great Whore, with whom the Kings*

Kings of the Earth have committed Fornication, and all the Inhabitants of the Earth have been drunk with the Wine of her Fornication. God hath put it into the heart of these Kings to fulfil her Will, and to agree, and to give their Kingdom to the Beast, till the words of God shall be fulfilled.

This Table, said the Solitary, deserves your minding more than any other, both because 'tis taken out of the Holy Scripture, and because we see it accomplished in our days; but especially I desire you to consider the force of these Words, that some of the Kings of the Earth do the Pleasure of the Great Whore, and agree in the same thing with her, and give their Kingdom to the Beast. I desire you also to examine the present State of most Christian Princes, and you will soon be able to judge whether the Revelation be not accomplished in this Point.

There were several other Figures, which being not finished he did not shew us. I shall not give you a large Account of our whole Conversation, which would have been much longer than it was, had we not seen that the Sun was near setting, which obliged us to take our leave of the Solitary, whom we left with a great deal of regret, who also made us promise him to make him another visit. We were so taken with his Discourse, that we promised him not only one, but many. Madam de la Garde pressed him with much importunity to spend some days at her House, where he might be as free as in his Cave; but he constantly replied, That he would never leave his Solitude, till he saw an end put to the Persecution of our Churches.

At length we parted, and in all our way homeward we discoursed of nothing but the rarity of this Adventure, that going to visit uninhabitable Caves

we should there find a Man of Spirit, Worth, Quality and Religion, who had made choice of this dwelling before any other, to enjoy rest and quiet of Conscience. Good God, (said Madam *de la Garde*) to what a sad Condition is *France* reduced at present, that Men prefer the Solitude of Deserts and Rocks, before its Towns and Palaces? We have no reason (said I) to wonder at this, since in Deserts, and the Caves of Rocks, we are free from those Enemies that inflict a thousand Torments upon us, and are more cruel than wild Beasts or High-way Robbers. I am of your Mind, (said Madam *de la Garde*) High-way Robbers are far more merciful and compassionate than the Gentlemen of the Clergy are to those of the Reformed Religion, whom they persecute with the greatest Fury.

Whilst we were engaged in these and some other Discourses of the same nature, we were insensibly come to the Castle, without perceiving that 'twas Night: As soon as I was come out of the Coach there came one to me that I knew belonged to my Brother, and delivered me a Letter from him. I was somewhat surprized at this, and he observed it, and said, Let not (Mademoiselle) my presence astonish you, for I bring you no News but what is good. I opened the Letter, and found that 'twas only a Letter of Credit, by which my Brother ordered me to hear all that this Man should say. Immediately I took him aside in a lower Chamber, where he satisfied my Curiosity, by giving me an Account of all that happened at our House, after my carrying away, which my Brother had not time to do.

Seeing you desire it, Mademoiselle, said he, I shall give you as a brief a Relation as I can of all that
that

That happened, I was with Monsieur *de Ponsins* my Master when he came to the Castle. He immediately enquired for you, but none durst return him any Answer; this vexed him terribly: He went himself to seek you in your Chamber, which he found in such a disorder, as that had never been seen in whilst you were there. At length he came into the Kitchen, and where's my Sister, said he, in a rage to those that were present? Tell me presently, or I'll force you to it. But none returned any Answer, and the Servant Maids fell a weeping so violently that they could not speak a word. Monsieur your Brother knew not what to make of this silence and tears, till Monsieur *Abelard* (who is a Neighbour of ours, a very honest Man, and one that hath a great Respect for my Brother, and who was at that time in the Kitchen, said *Mademoiselle de St. Phale*) told him. 'Tis no time, Sir, (said he) to dissemble, *Mademoiselle de St. Phale* is carried away by force. And who carried her away, said Monsieur *de Ponsins* in an heat? The two *Rabours*, (said *Abelard*) the Uncle and Nephew, by the Command of Madam your Mother: And hereupon he told him all he knew of your Adventure.

The Anguish which Monsieur your Brother felt at that time is unexpressible, it obliged him to sit down, nor could he speak a word but this: Alas my Sister, my poor Sister! He remained in a kind of Astonishment for about half an hour, out of which Monsieur *Abelard* awak'd him, by saying, Suffer not your Mind to be overwhelmed with Grief, for what may be yet remedied, 'tis not full four and twenty hours ago that this was done, and they are carrying her into a Convent four days

Journey hence. I'll go into the Village, and get a dozen of good Troopers that shall accompany you this Evening in pursuit of them. And hereupon he gave him an Account of the way they took, in which he had been instructed by the Old *Rabours*, who had made him his Confident in this matter.

This Counsel raised Monsieur your Brother from his Astonishment, and made him come to himself. He sent Monsieur *Abelard* to prepare his Company, in the mean time he went up into his Chamber, and being in a desperate Passion, wrote a most bitter Letter to Madam your Mother, which he caused me immediately to Copy, by means whereof I have got it by heart, and will, if you please repeat it to you: I bid him do it, (added *Mada-moiselle de St. Phale*,) and he presently obeyed me; the contents of the Letter were as followeth.

Madam,

Though I have had frequent Experience of the inequality of your Temper, and your blinded transports, yet I should never have believed that you would have so far forgotten what you owe to your self and your Reputation, as to please a Jesuite who is notoriously infamous, to cause your Daughter to be violently ravish'd from you, a Daughter, who by reason of her Virtue is worthy of a better Mother than you are; and by the ravishment of whom you have found a way to banish from you your only Son, who had rather abandon all than be Spectator of such odious Actions. Have you well considered, Madam, what Censure will be passed on this? Will not the World conclude that you have hurried away your Daughter, and forced your Son out of your Sight, only because you feared their presence and penetration:

tration: for my part, God forbid that I should entertain any disadvantageous sentiment of you; but you know, Madam, that every one hath not the Charity of a Son, and that ill Tongues are apt to make terrible work on the least occasions. I pray God, Madam, to pity you more than you have done your self. These are the last words you will ever hear from your Son, who is going to the Army, to extinguish with his Life, the cruel reflections that gnaw his heart.

Monfieur de Ponsins having written this Letter in the height of his Passion, when he scarce knew what he did himself, gave it to me, commanding me to deliver it to Madam de Ombreval, and carefully observe her Countenance in the reading of it: For there were some private Considerations which made him resolve not to carry me with him. I faithfully discharged my trust, though I had but too just reason to fear being mischief'd by it. I went into Madam d' Ombreval's Chamber as soon as my Master had taken Horse, who found Monfieur de Haut-Cour at the Castle Gate, having his Heart full of Joy in Hopes to see you, but had like to have died in the Place as soon as he heard of what had befallen you. Monfieur de Ponsins comforted him the best that he could, and told him that he was going to pursue your Ravishers, having a certain knowledge of the way they took: This word somewhat revived him, and caused him to suspend his Grief, to give place to Fury.

In the mean time Madam d' Ombreval read her Son's investive with Eyes that sparkled with Rage. Traytor, (said she to me) Hast thou had the Impudence to be the Bearer of what I have read? I believe, Madam, answered I, that I have com-

mitted no great fault in obeying my Master, and in delivering you a Letter from him, in which there can be nothing but what is conformable to the respect he hath for you. She look't upon me with a severe Countenance, and answered nothing : I made her a profound reverence and withdrew. In the mean time I knew that she had sent for Monsieur *Abelard*, who was an understanding Man, and able to give good Advice, and that she had shown the Letter to him. Could you have imagined (said she) that this Traytor *de Ponsins* would have dealt thus with me ? Hath he not offended me more than if he had given me a thousand Stabs at the Heart ?

I confess, Madam, (answered he,) he hath much violated the respect he owed you. But what will not the just Grief of seeing a Sister carried into a Convent by force, utterly against her Inclination, cause a Man to do ? Ah Madam, those that advised you to such an Action, little minded what reflections the World would make on it, not how much your Reputation would suffer by it. I see, said Madam *d'Ombreval*, that you are one of *de Ponsins* Favourers. No, replied he, I am not, God keep me from approving of his Carriage towards you, 'tis very culpable. Yet Madam, I have not such base complaisance, to commend the Violence which hath been acted against your Daughter, nor your following the Advice of such a Person as no one hath a good Opinion of but your self. What would you have Men say of the influence he hath on you, so as to make you become unnatural ? I know you'll tell me, that 'tis your Zeal that hath made you act this ; but can any Zeal authorize Violence ? what censure will the World, pass on you,

you, when it hears that *Madam d' Ombreval* hath caused her Daughter to be hurried into a Convent, obliged her Son to abandon all, and that a Jesuit is become absolute Lord over her Mind, and in her Castle?

Madam d' Ombreval attentively heard *Abelard's* Discourse, and seemed affected with his Reasons, not returning one word of Answer, which encouraged him to proceed. You have, Madam, been highly esteemed by all the World, during the Life of *Monsieur d' Ombreval*. Alas, shall it be said that this Esteem is buried with your Husband; and that you your self have cast it into the same Grave with his Bones? Have you well considered that remorse and anguish which must necessarily follow what you have done? For I foresee that *Mademoiselle de St. Phale* seeing herself forced into a Cloyster, will in a short time die for Grief. As for *Monsieur de Ponsins*, he will not fail to find what I'm sure he will go to seek: Thus you'll be at once deprived of two Children, who have all the Accomplishments that you can wish. After their Deaths what will become of *Monsieur d' Ombreval's* and your Estate? Without doubt the Jesuits will have it, who have a long time thirsted after this prey. And if the Father *Matthew* were a Man that would give Glory to God, and confess the Truth, it would soon appear that his sole end in advising you to do what you have done, was to cause your Estate to fall into the hands of that Society.

Though *Monsieur Abelard* spake only at random, yet he chanced to hit upon the Truth. *Madam d' Ombreval* answered him very coldly. If I were not, said she, assured of your Affection to me and

my Family, I should think that you delighted to vex me. If what I have said, answered *Abelard*, hath offended you, I am ready to withdraw, after having begged your Pardon. But Madam, (added he) methinks it seems very hard and uncouth to see you here alone without the Children where-with God hath blessed you, and whom he hath left you to be your Comfort after the sensible Affliction of your Husband's Death. People will be apt to say that you delight to afflict your self, making your self the Instrument of you Childrens Persecution.

But, *Abelard*, replied Madam your Mother, what would you have had me to have done? My Son had seduced my Daughter who has become more than half an *Huguenot*: According to the Maxims of our Church, I believe that being a *Huguenot* he would be damn'd, I was desirous to secure her Salvation: And since she would not be reduced by Arguments, (her Brother having so prejudiced her Mind, that that Method could have no effect upon her.) I sent her into a Convent, where I am much deceived if they do not in time surmount her Obstinacy. Madam, said *Abelard*, I am a good Catholick, and therefore you have no reason to suspect me; but I assure you, if *Madamoiselle de Sr. Pivale* be forced to return to the Catholick Religion, she will be as lyable to Damnation as if she had always lived in the Profession of the pretended Reformed Religion; for I am not so ignorant as not to know that God requires an hearty, free, and voluntary, and not a forced Service. When he had said thus, he withdrew, to give Madam *d'Ombreval* opportunity to consider what he had said.

Madam,

Madam d' Ombreval was touched by nothing more sensibly than what concern'd her Honour, of which she was always very tender. She now plainly saw, that never imagining any hurt, she had been drawn by her Confessor into such actions, as expos'd her to the censure of idle and malicious persons. She could not conceal her Sentiments from *Abelard*, whom she caus'd to come into her Chamber the next day, to give her some Advice: I can advise you nothing, said he, but to call home your Children. But how can I do that, said Madam d' Ombreval, my Daughter it may be is at this present entred into a Convent, and my Son, where shall I send to seek him? Besides, should I find him, I know not whether he would return or no, and how can I suffer him in my sight after so injurious a Letter as he hath written me. Ah! Madam, said he, I am sure he'll beg your pardon with all his heart, if we were once so happy as to have him here. As for Mademoiselle your Daughter, they'll send her back as soon as you shall desire it. Write but one Word to the Convent, and they'll not fail of contenting you in this matter.

In this conjuncture there happen'd somewhat that had a great Influence on Madam d' Ombreval's embracing more favourable Sentiments than those she formerly had, which was a long and dangerous Sickness of the Father *Matthew*, which hindred him from coming to the Castle. On the other hand, Madam your Mother, for fear of giving the World occasion to reflect on her, never so much as sent to enquire how he did. Nor did she manifest all her displeasure against him, for having abused the deference she had for his Advice, by drawing her

into such Inconveniencies as he had done. She went once into your Brother's Chamber, and seeing a Bible on the Table, she opened it, and happened to lite on that place where *David* bewailing his Son *Absalom*, cryed out, *O Absalom my Son, my Son Absalom*. This passage suited her condition, and made her say, *O Ferdinand my Son, my Son Ferdinand*. I was was at that time with her, and saw her shed Tears in abundance.

At length she turned towards me, and said, Thou knowest *Mark* where thy Master is. Yes, Madam, said I. And wherefore didst thou not go with him; Because (answered I) he left me behind him to take care of such things as he carried not with him. Wouldest thou not do better (added she) in bringing him back? You have, said I, more power over him than I, and you know what 'twas that drove him hence: I spake these words with some confusion, which she perceiving, asked me why I was troubled: Because (said I) my Master was under such desperate Grief at his departure, that if he finds not an opportunity to end his days, his Melancholly is of it self enough to bring him to his Grave, which if it happen'd, I shall lose the best of Masters, and you, Madam, the most perfect and accomplish't of all Sons.

Thy Master hath grievously offended me, and I know not whether it be possible to abuse a Mother more than he hath done me, in the Letter which he commanded thee to deliver me. I seemed to be astonished at this. My innocence (continued she) together with the purity of mine Intentions bear me witness, for which reason I am not so much offended as it may be I should have been, were I not justified by my own Conscience. I wish (said I)
that

that my Master were here, I am sure he would beg your pardon with all imaginable humility and sorrow for what he hath done. *And I (said she) would pardon him with all my Heart, since 'tis tenderness for his Sister was the cause of his Offence.*

Madam, your Mother, after she had said these words, left her Chamber, and went into the Garden, where I saw her walk all alone in much pensiveness. 'Twas much otherwise with her now, than when she used to walk there: with Monsieur d'Ombreval, and to converse chearfully with her Children, the remembrance of which filled her Heart with such cruel Anguish, that she could not conceal it from Monsieur Abeldard, who came to see her. But Madam, said he, if it shall please God to restore you your Children, may they promise themselves to live securely with you without fear? And shall the Father *Mathew* no more move you to torment those whom you have born in your Womb, whom you cannot deal illy with, without violating the strictest Laws of Nature? If their Religion differ from yours, how can they help it? Know (Madam) that in matters of Religion, the more you endeavour to force a generous Spirit, such as Mademoiselle's your Daughter is, the further is it from yielding to such force. I promise you (said she) that she shall enjoy all imaginable Peace, and if I deal otherwise with her, I give you leave to account me the most inhumane of all Mothers.

I cannot promise you said he, that she will return, yet I dare hope it. After some other Discourse, Abeldard withdrew. This was the fifth day after my Master left us, to go to your Assistance. This Evening when it was near Night, he came to

to *Pensins*, and went to *Abelard's* House, who gave him an Account of the Affairs of the Castle, and of what he had done, and also of the seasonable Sickness of the Father *Matthew*. Monsieur d'*Ombreval* also related the History of your Deliverance, and how you were retired hither, where you resolved to abide, till you could take other Measures. Hereupon they consulted together what Course was fit to be taken, and at length 'twas resolved that my Brother should write a Letter to Monsieur *Abelard*, to order me immediately to bring him his Habilliments for War, which he expected two Leagues off.

Abelard carried the Billet to your Mother, who said to him, let him come hither, tell him that I would speak with him before he takes an Eternal Farewel of me, after which he may do what he pleaseth: Ah! Madam (said he) he is but an Hours riding hence, I'll bring him to you this Night. Immediately he returned to his House; where they sapt together, and after supper they went to the Castle; but 'twas very late before they came thither, and Madam your Mother expected them with a great deal of Impatience.

She had a great mind to show her self somewhat cold and severe; but the affecting Manner in which Monsieur d'*Ombreval* threw himself at her Feet, and embraced them, without being able to speak a Word, awakened the Voice of Nature in her, in comparison of which all other Voices are weak and impotent. Ah *Ferdinand* (said she, raising him up) I only desire to see you, to hear you condemn your self with your own Mouth. I desire no other Judge but your own Conscience. I might (said he) find somewhat to plead in my Justification,

sion; but Madam, I had rather make a Sincere Confession of my Fault. But *Ferdinand*, (said Madam d'Ombreval) if I cause your Sister to return, and leave her in a full and perfect Liberty, will not this satisfy you? For I see that the great Love you have for her, causeth you to fail in the respect you owe me.

Monfieur d'Ombreval seem'd satisfied with this promise, yet he still remained silent. Ah! (said Madam your Mother) I know, *Ferdinand*, what 'tis you are afraid of; you are afraid least I should alter my mind, but for this you may set your Heart at rest, and know that tho' the Father *Mathew* were not sick unto Death, yet he hath caus'd me too many troublesome Nights ever to make any use of his Advice again: I know what Venom there is in all his Counsels, and I swear I'll never follow them more; I swear, this in truth, and in sincerity of Heart; and what is more, I am resolv'd to follow no Advice but yours and your Sisters.

Seeing 'tis thus, replied my Master, I shall freely confess that my Sister is deliver'd, and I should have brought her with me, could I have expected so favourable an Entertainment. Here upon my Master gave her an Account of the whole Success of your Adventure, at which she seem'd extreamly pleas'd, and desired to see you as soon as she could. Immediately she abandon'd her Soul to Joy, and would needs have a Collation with her Son before she went to Bed, who satisfied her as to all the demands she made, except those as required a more certain Assurance, that she would continue in this good temper. My Master hath now sent me hither to give you an Account of all that pass'd, that your mind may be in quiet, least the uncertain Condition of your Affairs should disturb it.

Here

Here ended the Relation which my Brother's Servant made, whom I dismiss'd; after which I went to see *Madam de la Garde* and her two incomparable Daughters, who rejoiced exceedingly at the happy success of my Affairs, for which we heartily blessed God. I had a great mind to return home to my Mother, but *Madam de la Garde* advised me not to make too much haste; adding that I would do well to make my entrance into the Reformed Church before my return. I'll lend you my Castle, (said she) and I have a Minister in whom we may confide, and we will have no other Witnesses to the Action but my self, my two Sons in Law, and their Wives, my Daughters. I thanked her, and said, that I would not engage her in an Affair whose consequences might prove fatal to her; but she would not be put off. Daughter (said she) we are every hour in danger of Death, make use of the opportunity you have to make your Declaration, a time may come when you may exceedingly regret your having let it slip. At length I yielded to her Reasons, and we resolved that the Thursday following should be the day for this Work. As for the place, we chose a Summer-house that was in the Garden. And the Minister being before advised of it, came at the day appointed.

He was a Man of about fifty Years of Age, of a good Carriage: He desired to discourse me in private. I gave him an account of what made me desire to enter into the Communion of the Reformed, at which he seemed satisfied, finding that I had been pretty well instructed. After this we went all into the Garden, which was very large and spacious, the Doors of which we carefully shut, for

for fear of being either surprized or interrupted, and went into the Summer-house, as we had designed. The first thing our Minister did, was to Pray in general for our little Assembly, after which he made a Discourse, short indeed, but very affecting, of the necessity of Conversion, and of being sincere, and persevering in it. When he had finished this Discourse, he addressed himself particularly to me, in these Words:

There's no great need (Mademoiselle) I should represent these things to you, or be so large in them. Know that the Work we are about is of such great moment, that 'tis inferiour to none other in the World. You abandon a Church that is environ'd with Pomp and Magnificence, and is supported by almost all those that are great and Powerful; a Church that hath under it many People, Tongues and Nations, which boasts of Antiquity, and is at present more flourishing than ever. This Church (I say) you abandon, to enter into another, in which you will see nothing but Misery, Reproach and Grief, whose Members are accounted the Filth and Off-scouring of all Things, and are but very few, in comparison of those of the Church of Rome: A Church that is charged with Novelty and Innovation, and which is in a word oppressed and desolated at present more than ever hitherto it hath been. I ask you once more before this small and holy Assembly. Have you well considered what you do? Hath no humane Passion or worldly Consideration obliged you to forsake the Belief in which you were born and bred, to embrace another?

This Question, for which I was not prepared, thinking I had fully satisfied the Minister in our private

private Conversation, somewhat surprized me; yet I took Courage, and rising up, returned this Answer. I call God to witness before you, God (I say) who knows the secrets of my Heart, and to whom my most concealed Designs are all open and naked, that I forsake the Church of *Rome* only because it hath fallen into many Fundamental Errors with respect to Faith: And because I am sensible that I cannot continue in it without putting my Salvation on a desperate Hazard. This is the sole, the only Motive of my Change, nothing of any private grudge or worldly affection prompting me to it. I will also, and I freely consent that you all should rise up as Witnesses against me at the Day of Judgment, when the most secret Imaginations of our Hearts shall be discovered, if my Conversion be not sincere, or if any Worldly Passion hath moved me to it.

I need not tell you what I shall lose in the World by abandoning the Roman Religion, nor yet the Miseries I must expect in embracing the Reformed. I have made divers Reflections upon it for a long Time, and God hath given me Grace to surmount all the Allurements of the World, and the Calamities I have Reason to expect in entering into the Communion of Saints. I shall only say, that this Prosperity, and those Delights that are in the Church of *Rome* have disgusted me, and made me fear to remain in it; for I remember the Instructions of my Father, That it would be with the Church of *Rome* in General, as we see 'tis with the wicked in Particular, God suffers them to be advanced and to triumph on the Earth, to render that Ruine and Fall that will suddenly overtake them, the more dreadful. I am not so ignorant

as not to know, that all those Delights, and this Pomp of the Romish Church, is a mark of its being a false Church, seeing these Things lead Men voluntarily to Eternal Misery. This caused me to hate the Church of *Rome*, even before I was sensible of its Errors and Impieties: But now that I plainly see in her all the Marks and Characters of Mystical *Babylon*, I leave you to judge whether I am not very willing to leave her, to obey this voice that saith, *Come out of her my People, lest you are partakers of her plagues*: So that though there were no other External Form of any other Church, as there was not three Ages ago; yet I should earnestly desire to be separated from her, for fear of being involved in her Condemnation in that terrible Day, in which God will pour down his Judgments upon her.

Much more reason have I to desire to leave her at present, when I only as it were leave a Tempestuous Sea, to enter into a safe Harbour: And as the Pomps and Delights of the Church of *Rome* made me first to doubt whether she were indeed what she pretended to be, and afterwards to hate and despise her in my Heart; so the Afflictions of the Reformed Church, and the Machinations of the Great Ones of the Earth against her made me at first esteem her, and afterwards love her. This is what made me to seek Instruction, which I wanted, to beg it of God with Tears and Cries; who had Mercy upon me and made use of my Father and Brother to draw me out of the way, which I knew to be bad, though as yet I knew not the good or true Way which leads to Salvation, which is only found in Jesus Christ, who is the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life*, who alone hath delivered

delivered us from Eternal Death, by his Death, and whom we ought to take as our only Mediator, Intercessor and Advocate, addressing our selves to God by and through him in Faith and Truth.

I made my Declaration to the Minister before I came hither, of all the Abuses which I found in the Church of *Rome*: I now reject them all, and resolve to adhere to the Faith of that Church which is the true Spouse of Christ, particularly to the Faith of the Reformed Churches of *Franco*, without adding to, or taking from it, or changing it in any particular; and in this Faith I desire to die, and I trust in the Mercy of God, that having begun a good Work in me, he will finish it to his own Glory, and my Salvation. I have for a long time earnestly sighed after what I have now done, and I may say, *This is an Happy Day for me.*

Here I ended my Discourse, to which the Pastor returned this Answer: Mademoiselle, said he, I have heard you with a great deal of Joy, as also have these good Christians that are here present. And how can there chuse but be Joy on Earth, seeing there's Joy in Heaven when a Sinner repents, or a Wanderer is reduced into the right way? Being perswaded therefore that your Conversion is sincere and real. " In the Name, and
" by the Authority of our Lord, I declare you a
" true Member of his Church. He hath chosen
" you from Eternity to be his, and as such he
" hath called you Externally by his Word, and
" more effectually by his Spirit; so that I only
" publish and make known to Men, what God
" hath done for you.

You

You are now entred into a Path very thorny, but withal very glorious; you shall suffer all the Days of your Life, but at length you shall finish your Days in Peace and Joy: You must encounter with innumerable Enemies, but the Issue of your Combat will be your Glory and Triumph. The God of Mercy, who desires not the Death of a Sinner, but rather that he would repent and live, increase in you all the Gifts of his Holy Spirit, and sustain you with his Power from on high, that having in this World received Authentick Evidences of Eternal Life, he may indeed bestow it upon you in the Heavens.

Consider seriously, that having entred into this way of Eternal Life, you must not draw back, nor so much as look back, by remembring and regretting your past Grandure and Conveniencies: Seeing you abandon all things to follow the Lord Jesus, you cannot with a good Conscience return to what you have left, without committing an Outrage on him, and alienating your Heart from the Lord of Glory, who abhors a divided Heart, an Heart that pretends to adhere to him, and at the same time runs out after the World: *Little Children, saith St. John, love not the World, neither the Things that are in the World; if any Man love the World, the Love of the Father is not in him.* O how happy is that Soul, who forsaking all other things, makes the Lord Jesus Christ his Supream Happiness, his All! Having said thus, he prayed again for me with much Fervour and Affection, during which I shed a thousand Tears of Joy, the Evidences of an inward Joy and Satisfaction, Madam de la Garde and her two Daughters wept also, and her Sons-in-law were much affected: This Action was

was concluded with singing the 85th Psalm, which begins thus.

*O Lord our God, how gracious
Hast been to thy beloved Land:
Jacobs Captivity thou hast
Recalled with a mighty Hand:
Thy People freely pardoned
Thou hast all their Iniquities:
O God, thou all their Trespasses,
And Sins hast covered from thine Eyes.*

This was followed by the Blessing, in which I as a New Comer had a double Portion. I must needs say that the Pastor put up many particular Requests for me, and after having ended all, he came to salute me, as one newly entred into their Communion. Madam *de la Garde* with her two illustrious Daughters followed him; and embraced me an hundred times; we wept on each other for Joy and Love: The *Monsieurs d'Arbeux* and *de Chables* were extreemly obliging in their Carriage; which I had Assurance was sincere. At length we all went out of the Summer-house, leaving the Minister alone, who had the Generosity to write me a Certificate, of my having made an Abjuration of the *Roman* Errors in his Presence, declaring that he own'd me for a Member of the Church, and pray'd all the Brethren in Christ to receive me as such. I thank't him the best that I could, for he expos'd himself to extreem Danger, should I happen to lose this Certificate, and it should fall into Dangerous Hands. As an Acknowledgment of his Kindnesses, I would have oblig'd him to have received a Ring of a considerable Value; but he

He would not take it, answering me very pleasantly, that 'twas not the part of Converts to give Presents to their Converters, but of Converters to give Presents to their Converts. I answered, that 'twas so indeed in the false Church, but in the true Church they have contrary Maxims; yet I could never prevail with him to take any thing of me.

After we had walked some time, *Madam de la Garde* was willing to return into the Castle, where we found in the Hall a stately Collation prepared for us. Methinks, *Madam* (said I) you deal with me as they did with the Prodigal Son, for whom they killed the fatted Calf as soon as he came to himself, and returned into his Father's House. She smil'd, and said, You humble your self too much, this Comparison doth not suit you. But I pray you, seeing there is now Joy in Heaven, why should there not be some Joy also on Earth.

We were very cheerful during the Collation, which being ended, the Pastor took his Leave of us. I much regretted his Departure, seeing God had chosen him to receive me into his Church, and I were his Spiritual Child, the Apostle *Paul* himself calling those his Children whom God had brought into the Church by his Ministry. He promised after a few days to return and see us, and I was much troubled that I had let him go, before he had satisfied me in a Scruple which I had, viz. Whether in case I did return to my Mother, I ought to confess plainly that I were an *Huguenot*, or else to pretend that I were still a *Roman Catholick*. If I should confess the former, I should be in danger of falling into the same inconveniencies I had been delivered from, and it may be greater, which I should very hardly escape. If

I should deny it, I should wound my Conscience and show that I were ashamed of Christ and his Gospel, which would be a kind of denying him before Men.

At length I resolved, that if my Mother would see me, and my Brother should advise me to return to her, and if she should demand an Account of my Faith, I would make a plain Confession of it, without dissembling any part of it, preparing my self for the most cruel Events, and chusing rather to suffer in my Body than in my Conscience. I begg'd God to strengthen me in this Resolution, and to enable me, notwithstanding my own Weakness, to overcome all Crafts, Threatnings, all kind of Temptation, and my proper Infirmities. I imparted my Thoughts to *Madam de la Garde*, who approved of my Design, and exceedingly confirmed me in it.

About three Days after my Brother with *Monsieur de Haut-Cour* came to visit *Madam de la Garde*. This was an Addition to my Joy. After the first Caresses and Civilities were over, they declared to them, that I was admitted, received and owned to be a Member of the Reformed Church, and gave them an Account of the Manner in which this was done. Never was Surprise more agreeable. Blessed be God, said my Brother, you have freed me from a great deal of Trouble: I may now call you my Sister, not only in Flesh and Blood, but also in Spirit, and in our Lord Jesus Christ; this obliged him to embrace me a second time, and to give me the Hand of Fellowship. *Monsieur de Haut-Cour* durst not so openly declare his Joy at what I had done, yet he protested to me, that nothing ever better pleased him in all his Life.

At length *Madam de la Garde*, believing that my Brother and *Monsieur de Haut-Cour* were not come without having something of Moment to impart to me, left the Chamber in, which we were. My Brother took this Oportunity to tell me, that my Mother earnestly desired to see me, and that I should prepare to return with him. I am ready to do it, said I, but I assure you, that having made my Declaration, I am not in an Humour to dissemble, but am resolved to declare boldly, that I am of the Reformed Religion. At this word my Brother was silent for some Time: At length he consented to what I had proposed, assuring me that my Mother would never trouble me more on that Account, having too sensible Remorse for what she had already done; adding moreover, that she was so extreamly troubled for having suffered the Father *Matthew* to usurp such a Power over her Mind, that she is (said he) fallen sick with it, and 'tis her Sickness that is one of the Reasons that makes me press you to return.

But, Brother (said I) hath not the injurious Letter which you wrote her, made her sick? What did you mean by Writing such Things? I Confess (said he) that I was not my self when I wrote it; and the Trouble of having, as I feared, lost you for ever, made me in a manner stark-mad: Yet this way of Writing hath not wanted a Good Effect, for it opened my Mother's Eyes, who immediately saw that her having without imagining any hurt suffered the Father *Matthew* to usurp such an Authority over her, was capable to do her an injury, seeing to please this Man she had hurried away two Children, of whom she had never any reason to complain; and that so unnatural an action

on would never be ascribed to a scruple and tenderness of Conscience, but to something more odious. It may be, unless I had wrote this Letter, she would have been the same that she ever had been towards you and me, so absolute a dominion had the Father *Matthew* over her spirit. Moreover I assure you, that the good Woman is not at all displeased with me for what I have done, and I have all the reason in the World to be satisfied with the Caresses she hath made me. I'll tell you more, Monsieur *de Haut-Cour* being come to see me, she shewed him all possible Civilities, called him the Deliverer of her Daughter, and hath given him all the hopes that he could expect for her Consent, being fully convinced, as she her self said, that the Union between the Houses *de Roche Blanche* and *d' Ombreval*, was determined in Heaven, whose Decree 'tis in vain for men to oppose.

I could not chuse but blush at the hearing of such News, especially in the presence of Monsieur *de Haut-Cour*, who soon perceived the Confusion I was under, and took this opportunity to fall at my feet, and to tell me, that although his Passion had been approved of by my late Father, though it was authorized by my Brother, and though he had also obtain'd the consent of my Mother, yet he was resolved to owe me to none but my self. I had never (said I) any aversion from you, nor am I capable of ever having it. You are an honest man, much esteemed by all, you have much Merit, and Worth, nor am I absolutely blind. Moreover, you have for you, the Consent of my Father, of my Mother, and of a Brother whom I am obliged by many reasons to Honour and Love. He Loves Mademoiselle your Sister beyond expression: I gave

gave you leave to draw what favourable consequence you please out of all these things, and remember that this is the second time that you have forced me to declare the Sentiments of my heart, tho' they were not unknown to you ; beware (said I smiling) you do it not a third time, least you give me just cause to complain of you.

Ah Sister, said my Brother laughing, you would make us believe (did we not know you well enough) that you were worse than indeed you are. I could not chuse but laugh in my turn, and to break off a Conversation so little serious, I entred upon a Discourse of my return. Monsieur de Haut-Cour could not consent to it, being still afraid on my behalf. But my Brother was for it, declaring that he would take such care, and keep such a strict Watch over all Passages, that they should never be able to play me such a Trick as they had done. For my part I desired it with all my heart, and told them that seeing my Mother was half vanquished already, the rest of the Victory must needs belong to me.

Immediately we all three left the Chamber to rejoin Madam de la Garde, to whom we discovered the result of our Consultation : She consented with some difficulty, fearing the same things that Monsieur de Haut-Cour did. But my Brother assured her, that she had no reason to fear, seeing Father Matthew was under disgrace, and besides, was sick unto Death, which hindred him from regaining the Empire he had once over my Mother's Spirit. We Supt this Evening very chearfully, and sate up till it was near Morning, spending the time in a thousand innocent Diversions, at length each withdrew to his Chamber to take some hours rest.

My Brother rose early enough the next Morning, considering how late it was when he went to Bed. He discoursed some time with my Lover, at length they sent to my Chamber, to inquire whether I was risen, and found that I was ordering my Chambermaid (who was of the Reformed Religion, a very honest Girl, whom *Madam de la Garde* had given me, and I have kept ever since, who is now in the Ship with me) to pack up some things which I had there in order to our Journey. Methinks, said *Monsieur de Haut-Cour*, after the Usage you have met with at the Castle *de Ponsins*, you should not be so earnest to return to it. Methinks, Monsieur, answered I, there is nothing more glorious than to return with Honour to a place from whence we have been shamefully driven, when those who have driven us away, are found by their own remorse to do us justice, and Caress us a thousand ways, to make us forget the injuries we have received at their hands.

Just as I had spoken these words, came *Madam de la Garde* into the Chamber, which prevented *Monsieur de Haut-Cour* from making any reply. Why Daughter (said she) are you in such haste to be gone from me? at least spend this Day with us. Ah! *Madam* (answered I) should I follow the inclination of my heart, I should not only spend this Day, but my whole Life with you. 'Tis in this House that I have made my entrance into the Church of the Lord, and my open Profession of true Christianity: But, *Madam*, I have a Mother to whom I am obliged not only by Blood and Nature, but also by a thousand unexpressible kindnesses: She is Sick, she desires to see me, I must obey her in all things in which Conscience is not concern'd.

concern'd. Well, (said she) I will not oppose your Departure, but I earnestly desire to have some private Discourse with you before you go. Madam, said I, I will presently wait on you in your Chamber, to receive your instructions, which I shall always value as so many Oracles.

As soon as I had set my Affairs in order, and spoken a word or two to Monsieur de Haut-Cour and my Brother, I went into Madam de la Gard's Chamber, I found her alone, she received me with an embrace, which was followed with many most obliging Expressions. My dear Daughter (said she) I admire the fatality of this Adventure; 'twas but a few days since that I first knew you, and yet I love you as tenderly as I can possibly love my own Daughters, which are my own Flesh and Blood, yet the same Fate that hath drawn out my Affections towards you, snatches you from me now, when I most desire your Presence. We must obey, and submit our selves to God's Will. All things concur in calling you home to a Mother that loves you, and I will not dissuade you from your Duty, yet I would as a Mother, and as a Member of the same Society with you, give you some Advice, which as Affairs are at present, cannot but be useful to you.

Consider Daughter, that you are a Member of the true Christian Church, and that this quality of a Reformed Christian, obligeth you to renounce all the Pleasures of the World, which ordinarily follow greatness, and seem to be entailed on the Church of Rome. I shall not insist much on this Point, because by what I know of you, you are too Wise and Prudent not to make this reflection your self; yet there is another Point on which I

I 2 have

have spoken to you already, and shall now speak what more God hath put into my mind; 'tis concerning your Constancy, to shew you, that having embraced the Truth, you are obliged to persevere in it to the end, with an invincible firmness.

It hath been observed, and the Observation is confirmed by daily experience, that when a Person renounceth the Errors of the Church of *Rome*, to embrace the Purity of Faith, such as the Word of God teacheth us, the Devil and the World seem to be let loose against that Person; God suffers him to be exposed to the sharpest Tryals, to discover his Iniquity and Hypocrisie, if he return again into the false Church: Whereas the true Children of God, having their Duty always before their Eyes, never fail in so essential a Point as perseverance is, but continue in the fear of the Lord unto the end. Thus you see that the same fire of Persecution, the same Furnace of Afflictions shew the difference that there is between the Gold and the Dross that is found with it, which cannot be so well distinguished when they are both taken out of the Mines together. But as the Fire distinguisheth Gold from the Earth or Dross, so Calamities distinguish the Children of God from Hypocrites, and Sufferings discover what in Prosperity lay conceal'd.

Don't imagine (my Daughter) that your Sufferings will only be from the Enemies of the Faith; indeed they'll do the worst they can against you, if you fall into their Hands; and the least mischief you are to expect from them is the Confiscation of your Goods, so that you'll be forced to be a poor Fugitive and Vagabond. You may, it may be,
promise

promise your self a comfortable retreat amongst those of our Communion; but this is what is worst of all, and a real cause of Lamentation and Mourning; Alas, you will not find them to be such as you imagine. You may think that professing a Religion, which so plainly Commands Charity, Zeal, Humility, and renouncing the World, their manners will be conformable to their belief; but 'tis nothing so: Don't lye under this mistake, but be perswaded, that the Number of those whose Lives are adorned with Christian Virtues, is very small in comparison of those that are very pious in their Discourses, and splendid in their Profession, without ever practising what they profess.

Oh God! What a Scandal is it, to see the greatest part of those that profess the Reformed Religion, leading Lives so unbecoming the Gospel, especially in other Countries where the Rods of Adversity have not been yet felt: you will find Pride where you expected Humility, Dissoluteness instead of Modesty, Hardness of Heart instead of Charity, Coldness and Indifference instead of Zeal. Oh what anguish will the sight of these things cause in you! I have known Persons that have bravely born the loss of Goods, and have not at all yielded to Threatnings, Misery and Imprisonment, whom the sight of the horrible disorder amongst the Reformed throughout the World, have almost vanquish'd.

Wherever you retire you will have many Spies upon you, who will watch all your Words and Actions with greater Care and Malignity than if you were still a *Roman Catholick*. Your greatest Enemies will be the Women, (I must speak this to the shame of my Sex) who seeing you young and

handsome, will not be perswaded that a Person of your Age and Quality could abandon all for the quiet of her Conscience. Hereupon they'll invent a thousand idle and ridiculous stories against you, as their envy or jealousy shall prompt them. Others will relate all that they shall hear, adding, Malignant Commentaries of their own, either to vex you, or to oblige you to discover some discontent. Yea, they'll be apt enough to injure you to your Face, either by dull or bitter Railleries, or else by open affronts ; so that from which you may promise your self Joy and Consolation, will be to you the Cause of Grief and Tears.

There have been Persons of Honour and Merit that have also been obliged to seek security amongst the *Reformed* of other Countries ; but alas ! They were much deceived in their Opinion of them, and found that they were only Reformed out of Custom, and because they happened to be born such, and that had they been born *Ranters*, or *Papists*, or *Jews*, they would not have changed their Religion, what faults soever they had seen in it, and on this damnable Principle they hate all those that turn from Error to Truth, as inconsistent. Who ever heard of such a depravation ! Yet I believe those from whom I had an account of it, who are Persons very Sincere and Pious, and who would never have discovered the nakedness of those of their own Communion, had not they done it first themselves, by their own Actions.

I speak these things that you may not be surprized nor astonished, when you see the Lives of some of the Reformed so different from their Faith, and that you may not take up an Opinion of what they believe from their Practices, by which they are so far from honouring the Father which is in Heaven,
that

that they not only dishonour him themselves, but also by their horrible Examples provoke others to do so too. For my part, seeing the present Fury of our Enemies; and the liberty they take in acting it, I expect some dreadful Calamity; and endeavour to prepare my own and my Daughters minds for the most surprizing and fatale accidents, knowing that an evil foreseen, and for which Persons are prepared, loseth above half its force.

I shall conclude my Discourse with sincere Vows for your Welfare and Prosperity: May it please our good God to increase in you daily the Gifts of his Holy Spirit. Pray to him, my Daughter, call on him in your Prosperity, and you'll find him gracious unto you in your Adversity; if Men afflict you, he'll fill your Soul with unspeakable Joy; if they wound you, he'll bind up your wounds, and apply to them the most healing Balsom; if they deprive you of your perishing riches here below, he'll heap on you eternal ones above; this is what I wish with all my whole Heart. Moreover, that you may remember me, I beg you to receive this small present; giving me several Books of Devotion very well bound. I intended to have enlarged in my Expressions of thankfulness, but she would not suffer me. I was much pleased with the Present she made me, and carried it my self into my Chamber, to lock it up in my Cabinet.

As soon as these things were over, we went to Dinner, at which we were not so chearful as we had been last Night at Supper. After Dinner we took our leaves one of another. I shall not give an account of the Tears we all shed: I could never have thought 'twould have been so terrible to

me to part from *Madam de la Garde* and her two illustrious Daughters, who also made me Presents after their Mother's Example. They all went into the Coach to keep me Company, the *Messieurs d'Arbaux* and *de Chables* took Horse to accompany my Brother and Lover, who came on Horse-back, though they also brought a Coach with them. They rode with us about a League and half, where fresh Tears were shed by us, and many Civilities passed between our Gentlemen. My Brother and Lover made their Compléments in particular to *Madam de la Garde* and her two Daughters, because of their extraordinary kindness they had shown me; and after varieties of Expressions denoting thankfulness and affections, our Coaches parted: I was left in mine with none but my Chamber-maid, admiring the strange revolution of this World, that I should return voluntarily the same way which I had been but a little before carried by force. As for my Lover and my Brother, they chose to ride on Horse-back, for fear of any unhappy Accident; they had also with 'em two men that were very resolute, and well armed.

I shall not give you an account of what hap'n'd this Journey, till I come to our Castle. My Brother caused the Coach to stop some distance from the Gate, because he would not have my Mother know by the noise that we were come. My Brother and Lover alighted off their Horses, and I came out of the Coach; and my Brother having strictly charged all the Family not to give my Mother Notice of our coming, we went up towards her Chamber, and I met her coming out of her Closet, with an extream pale and languishing Countenance, at which I was much surprized:

As

'As soon as I saw her, I fell at her Feet, saying, *God hath been very gracious to me, in suffering me to embrace your Knees with the satisfaction I have of being assured that you are no longer angry with me.*

At this Surprize my Mother cryed out, and was forced to sit down, not having strength to stand up; at length, being a little come to her self, she said, *Justine, My Daughter! Justine, My Child; Let me also say, that God hath been very gracious to me, in restoring me my dear Children, after I had blindly taken such Pains to drive them from me: Come, my Daughter, let me embrace you, after which let Death come when it will, I am ready for it.*

I would not stir from her Knees, but she forced me to arise and sit down by her. The Astonishment was so great, that she took no notice of *Monsieur de Haut-Cour* nor my Brother. At length, I believe (said she to the former) that your Happiness hath been the sole hindrance of my Daughter's Misery, for Heaven would not suffer a Person dear to you, to be carried away, but hath directed you to find her and bring her back. In a word, Heaven hath destin'd her for you, and men can neither successfully nor honestly oppose its Decrees. You told me a few days since, that you desired nothing in the World more than to have her for your Wife. I now give her to you, and both Command her as a Mother, and beg her as a Friend to consider you as her Husband, seeing *Monsieur de Roche Blanche*, and Madam his Wife, her dead Father, and her Brother, by whom she ought to be directed since her Father's death, have desired this Union.

Madam, said I, suffer me to enjoy the Consolation of seeing you, without minding any thing
I 5.
else

else, I believe (answered my Mother smiling) that you are very glad to see me, but one happiness ought not to be an Obstacle to another which is greater; and after all, Daughter, I owe you a reparation. I give you to this Gentleman to whom you have, it may be, given your Heart already, this ought to make you forget the Injury that was done you. And on the other hand I am indebted to Monsieur de Haut-Cour for having restored me my Daughter, though (it may be) he aim'd more at his own satisfaction than at mine.

I confess I was both confounded and vext that these things should be spoken in my Lover's presence, and my Mother perceiving my trouble, arose, and after having recommended her Civilities with Monsieur de Haut-Cour, and her Caresses towards my Brother; I desire, said she, to allow my Heart a little Joy, after ~~its~~ being delivered from such cruel Afflictions. Immediately she sent for the two *Rabours* and *Abelard*, who had the Honour to eat with us; the rest of the day was spent in a great deal of Pleasure, 'till Supper, during which they made me sit near Monsieur de Haut-Cour. You may better imagine, than I can tell, what Discourses pass'd between us. In the Evening my Mother ordered my Brother to take Horse the next Morning, and invite Monsieur and Madam de Roche Blanche, and Mademoiselle de Garissoles, their illustrious Daughter, to our Castle; adding that in the mean time she would keep Monsieur de Haut-Cour with her as a pawn: This Employment my Brother joyfully accepted, and went very early the next Morning towards Roche Blanche.

I never had enjoyed so much Peace and Pleasure since my Father's Death, as I now did. I was
much.

much in my Mother's Favour, who dealt with me more like a Friend than like a Daughter. She loved me very tenderly, and I loved her much after the same manner. I freely enjoyed my Lover's Company without the least jealousy or hindrance. One thing indeed troubled me, which was the assurance I had that there was somewhat lay near my Mother's heart, which though she endeavoured to conceal from me, as much as possible, yet she could not from time to time forbear sighing in my presence. I once resolved to ask her the reason of her so great trouble, of which I feared my change of Religion was the cause. She perceived my fear, whereof she resolved to put me out of doubt: I know, *Justine*, said she, that you believe your sentiments about Religion are the cause of my Affliction: No, no, I am not sorry to see you an Huguenot, or ready to be one, What would you say, should I tell you, that I am apt sometimes to approve of what you have done, and to envy your Condition.

So unexpected an expression struck me silent for some moments, but at length I answered thus: Madam (said I) I have entirely rejected the *Romish* Religion, and embraced the Protestant; in which I hope, according to that assurance which God hath graciously given me, I shall live and die: But Madam, give me leave to speak one word out of the Word of God to you, which I have often heard from my Father and Brother; *To day if you will hear his Voice, harden not your Heart.* When they spake these words to me, I was as you at present are, under doubts and much uncertainty what course to take. They advised me not to trust to my own Understanding, but to beg of God that he

he would shew you what to do. I did so; and God at length determined me to do what I have now done, for which I do, and I hope I shall to all Eternity, bless his Holy Name. Besides, my Brother gave me a New-Testament, which I read several times, and we had some Discourses together, till at length the Spirit of God finished the work he had begun in me. Take, Madam, the same Course, and be assured, that the reason why your Priests and Confessors forbid you to read the Holy Scriptures, is, because its exceeding great light is abundantly sufficient to discover all their Errors and Abuses. Indeed (replied my Mother) the words that you have spoken are very wonderful: *To day if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart.* Yes, Madam, (said I) you'll find it thus written in the 94th or 95th *Psalms*, where *David* exhorts his People not to resist the Voice and Will of God, if they hear him speaking to their Hearts or to their Eyes by his wonderful Works. And *St. Paul* in the third Chapter of his Epistle to the *Hebrews*, applies this passage to those to whom God hath discovered the first sparks of his Truth, either by his Word heard or meditated on, or by holy speculations, for these things are indeed the Voice of God; so that none can harden their Hearts against it, without becoming guilty in his Sight.

If you please, Madam, (added I) I'll fetch you the New-Testament which my Brother gave me. Do so; (said she) and if you see *Monseigneur de Haut-Cour* bid him come hither, for I will not conceal our Conversation from him. I went, or rather flew, to discharge the Commission my Mother had given me. I called my Lover, to whom I gave a brief account of the disposition of my Mother's Spirit;

it; I begg'd his assistance in perswading her; which he joyfully promised; so that we went both to her. Monsieur, (said my Mother) you cannot but be sensible of the Esteem and Affection that I have for you. I desire that you would sincerely tell me your Mind, without the least complaisance: My Daughter hath confessed, that she is of the same Religion that you are. For my part I neither love nor value her the less for it; and sometimes I am apt to approve of what she hath done, and believe, that had I been in her circumstances, I should have done the same thing. In a word; the farther I look into it, the more abuses I discover in the *Roman* Religion; but yet I know not what to do, for we ought not to abandon a Belief in which we have been born and bred, unless very weighty Reasons oblige us to it: nor yet can we persevere in a Belief whose falshood we are convinced of, without wounding our Conscience. These Considerations keep my mind in suspense; pray help me to determine what course to take.

Madam, (replied Monsieur *de Haut-Cour*,) since 'tis your pleasure that I speak my thoughts freely, I shall not amuse my self by discoursing largely on the Truth and Purity of the Reformed Religion, nor the Errors of that of *Rome*, for this would be a work of some hours, yea of some days. The Church of *Rome* errs in many fundamental Points, and the Argument she urgeth in her defence are so weak and captious, that I should never have done, should I give you a particular account of them. I shall therefore turn my Discourse another way, and prove that you have no reason to make any difficulty of leaving the Romish Religion, since those

those very Persons that press you to persevere in it, are not themselves perswaded of its truth.

Hath it not been told you a thousand times, that *Auricular Confession* was absolutely necessary, there being dreadful Anathema's pronounced against such as conceal any thing from their Confessor? I shall not insist on this, that this kind of Confession is not to be found in Scripture, without offering abundance of Violence to it, and that if the Primitive Church ever admitted it, 'twas never accounted indispensibly necessary, as 'tis now. What need is there, (Madam) that a Priest should know all my Heart, and discover all my weaknesses, fears, and scruples, whereby he may do what he will with me, especially drain my Estate to enrich Churches and Monasteries? This hath occasioned most of those, who have some sense of the Abuses of Confession, to confess no more than is consistent with their Interest: Especially those whose Confessors are Jesuits, will not, if they are wise, confess all they know, do, or think, because they may assure themselves, that their secrets will be revealed, and will pass to other Persons besides their Confessor, notwithstanding the great Corporal and Spiritual Punishments pronounced against those that reveal Confessions. Remember (Madam) the Questions that your Confessor ask'd you, and you will find after having examined the Penances and Satisfactions that he ordain'd, that he made use of your Confession only to get somewhat or other from you, or else a more absolute dominion over your Spirit. This therefore is an Article, which the Church of *Rome* hath published for her own private Interest, I mean worldly Interest: Not to mention the many other mischiefs that are occasioned.

occasioned by it, much like those for which it was formerly prohibited in the *Greek Church*, by *Nectarius Patriarch of Constantinople*.

Again, *Purgatory*, what is it but an Invention to maintain plenty in the Kitchens of their Clergy, who have also found out the Remedy against it, which are *Masses* for the Dead, and *Pilgrimages*? What Man being perswaded that his Soul must suffer the most dreadful Torments for many thousands of years, can avoid being terrified at the imagination of it, and refuse to give large Donations for the singing of multitudes of *Masses*, by their means to be saved from it? Who sees not that this is nothing else but a meer humane Invention? For *Purgatory* was invented to cause the *Mass* to be prized, and the *Mass* to furnish the Kitchen; whence it follows, that the *Roman Religion* is partly invented, to furnish the Clergy with means to live in Pomp and Deliciousness. This hath occasioned many *Roman Catholicks* to laugh at *Purgatory*, and contemn the *Mass*, adhering only externally to the *Roman Religion* for their Advantage, but indeed are of no Religion at all, because they judge that all Religions are like the *Roman*, invented only to awe the People, and keep them in due Bounds, as more effectual to this end, than Arms and Cittadels.

As for the *Mass*, did we but know the multitude of Priests that laugh at it in their Hearts, it may be the hundredth part of all the Priests in the World would hardly be found good *Catholicks*. Did they believe that Christ was really present, and that they could bring him down from Heaven to eat him, they would behave themselves far otherwise in the celebration of the *Mass* than now they

they do. Not one of them but would tremble, knowing that he held in his Hands Christ the Son of God, God and Man, the Monarch of Angels; he that shall judge him at the last day, and could punish him immediately for his Offences against him. They would neither be what they are, nor do what they do, if they were perswaded that they held the Saviour of the World in their Hands who is jealous of his own Glory. In a word, (added *Madamoiselle de St. Phale*) *Monsieur de Haut-Cour* said the same things for substance that *Monsieur de B. V.* said the other day against the Father *Maimbourg*, who undertook to defend the Prohibition the King had made, That no Catholick should turn Protestant; and that such as had formerly been Protestants, and had turned Catholics, should not return to their first profession, of which Prohibition or Declaration *Monsieur de B. V.* shewed the horrible Injustice and Abuse.

My Mother hearkned very attentively to what *Monsieur de Haut-Cour* said. Indeed he made his Reflections in so curious and sweet a Manner, and with so much strength of Judgment, that she heard him without interrupting him at all. We had every day Discourses of this Nature, till at length I perceived my Mother was more than half conquered, when I saw all the Images that were in her Chamber removed and laid up in a Garret, instead whereof she ordered my Father's Bible with *Doidates* and *Desmarests* Annotations to be brought her, in which I very often read to her. *Monsieur de Haut-Cour* expounded several Passages and shewed her what was believed and practised in the Church of *Rome* contrary to the Scripture.

On a certain day as we were all together, she took up my New Testament, and read the Words which my Brother had wrote in the beginning: *Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any one hear my voice and open to me, I will come in unto him, and sup with him, and he with me.* Do you know, Madam, said Monsieur de Haut-Cour, what Christ means, when he saith that *He stands at the Door and knocks*? He doth this when he toucheth an Heart, as he hath done yours, when he makes it know by frequent admonitions, that it must come to him. Hear therefore his Voice, and open the Door of your Heart to him, conforming your self to his Will, and trusting in his Holy Promises; if you let Christ in unto you, he will sup with you, and you with him; that is, he will have a perfect Communion with your Spirit, and will give you an earnest of his Glory:

Your Arguments (replied my Mother) are indeed very strong: But cannot the Catholicks turn them to their advantage? and cannot the Priests interpret them in favour of their Church as well as you of yours? They may indeed do it (said he) but against Reason. For Christ invites us to open to him; 'tis he alone that will come in to us, because he would have as full a Communion with us, as the Head can have with its Members. 'Tis to him alone therefore that we ought to open the Door of our Hearts, acknowledging him to be our only Saviour and Mediator. We must not open it to *He-Saints* or *She-Saints*; No, not to the Virgin Mary her self, who, though she bear the Lord Jesus Christ in her Womb, yet hath not the Power to save us. Let us therefore open these Doors to Jesus Christ alone. Let us set them wide open,

open, and invite him to dwell with us; let us have an holy confidence in his promises, and we shall be eternally united to him. But let us shut the Doors of our hearts against all other things; that is, let us put no Confidence in any other merit but his. 'Tis evident, that this was our Saviour's Design: And 'tis this that the Reformed Church teacheth, who exhorts all Persons to hear the Voice of Christ, and give him entrance, and none other. Whereas in the Church of *Rome* we are called upon to open the Doors of our Hearts to Saints of both Sexes, especially to the *Blessed Virgin*. Hence it follows, that to hear the Voice of Christ, and open the Doors of our hearts to him, we must adhere to that Church which acknowledgeth his Merit to be alone necessary and efficacious for the Salvation of Souls; and if our Church be not this Church, I am out of hopes of ever finding it.

At this very moment my Curiosity grew too strong for me, and made me ask my Mother to what I might impute this great alteration, that she being but a little before so zealous a *Catholic*, was now become half a *Huguenot*? God (replyed she) doth wonderfully work what pleaseth him, and often suffers us to take some false steps, and to be in danger of falling, and then presently bestows upon us sense and a spirit of discerning, and causeth us to withdraw our Foot from the evil way in which we were going. Above all, Daughter, that which hath most disabused me, is, that the Father *Matthew*, in whom I entirely confided, hath discovered himself all at once. 'Twas he that exhorted me to send away my Daughter, and by my severity towards my Son, force him to leave me-too; nor
had

had he the Patience to stay till my Son was gone; before he solicited me to bestow my Estate on the Society. 'Twas at this very Instant that your Brother wrote me a most bitter and injurious Letter, which enraged me beyond expression. Two days after I examined this Letter in cool Blood, and found that he was far more excusable than I imagined, and that I had given him but too just a Provocation. You already know without doubt the Issue of that business, so that I need not repeat it to you.

Thus I lost the good Opinion I had of my Confessor, and called to mind many other particulars, which made but too plain a discovery of his Disposition. The first thing that I desired to do, was to call home my Children, and afterwards to make use of no other Advice but theirs, seeing God hath been so gracious to me as to bestow on me such as were both Wise and Vertuous. About this time I was obliged to go into your late Father's Chamber, to seek some Papers which I needed. I could not forbear reading in his Books, I found many of Controversie, amongst others I saw a little Manuscript, which as far as I could judge by the Hand and Style, was of his own Writing and Composure a little before his Death. The Title of this little Book was, *The Marks of the true Church lately verified in our days.*

I may truly say, that the reading of this Piece perfectly changed me, for it disabused me in many particulars. First of all, it quoted expressly those Passages, in which it was affirmed, that the Church must be exposed to a thousand Sufferings, and there were many curious Reasonings on this Subject. In the second place he confirmed this Truth,

Truth, by all the Miseries that had befallen the Ancient Church. He passed on in the third place, to those that the Protestants had endured, by Wars, Massacres, and Torments. In the fourth place, he proved that the Reformed Church was the true Church, which the false Church endeavoured to oppress; and that the same things would befall her, that befall the Ancient Church, and which Jesus Christ had foretold. And in the last place he undeniably proved that the Church of *Rome* which made use of Frauds, Violences, Money, and all other ways to promote her Interest, could not be the true Church, because she follows the same Methods that the Devil takes to establish Eyes amongst Men: 'Twas on this last Article that he most insisted. The Conclusion of this Book was, An Exhortation to such as were separated from a Church that was forced to declare she had an ill Opinion of her self, never to return into it, unless they would voluntarily become the Authors of their own Ruine. And to such as were still subject to such a Church, not to persist in their Subjection, but to open their Eyes, since the Church of *Rome* her self discovers her own Weaknesses.

I was much affected with this Manuscript, so that I was resolved, if God gave me opportunity, to be better inform'd of the means of Salvation than I then was. About this time your Brother return'd and made his peace with me. I laid open the State of my Soul to him, and I leave you to judge whether he took not all imaginable pains to persuade me, which yet he could not fully do, because I could not tell how to think of abandoning a Religion in which I was born and bred.

After

After she had spoken what she thought fit, Monsieur de Haut-Cour return'd her this Answer, Madam, said he, I am so far from blaming, that I highly approve of your serious considering what you are about to do, before you enter into the true Church; but remember that you must not spend your whole Life in the Uncertainties. For, Madam, God hates a divided Heart, and protesteth that he cannot endure those that are lukewarm: This is what he saith to the Angel of the Church of Laodicea: *I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot, I would thou wert either cold or hot; but because thou art neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm, I will spew thee out of my mouth.* We ought not only to interpret this lukewarmness with respect to Devotion, but also with respect to Faith; for as God rejects such as are lukewarm with respect to Piety, as well as such as are stark cold; so he also rejects those that are unresolved with respect to true Faith as well as those that are plunged in Error. Give me leave, Madam, to tell you, that the present Condition of your Soul cannot please God, for in the Estate you are now, it is neither cold nor hot, but Lukewarm and this is a terrible word, *I will spew thee out of my mouth*; for 'tis a Decree of Rejection. God spake thus to the Israelites. *How long, said he, will you halt between two Opinions? If Baal be God, serve him, but if the Lord be God, serve him:* In the Estate in which you, Madam, now are, you are neither a Catholick, nor of the Reformed Religion, and consequently cannot be saved either in the Catholick Religion, or in ours. But, Madam, shall I give you good Advice, after having shew'd you your Danger? Address your self to God in ardent Prayers, 'tis he that must determine you, 'tis he that will overcome all your Doubts

Doubts and Scruples, and sweetly and efficaciously draw you to himself; submit your self chearfully to him, *For his Yoke is easie, and his Burden is light.* I was extremely pleased with Monsieur de Haut-Cour's Discourse, for it much affected my Mother, who declared, that she would follow his Advice: We spent some days in the Discourses, 'till Monsieur and Madam de Roche Blanche, Mademoiselle de Garissoles and my Brother, arrived at our Castle. My Mother, who had lost her Husband since she saw them last, received them with much Civility, but also with some Tears: And had they not left her to come to me, they would have wept too. I shall not give an account of all the Caresses I received. At length I had the Liberty of saluting Mademoiselle de Garissoles, for whom my Mother hath expressed a great deal of Tendernefs. I know not how long we should have continued in our Embraces, had they not separated us.

The first serious Discourse Monsieur and Madam de Roche Blanche had with my Mother, was about our Marriages, which were presently concluded, and Articles drawn up and signed. They caused us to be called to them, to tell us this News, at which we were not much troubled, but made Presents one to another. This passed without much Mystery and Ceremony, because all the Parties were agreed, and 'twas resolved to conceal our Marriages, 'till we had set our Affairs in order: Monsieur de Roche Blanche, and Monsieur de Haut-Cour, resolved to act always in concert with my Mother and Brother. This Evening we were as chearful as possibly we could, in an House of Mourning, in which a double Marriage had been concluded on, to the Satisfaction of all concern'd.

The

The next Morning, my Mother discovered the Dispositions of her Mind before us all, at which neither Monsieur nor Madam de Roche Blanche, nor Mademoiselle de Gariselles were surprized, because my Brother had told them of it before. We all prepared our selves with several Reasons to persuade her, but she did not give us Opportunity to mention them. I am, said she, fully resolved and determin'd, I will die in the *Reformed Religion*. The Happy, Peaceful and Pious Death of my Husband, makes me desirous to die like him. Moreover, the Discourse of Monsieur de Haut-Cour, which I have seriously weighed and considered, hath overcome all my Scruples. My Daughter hath done that already which I should have done before her, did God restrain his Providence to the Order of Nature: But I find, that, being more obstinate than she, he was pleased to cause her Conversion to precede, that she might be an Instrument in mine. You know my Resolution, I beg you to advise me in what manner to make my Abjuration and my open entry into the true Church.

The Opinions were different, but at length they approved of mine. I told them that in fifteen days there would be the Lord's Supper at Madam de la Garde's Castle, where would be the Minister to whom I had made my Abjuration, *Incognito*, by reason of the unjust Rigour that's exercised against those of the Religion: That my Mother and I would go thither under pretence of thanking Madam de la Garde for her Civility towards me, but indeed that my Mother might do what I had done, adding, That this Lady was so truly Generous and Devout, that she would readily accept of this Proposition; and that afterwards we might communi-
cate

cate together, which I had not yet done, but was extremely desirous to do; besides, that all this might be done with the greatest privacy in the World. Every one approved of what I said, so that we thought we had done business enough for this day.

The third day was also spent in Conversations, Monsieur and Madam *de Roche Blanche* took me from Monsieur *de Haut-Cour*, to relate the Story of my carrying away; which having done, Monsieur *de Roche Blanche*, who is an ancient Gentleman, of a very good Humour, said, When they once come to take Romantick Heroines from amongst the *Calvinists*, you, my Daughter may promise your self a large part, for a few days of your Life contain many curious passages, and show that Heroick Qualities do not wholly owe themselves to other Mens Imaginations and Fancies. But Monsieur (answered I smiling) what would Men say, should they know that the Heroine in the Romance hath been rallied by you? This is so contrary to all Rules, that should an Author advance any such thing, he would be unmercifully dealt with by the Criticks.

I believe, said Madam *de Roche Blanche*, should we let you alone, you would write a Comical Romance, that should exceed that of Monsieur *Scarron*, but we'll find you some other Employment. Hereupon they had a very pleasant Conversation, so that I judg'd my self happy in having a Father and Mother in law of so good a Humour, for I accounted them such already. 'Twas impossible for us to mind any serious business this day. As for my Mother she had a very tender Conversation with Madam *de Garissoles*, and her Affections were so

so set upon her, that she seemed to have forgotten which of us she had brought into the World. I was so far from being jealous at this kindness, that I rejoiced at it with all my heart: Besides, Monsieur and Madam *de Roche Blanche* had such sentiments for me, that I had no reason to be dissatisfied.

This Evening at Supper, Madam *de Roche Blanche* earnestly invited my Mother to go with her to her House. My Mother excused her self for a while, but seeing Madam *de Roche Blanche* would take no Denial, she at last consented. 'Twas therefore resolved that Monsieur and Madam *de Roche Blanche*, my Mother, Mademoiselle *de Gariselles*, and I, should take this Journey, and that Monsieur *de Haut-Cour* and my Brother should tarry at *Ombrevail*, to give Order concerning some Affairs there; though 'twas somewhat cruel to be separated from my Lover; yet I diverted my self as well as I could all the Road. I found the Castle of *Roche Blanche*, the Gardens, and all other things there in a better Estate than I could have imagined: We abode in this delicate Place four or five days, during which we were admirably treated, and took many pleasant and diverting Walks. At length we were forced to separate, because the Time in which we were to be at Madam *de la Garde's* Castle drew near; my Mother and I took our Leaves with many Tears, which were presages of the end of our Mirth, and that we should never all meet again, which indeed we never did. Monsieur *de Roche Blanche* ordered four Troopers to guard us. My Lover and my Brother rode to meet us, and after having saluted us, came into the Coach to us, and we all arrived at *Ombrevail* almost as soon as it was Night,

The four Troopers abode with us three or four days, for we resolv'd to make use of them to guard us to *Madam de la Garde's*, where we came the day before they design'd to receive the Lord's Supper, *Madam de la Garde* was exceeding glad to see me. My Mother and she knew each other, having seen each other at *Paris*, when they were Virgins, but being of a different Religion and Province, they had no great Acquaintance; besides, they did not know each other by the Names of *Madam de la Garde*, and *Madam d'Ombreval*. Our Joy at this meeting was so great, that I wonder we died not of it, as 'tis said some have done; especially that of *Madam de la Garde* was much increased, when she understood by me that my Mother was come hither to abjure the Romish Religion.

That the Domesticks might not suspect their Design, they had pitch'd on a week-day rather than the Lord's Day, to celebrate the Supper, besides the Garden was an admirable place for such work. The same Minister in whose Presence I had made my Declaration, came the Evening before, and was very ready to do what we now desired of him, as he had been before with respect to me. The same Evening he had a long Discourse with my Mother, with which he was well satisfied; so that the next Morning my Mother was received, to the common joy of us all, and with the same formalities, and before the same Witnesses that I was, but she would not receive any attestation from the Minister. After which the Minister made a short, but good and learned Sermon, with which I was much edified; as also was my Mother, who soon perceived a great deal of difference between it and the empty trash that's usually

Vined

vented by the Preachers of the Church of Rome. Neither she nor I had ever heard such a Sermon before, so that we received the Word of God as hungry Souls. Afterwards we communicated with a thousand times more Devotion and Piety than ever we had at Mass, so necessary is the Knowledge of the Truth to make a good Communicant. The singing of Psalms, and Prayers, in a Tongue that we understood, much affected us, we not having been used to hear such things; especially my Mother was ravished at the Song of *Simeon*, which is ordinarily sung at the end of the Communion, in which she found words that wonderfully suited her Condition.

As soon as all was over: Alas, said my Mother to Madam de la Garde, how singular a Consolation have I been all my Life deprived of, in being kept from the Knowledge of the true Religion! Oh how criminal are those that would destroy so devout, so spiritual, so edifying a Worship? After the unexpressible satisfaction which I have received, I may truly apply to my self what we but now sung, *Oh Lord, now lettest thou thy Servant depart in peace, for mine Eyes have seen thy Salvation.* Let Death come when it will I expect it with Joy. And I hope that God will not suffer me to languish long in this World, seeing I desire the full enjoyment of those Blessings, whereof he hath given me an Earnest at present. Madam, (answered Madam de la Garde,) we ought to say as our Lord did before his Passion, *Father, not my Will, but thy Will be done.*

We abode all this day with Madam de la Garde, and the next Morning took our leave of her, though much against the Consent of this obliging

Lady, whom my Mother thanked as well as she could. If I wept formerly when I parted from her, I now wept more, foreseeing the miseries that were like to befall me. My Mother would not suffer them to accompany us. During all our Journey we discoursed of the Excellency of the Worship of the Reformed, above that of the Papists; in stirring up true Piety in the Soul. For my part, (said my Mother) the more I examine things, the more I admire the Conduct of Divine Providence. You know, (*Justine*,) how furious I was in matters of Religion. I remember the time in which had any one assured me that you would have been a Protestant, I believe I should have strangled you in your Cradle, and yet God made choice of you to be an Instrument of my Conversion. Madam, answered I, he who converted Persecutors into Apostles and Martyrs, could easily make you, who were once fixed in the Belief of the Roman Church, a Member of his own Church. We often see miracles of this Nature, which God works to shew the wonderful Efficacy of his Spirit upon the most obstinate Hearts.

These and the like Discourses we had on the Road, till we came to our Castle, where we sent back the Troopers that guarded us, having satisfied them beyond their hopes. Madam *de Bresses*, who was my Father's Sister by a second Bed, as I told you before, and who had been married in *Pomerania*, was come into *France* to take possession of an Estate that was fallen to her by the Death of a Sister, and was so kind as to afford us the Consolation of seeing her. She was ravished with Joy, as soon as she heard of my Mother's Conversion. There were also many Caresses that pass'd between
her

her and Monsieur de Haut-Cour, my Brother and my self, which I shall not now relate.

In the midst of all our Joys my Mother fell sick, and her Distemper grew so violently upon her, that in two days we began to be afraid of her; and what was at first but a doubtful fear, was shortly after converted into a cruel certainty. Notwithstanding the Violence of the Distemper, my Mother's Understanding, Judgment, and Speech never failed her. The very first moment that she took her Bed, she was perswaded she should never rise more; for which reason she courageously prepared her self for Death. Dispense with me, (said *Mademoiselle de St. Phale*, the tears running down her Cheeks,) from relating all the circumstances of her Death, the very remembrance of which pierceth my very Heart; I shall only tell you that she died a true Reformed Christian, and that she heartily blessed God that he was pleased to discover his Truth to her, and to take her out of the World, not suffering her to see those Calamities with which his Church was threatened, and in which she might have had a large share. She earnestly exhorted me to Piety and Perseverance in the true Religion: She called for her Jewels, which were of great value, and gave Monsieur de Haut-Cour, and my Brother, each of them a very rich Ring: Afterwards she divided her Jewels into two parts, giving me the one, and committing the other to my Brother for *Mademoiselle de Garisfolles*, for whom she had designed them.

Having made this division, she disposed of the rest of her Estate, making my Brother her Heir, on such terms as neither I nor my Loyer had reason to be dissatisfied. After which she would think
of

of nothing but the Concerns of another World : And Monsieur *de Haut-Cour*, my Brother, and I were always employ'd in reading some Chapters of the *Holy Scriptures*, or some of the *Consolations of the Faithful against the Fear of Death*. But seeing us very apt to fall into tears from time to time. My Children, (said she) I have no need of your tears, but of your Constancy. My Brother was no more able to refrain from Tears than I, nor Monsieur *de Haut-Cour* than either of us, though we used our utmost Endeavours to stop them. Some short time after my Mother died in our Arms, her last Words being that Passage which she had often in her Mouth, *Lord, now lettest thou thy Servant depart in Peace, for mine Eyes have seen thy Salvation.*

'Tis impossible for me to give you a true Account of the Condition in which we then were. Alas, how often did I envy my Mother ; I need not take much Pains to perswade you that I had reason to be much afflicted. 'Twas well for us that Madam *de Broffes* was with us, to take some Care about the Business of the Family, which was now in a terrible Desolation ; for as for Monsieur *de Haut-Cour*, his time was taken up in Comforting me, who had like to have followed my Mother into the Grave, so that he was incapable of minding any other Business ; besides, he had a real Affection for my Mother, as she had also for him. As for my Brother, whom my Mother had loved so tenderly, he was so affected with this Stroke, that for several Days he could not rest, nor would he so much as eat, but when forced to it.

Madam *de Roche Blanche*, and Mademoiselle *de Garisolles* came very opportunely to awaken him out of this Lethargy : Their coming caused us all

to weep afresh. We buried my Mother without any Ceremony, near my Father, as she had ordered, and we did what discovered not only to all that were in the Castle, but also to all the Village, that my Mother and I were of the *Reformed Religion*; which was that we sent for no Priest when my Mother lay on her Death-bed, nor buried her in Catholick and Holy Ground, as they are pleased to term it. These things made a great noise in the Country, and stirred up many against us, but I could never fully learn what Mischiefs they had design'd to do us.

Madam de Roche Blanche had scarce been with us two Days, before she received a Letter from her Husband, in which he gave her an Account that there was a Design form'd to carry me into a Convent by force, and that it behoved me to be upon my Guard. The Day following this Advice was confirm'd, and 'twas said moreover, that Mademoiselle Garisfolles was to be carried away with me, and that we were to be shut up in two different Convents. This News terribly astonished us, and we were forced to leave off Weeping, to provide for our Security.

We daily received very Troublesome Tydings from Divers Places, but the worst of all was, that a Certain Person was coming from the King to demand me, and take me from my Brother and Lover, and that besides this, he was to trouble my Brother for his Estate. Madam de Brosses offered to carry us out of the Kingdom into *Pomerania*, where we might be safe; this Proposition was accepted with Respect to me, as for Mademoiselle de Garisfolles, it was resolved that she should return home, and that 'twas not likely they would come
to

to snatch her out of the Arms of her Father and Mother. We had no Time to lose: I may truly say that my Eyes are inexhaustible Fountains of Tears, for I shed abundance when I parted from Madam de Roche Blanche, my Lover, and Mademoiselle de Garissoles. Monsieur de Haut-Cour would willingly have accompanied me, but I forbid him by all the Authority I had over him, for I feared least by doing thus he might bring much trouble on his Head. I would not have so much as my Brother go with me, for fear least it should be said he had convey'd me away.

Thus I was forced to leave these that were most dear to me, and my Miseries were so far from having an End, that they daily seem'd to increase; yet I got out of France well enough, not being discovered by any, having taken my Chambermaids Habit, and given her mine. All my Fardles were also by the Artifice of Madam de Brosse safely convey'd, and had I not been taken sick by the way, I believe we should have been in Pomerania before now. At length we came to Amsterdam, where I found a Servant of my Brother's, with Letters for my Aunt and Me, both from my Lover and Brother.

In these Letters I had an Account of what is too long to relate, for 'twould furnish matter for another History. I shall only tell you, that amongst much sad News, I learnt that my Brother, my Lover, and Mademoiselle de Garissoles were come out of France towards Pomerania; and that I should in a short time see them, and that 'twas the Will of Monsieur and Madam de Roche Blanche that our Marriages should be celebrated as soon as we should meet; so that I hope to find at *Hamburg*
those

those three Persons whom Love, Esteem, and Nature, oblige me to Honour and Cherish.

Thus, said *Madamoiselle de St. Phale*, you have heard my History, which I may justly call Sad and Tragical; for, for the few Moments of Joy which I have had, I have felt a thousand Dolours, and shed Tears without Number. In this very moment that I now speak to you, my Heart is divided between Hope and Fear, about the News that I shall hear at *Hamburg*, so that you would pity me, could you but be sensible of it.

As soon as she had ended, every one of the Company gave her their Thanks, and declared the Satisfaction they had received in the Relation of these Adventures, which furnished matter for a Conversation, concerning the divers Accidents we are in this Life exposed to. The two *Hamburg* Ladies took occasion to Compliment *Madamoiselle de St. Phale*, afresh, and to offer her their House; their Father in a very obliging manner did the same thing. The *Danish* Baron pray'd *Madamoiselle de St. Phale*, that since he was obliged to lay aside all the Hopes he might have conceived, she would allow him at least a part in her Friendship, to which she answered like one very well bred, and that was not unacquainted with the World.

Thus passed this Day, and the Company broke up, each retiring to his Cabin, in hopes the next morning to see *Hamburg*. 'Twas about Nine a Clock in the morning before we discovered this famous City, and about half an Hour after Ten we entred the Port, where we landed; and whilst we were giving Order for the Carriage of our Fardles, a Coach stopt near the Place where we
were;

were; at first we took no great Notice of them that were in it, nor they of us, but the Action of a Lacquey who came and threw himself at *Mademoiselle de St. Phale's* Feet much surprized us! Ah *Feli-Bais*, cryed she, where's thy Master? He is, *Mademoiselle*, (said he) in yonder Coach, to enquire at the Port whether you are come: Immediately he left us to go to his Master, which was indeed *Monsieur d' Ombreval*, who came out of the Coach with *Monsieur de Haut-Cour*, and *Mademoiselle de Gariselles*; I never saw two lovelier Gentlemen in my Life, nor so beautiful a Virgin, except *Mademoiselle de St. Phale*. The first that came up to us was *Monsieur de Haut-Cour*, who being impatient to see the Object of his Vows, ran toward *Mademoiselle de St. Phale*, while *Monsieur d' Ombreval* saluted *Madam de Bresses*. These Gentlemen highly Complemented us all for her sake and *Mademoiselle de St. Phale's*. I should never have done, should I relate all that was said, 'till there came Coaches for most of us, which carried us to one of the most famous Inns in *Hamburg*.

We were a good Company of us, and abode there some days to refresh our selves after our Voyage. The Merchant of *Hamburg* invited us to go to an House of Pleasure which he had in the Country near the *Elbe*, where we were treated with unexpressible Magnificence for an whole day, with some of the principal Ladies of *Hamburg* who spake French: There were also some other excellent Persons for Worth and Beauty, so that there was nothing wanting to make this Assembly perfect.

I must needs say, that the Power of Joy with Love is very wonderful. *Mademoiselle de St. Phale* is naturally gay, yet she had a certain Languor in her Eyes whilst she was separated from her Lover, which vanish'd as soon as ever she saw him. As for *Mademoiselle de Garisolles*, she was certainly a Virgin that as well deserved to be loved as any in the World, in whom Wisdom, Modesty, and Piety were accompanied with Spirit, Beauty, Nobility and Youth, which is indeed very rare. Our Two Ladies of *Hamburg* were as much taken with her as they had been with *Mademoiselle de St. Phale*. *Monsieur de Haut-Cour* and *Monsieur d'Ombreval* left their Mistresses for some Moments to Complement those Ladies, which occasioned one of the Pleasantest Conversations in the World.

F I N I S.

*Books Printed for, and Sold by Edmund Parker,
at the Bible and Crown, in Lombard-Street.*

POETICK Miscellanies of Mr. *John Rowlet*, B. D.
late of *New-Castle upon Tyne*, Price bound 18 *d.*

Mr. *J. Rowlet's* Treatise of Sacramental Covenanting
with Christ; shewing the Ungodly their Contempt of
Christ, in their Contempt of the Sacramental Cove-
nant, the 7th Edition, 8^{vo}. Calf Price 3 *s.*

The Christian Monitor by the same Author. Price
3 *d.* But 20 *s.* a Hundred, or 6 *d.* bound.

The Family Companion: Or, Forms of Prayer for eve-
ry Day in the Week, Morning and Evening. Also
Prayers and Thanksgivings upon several Occasions, as
well for the Use of Particular Persons as Families. By
Dr. Meriton. The 14th Edition. Price 1 *s.*

For the Compleating of Psalmody. The Devout
Singer's Guide; containing all the Common Tunes
now in Use, with Select Portions of the Psalms adapt-
ed to each Tune, and Rules for Singing Treble and
Bass, by *S. Shenton*. The Fourth Edition; to which is
added Five Tunes, containing their *Cantus*, *Medius*
and *Bassus*, not in the former Editions. Price bound 1 *s.*

Choice Emblems, Divine and Moral, Ancient and
Modern: Or Delights for the Ingenious, in above
Fifty Select Emblems. Curiously Ingraven upon Cop-
per Plates. With Fifty Pleasant Poems and Lots, by
way of Lottery, for Illustrating each Emblem, to pro-
mote Instruction and good Counsel by Diverting Re-
creation. Price bound 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

Aesop's Fables, with Morals and Reflections as im-
prov'd by Sir *Roger L'Estrange*, done into Variety of
English Verse. Illustrated with Cuts curiously engrav'd
on Copper Plates. Very useful to divert and instruct
Young Gentlemen and Ladies in the Conduct of Hu-
man Life. The 4th Edition. Price bound 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

Short-writing the most Easie, Exact, Lineal and
Speedy Method that hath ever been obtained or taught,
composed by *Theophilus Metcalfe*, Author and Professor
of the said Art. The Fifty Fifth Edition. The Cop-
per Cuts having been newly Corrected, with a new
Table for Shortning of Words. Price 1 *s.*

BOOKS proper to be given away ; Price
6d. each, Bound, or 5 s. per Dozen.

Sold by Edmund Parker at the Bible and Crown
in Lombard-Street.

THE Christian Monitor, containing an Earnest
Exhortation to an Holy Life : With some
Directions in order thereto. Written in a plain and
easie Stile, for all Sorts of People. Printed on a
larger Letter than the former Editions.

A Companion to the Altar : Shewing the
Nature and Necessity of a Sacramental Preparation,
in order to our Worthy Receiving the Holy Com-
munion. Wherein those Fears and Scruples about
Eating and Drinking Unworthily, and of incurring our
own Damnation thereby, are proved groundless and
unwarrantable. Unto which are added, Prayers and
Meditations preparative to a Sacramental Preparati-
on, according to what the Church of *England* re-
quires from her Communicants. The 9th Edition.

N. B. This Companion to the Altar is bound up
with the best and finest Common Prayers of all Sizes.
Spiritual Counsel, or the Father's Advice to his
Children. By the Reverend Mr. *John Norris, M. A.*
The 16th Edition.

The London New Method and Art of Teaching
Children to Spell and Read ; so as they may, with-
out the Help of any other Books, read the Bible in
less than Twelve Months. Note, This Way of
Teaching is approved by most School-Masters as
the best.

 There are some Printed on fine Paper, bound
up with Cuts Price 8 d. Or Gilt 10 d.

The Daily Companion, with Christian Supports
under the Troubles of this World, to comfort
and succour all those who in this Transitory Life
are in Trouble, Sorrow, Need, Sicknes, or any
other Adversity. Unto which are added Prayers and
Meditations suitable for all Persons afflicted in
Mind, Body, or Estate. The 6th Edition.


BOOKS proper to be given away.

The Benefit of Early Piety, recommended to all Young Persons. By *W. Smithies*, late Morning Lecturer of St. Michael's Cornhill in London. The 14th Edition.

The Daily Self-Examinant: Or, an Earnest Persuasive to the Duty of Daily Self-Examination; with Devout Prayers, Meditations, Directions and Ejaculations for an Holy Life and Happy Death. The Seventh Edition.

The Communicant's constant Exercise. In Two Parts. Containing, I. An Earnest Exhortation to the Communion: With proper Devotions Before, At, and After Receiving. II. His Duty of Consideration, Resolution, and a^ctual Amendment after Receiving the Blessed Sacrament. The 5th Edition.

The Devout Christian's Preparative to Death. Written by *Erasmus*, now rendred into English. To which are added, Meditations, Prayers and Directions for Sick and Dying Persons. Recommended as proper to be given at Funerals. The Sixth Edition. These Three by *Robert Warren*, D. D.

 A small Number of the said Translation of *Erasmus* on Death, is Printed on fine Paper and the largest Print, for the Benefit of the Aged. Price bound 1 s. 6 d.

The Devout Soul's Daily Exercise; in Prayers, Contemplations and Praises: Containing Devotions for Morning, Noon and Night, for every Day in the Week. With Prayers and Thanksgivings for Persons of all Conditions, and upon all Occasions, by R. P. D. D. The Fourth Edition.

A rich Treasure at an Easie Rate: Or, the ready Way to true Content. A Short and Pleasant Discourse, manifestly shewing how inconsistent Riches is with Piety usually, and how opposite Poverty is often. Together with the happy Agreement and Conjunction of Honest Labour, Real Godliness, and Soul-Content. The Third Edition.

BOOKS proper to be given away; Price
3 d. or 4d. each stitch.

A Sermon concerning the Excellency and Usefulness of the Common-Prayer. Preached by *William Beveridge, D. D.* (late Lord Bishop of *St. Asaph*) at the Opening of the Parish Church of *St. Peter's, Gornhill, London*. The 25th Edition. Price 3 d. stitch'd or 20 s. a Hundred.

The Church man's Daily Companion, recommending the Duty of frequenting the publick Prayers, and Reverencing God's Sanctuary. From the Consideration of the Service it self, the Nature of Church Communion, and the great Advantages that attend it. By *Robert Warren, D. D.* Price 4 d. stitch.

✂ The Two above-named Books may be had bound up together, to accommodate the Curious.

The Christian's Daily Monitor on the Four Last Things, *viz.* Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell: Being an Earnest Exhortation to a Holy Dying. With proper Directions in order to a timely Repentance. Also suitable Prayers and Ejaculations for Sick Persons. Price 3 d. stitch, or 20 s. a Hundred.

Of Religious Discourse in Common-Conversation. In 3 Parts. The Ninth Edition. By *J. Norris, M. A.* Price 3 d. stitch, or 20 s. a Hundred.

A Discourse concerning Worldly and Divine Wisdom, on *Luke 16. 8.* *The Children of this World are in their Generation Wiser than the Children of Light.* The Sixteenth Edition. By *J. Norris, M. A.* Price 3 d.

The Christian Monitor, containing an Earnest Exhortation to an Holy Life, with some Directions in order thereto. Written in a plain and easie Stile, for all sorts of People. Price 3 d. stitch, or 20 s. a Hundred.

It is also Printed on a larger Letter in *English*. Price Bound 6 d. or 5 s. a Dozen.

Note, The Christian Monitor is also Printed in *Welsh*. Price 3 d. stitch, or 20 s. a Hundred.

BOOKS proper to be given away.

A Companion to the Altar : Shewing the Nature and Necessity of a Sacramental Preparation, in order to our Worthy Receiving the Holy Communion. Wherein those Fears and Scruples about *Eating and Drinking Unworthily, and of incurring our own Damnation thereby,* are proved groundless and unwarrantable. Unto which are added, Prayers and Meditations preparative to a Sacramental Preparation, according to what the Church of *England* requires from her Communicants. The Ninth Edition. Price stitched 4 s. or 25 s. a Hundred.

N. B. This Companion to the Altar is bound up with the best and finest *Common Prayers* of all Sizes. (*Rul'd or Unrul'd*) To which may be added, the new invented Set of Historical Cuts, bound in great Variety of Nice Bindings; with *Common Prayers* of all Sizes; *Rul'd or Unrul'd*; the Cuts *Painted or Engraved*.

The Protestant Union : Or, the main Principles of Religion owned by the Dissenters, agreeable to the Articles and Homilies of the Church of *England*. The Fourth Edition. Price 3 s.

Omega : A Poem on the last Judgment. In *Octavo*. Price 4 s.

The Mite put into the Treasury : Or, a Poetical Essay upon the following Subjects, *viz.* I. The Baptismal Vow. II. The Creed or Belief. III. The Decalogue, or Ten Commandments. IV. A short Comment on the Lord's Prayer, with Digressions upon the Future Reward, Death and Hell. In 8^{vo}. Price 2 s.

The Happiness and Pleasure of a Religious Life, set forth in Two Discourses: Wherein, 1. The Importance of it is considered from the Happy Conclusion of it. 2. The Continual Pleasure arising from the Practice of it, with a Devout Prayer suitable to the important Subject. The 9th Edition. Price 3 s. stitched; or 20 s. a Hundred.

**A CATALOGUE of the WORKS of the
late Reverend JOHN NORRIS, M. A.
Reprinted for Edmund Parker at the
Bible and Crown in Lombard-Street.**

Treatises upon several Subjects formerly
Printed single, now collected into Two
Volumes. Price 5 s.

V O L. I.

1. Reason and Religion, Or the Grounds and Measures of Devotion, considered from the Nature of God, and the Nature of Man, in several Contemplations, with Exercises of Devotion applied to every Contemplation. The 6th Edition.

2. The Charge of Schism continued; being a Justification of the Author of *Christian Bless'dness*, for his charging the Separatists with Schism, with a Postscript concerning Moderation. The Seventh Edition.

3. Spiritual Counsel, Or the Father's Advice to his Children. The 16th Edition.

V O L. II.

4. Reflections upon the Conduct of Human Life with Reference to the Study of Learning and Knowledge. To which is annexed a Visitation Sermon. The Fifth Edition.

5. Two Treatises concerning the Divine Light, the first being an Answer to a Letter of a Learned Quaker. The Second being a Discourse concerning the Grossness of the Quakers Notion of the Light within, with their Confusion and Inconsistency in explaining it. The 2d Edition.

6. Curious Reflections upon a Book call'd, *An Essay concerning Human Understanding*. And a Brief Consideration of the Remarks made upon the said Reflections by the Gentlemen of the *Athenian Society*.

Books Wrote by John Norris, M. A.

The Theory and Regulation of Love. A Moral Essay, in Two Parts: With some Motives to the Study and Practice of regular Love by way of Consideration. To which are added,

Letters Philosophical and Moral to Dr. Henry More, with the Doctor's Answers.

As is also by way of Appendix:

— An Hypothesis concerning the Soul of Liberty; formerly Printed by it self and Dedicated to the Doctor, and treated of in one of his said Letters. The Seventh Edition. Price 2 s. in Calf.

A Collection of Miscellanies, consisting of Poems, Essays, Discourses and Letters. Carefully Revised, Corrected and Improved by the Author. The 3th Edition. Price 3 s. in Calf.

A Philosophical Discourse concerning the Natural Immortality of the Soul. Wherein the Great Question of the Soul's Immortality is endeavour'd to be rightly Stated, and fully Clear'd. In Two Parts. In 8vo. The 4th Edition.

A Letter to Mr. Dodwell concerning the Immortality of the Soul of Man, in Answer to one from him relating to the same matter. In Octavo. The Fourth Edition.

A Practical Treatise concerning Humility. Design'd for the Furtherance and Improvement of that Vertue, both in the Lives and Minds of Men. In Octavo. The Fifth Edition. Price 4 s. in Calf.

A Treatise concerning Christian Prudence: Or, The Principles of Practical Wisdom, fitted to the Use of Human Life, and design'd for the better Regulation of it. In Octavo. The 7th Edition. Price 3 s. 6 d. in Calf.

An Essay towards the Theory of the Ideal or Intelligible World, in Two Parts. The First considering it absolutely in it self. The Second being the Relative Part of it, with relation to Human Understanding. In 8vo. The 3d Edition. Price 10 s.

Christian Blessedness: Or, Practical Discourses upon the Beatitudes of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The 10th Edition. Price 3 s. in Calf.

Letters

Books Wrote by John Norris, M.A.

Letters Philosophical, Moral and Divine to the Reverend Mr. John Norris, with his Answers.

O R,

Letters concerning the Love of God; between the Author of the Proposal to the Ladies and Mr. John Norris; wherein his late Discourse, shewing, that it ought to be intire and exclusive of all other Loves, is farther cleared and justified. The Second Edition corrected by the Authors, with some few things added.

Practical Discourses in Four Volumes. In Octavo. Price 10 s.

An Account of Reason and Faith: In Relation to the Mysteries of Christianity. The Twelfth Edition.

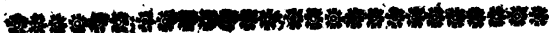
Reason and Religion, Or the Grounds and Measures of Devotion, considered from the Nature of God, and the Nature of Man, in several Contemplations, with Exercises of Devotion applied to every Contemplation. The Seventh Edition. Price 2 s. in Cass.

Reflections upon the Conduct of Human Life with Reference to the Study of Learning and Knowledge. To which is annexed a Visitation Sermon. The 5th Edition. Price 2 s. in Cass.



Just Publish'd,

A Print of the Right Honourable Thomas Earl of Macclesfield, Lord High Chancellor of Great Brittain, Engrav'd by Mr. Vertue from a Painting of Sir Godfrey Kneller.



BOOKS

**BOOKS lately Printed for and
Sold by EDMUND PARKER at the
Bible and Crown in Lombard-Street.**

MORAL ESSAYS, contain'd in several
Treatises on many Important Duties.
Written in *French* by Messieurs du *Par
Royal*: *Englisht* by a Person of Quality. The 4th
Edition, with Amendments. In 4 Vols. Price 1*6 s.*
Choice Emblems, Divine and Moral, Ancient and
Modern: Or, Delights for the Ingenious, in above
Fifty select Emblems, curiously Engraven upon
Copper Plates. With Fifty pleasant Poems and
Lots by way of Lottery, for illustrating each
Emblem To promote Instruction and good Counsel
by diverting Recreation. Price bound 1*s. 6 d.*

The History of Mademoiselle de *St. Phale*; giving
a full Account of the Miraculous Conversion of a
Noble French Lady and her Daughter to the Re-
formed Religion. With the Defeat of the Intrigues
of a Jesuit their Confessor. The Sixth Edition.
Illustrated with Copper Cuts. Price 1*s. 6 d.*

Sir Roger L'Estrange's *Aesop's Fables*, with Morals
and Reflections, done into Variety of *English Verse*.
Illustrated with Cuts curiously engrav'd on Copper
Plates. Very useful to divert and instruct Young
Gentlemen and Ladies in the Conduct of Human
Life. The 4th Edition. Price in Calf 2*s. 6 d.*

Arithmetick made easie, according to the New
Method now taught and practis'd in *London*. Where-
in the Rules of that necessary Art are briefly ex-
plain'd, and illustrated with such familiar Examples
as may suit the meanest Capacity, if they desire to
learn it. To which is added a Succinct Treatise
of *Decimal Fractions*, with compleat Tables, Rules
and Examples demonstrating the same. The Seventh
Edition. By *John Copeland*. Price Bound 1*s.*

Practical Discourses upon several Subjects, by
Dr. *Scott*; Author of the *Christian Life*, in 2 Vols.
Octavo. Price 7*s.* in Calf.

For

BOOKS lately Printed, &c.

For the Compleating of Psalmody. The Devout Singer's Guide; containing all the Common Tunes now in Use, with Select Portions of the Psalms adapted to each Tune, and Rules for Singing Treble and Bass. To which is added, A Table shewing at one View what Psalms and Hymns are proper to each Tune both in the Old Version of *Mr. Hopkins* and *Mr. Sternhold*, and in the New Version of *Dr. Brady*, and *Mr. Tate*. And Directions for Parish Clerks in the Choice of Proper Psalms on most Occasions. By *S. Shenton*: and Recommended by *P. Johnson*, *D. Warner*, and other Singing-Masters. The 4th Edition; to which is added Five Tunes, containing their *Cantus*, *Medius* and *Bassus*, not in the former Editions. Price bound 1 s.

Practical Discourses upon the Parables of our Blessed Saviour, with Prayers annex'd to each Discourse. In Two Volumes 8vo. By *Francis Bragge*, B. D. Vicar of *Hitchin*, and Prebendary of *Lincoln*. The 6th Edition. Price 10 s.

1. An Explication of the Creed, the Ten Commandments; and the Lord's Prayer. Written by *J. Rawlet*, B. D. Author of the *Christian Monitor*, on purpose to prevent the ill Effect which might spring from divers Popish Books industriously spread about to seduce unwary Protestants. The Seventh Edition, with the Addition of divers Forms of Prayer upon several Occasions, both for Families and Private Persons. Price 1 s.

2. A Treatise of Sacramental Covenanting with Christ, shewing the Ungodly their Contempt of Christ, in their Contempt of the *Sacramental Covenant*. The 7th Edition. Price 3 s. in Calfs.

3. Poetick Miscellanies; Or, Poems upon several Occasions. Price 1 s. 6 d.

The Three last by *John Rawlet*, B. D. Author of the *Christian Monitor*, and late Lecturer of *St. Nicholas Church* in the Town and County of *Newcastle upon Tyne*.

BOOKS lately Printed, &c.

England's Perfect School Master; with Directions for exact Spelling, Reading, Writing and Arithmetick. Shewing how to Spell or Read any Chapter in the Bible by Four and Twenty Words only. By *Nathaniel Strong*. The Tenth Edition, Corrected and much Enlarged. Price 1 s.

Short Writing the most Easie, Exact, Lineal and Speedy Method that hath ever been Obtained or Taught. By *Theophilus Metcalfe*, the Fifty Fifth Edition. Price 1 s.

The Pen's Dexterity: Or, The Ingenious and Useful Art of Writing Short-hand. Containing Twenty Copper Plates of all the Letters, Characters and Contractions used therein. With Rules and Directions explaining the same to the meanest Capacity. By *Jeremiah Rich*. The 16th Edition. Price 1 s.

The Family Companion: Or, Forms of Prayer for every Day in the Week, Morning and Evening. Also Prayers and Thanksgivings upon several Occasions, as well for the Use of Particular Persons as Families. By *Dr. Meriton*. The 14th Edition. Price 1 s.

A Charge of Heresy maintained against *Mr. Dodwell's* late Epistolary Discourse concerning the Mortality of the Soul. By way of Address to the Clergy of the Church of *England*. Laying open his Opposition to the received Creeds, and his Falsification of all Sacred and Profane Antiquity. To which are added, Seven Annotations. Annotation 1. concerning the New Proclamation of War against the Devil, &c. The 5th Edition. Price 3 s. in Calf.

A Guide to *English* Juries: Setting forth their Antiquity, Power and Duty from the Common Law and Statutes. With a Table. By a Person of Quality. Also a Letter to the Author upon the same Subject. Price 1 s.

Mr.

BOOKS lately Printed, &c.

Mr. *Jordain's* Duodecimal Arithmetick, being the most concise and exact Method extant. In Three Books. Containing Notation, Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, Division, Reduction, Extraction of the Square and Cube Roots, Rule of Proportion Direct and Reverse. Duodecimally performed, and very Practically applied to the Measuring of all sorts of Superficies and Solids, as *Board, Glass, &c. Timber, Stone, &c.* and that with more Ease and Expedition than by Vulgar or Decimal Arithmetick. The 4th Edition. 8vo. Price bound in Calf 3 s.

Dean *Stanhope* on the Epistles and Gospels. 4 Vols. in Octavo. Price 20 s.

Maximum im Minimo: Or, Mr. *Jeremiah Rich's* Pen's Dexterity compleated, Being the plainest and easiest Method of writing *SHORT HAND*. To which are added, The Terms of the Law compleat in Characters at length, being of great use to all Lawyers and others who take Trials at large in Courts. Never done till now. By *Sam. Botley*. The whole curiously Engrav'd on Thirty Copper Plates. Price 1 s. 6 d.

A Compleat Collection of Cuts of the Old and New-Testament, well Design'd and Engraved; Diverting and Useful (for Young Persons especially) in helping them to attain to the Knowledge of the Historical and most Remarkable Passages therein. Price 5 Shillings.

Bibles proper for Charity-Gifts or for the Use of Schools, &c

— small Siezs and fine Character (for Gentlemen and Ladies) bound in all sorts of nice Bindings,

— small Folio or Quarto, for Families.

Common Prayers, large, for the Use of Churches or Chapels.